POETRY

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

or

Useful & Entertaining

PASSAGES

in

Verse.

Book Third & Fourth.

Suit the Action to the Word & the Word to the Action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the Modesty of Nature.

Shakespeare.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

IN POETRY.

BOOK THE THIRD.

DRAMATIC, CHIEFLY FROM SHAKESPEARE.

§ 1. ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SHAKESPEARE.

Advice.

BE thou bleſt, Bertram, and ſucceed thy father,
In manners as in ſhape; thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birth-right. Love all; truſt a few;
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What Heaven more will
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head!

Too ambitious Love.

I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I ſhould love a bright particular ſtar,
And think to wed it, he is ſo above me!
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eyes, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour!
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relics.

A paraſitical, vain Coward.

I knew him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
Yet theſe fixed evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's ſteely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: with all, full oft we ſee
Cold wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous folly.

The Remedy of Evils generally in ourſelves.

Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to Heav'n. The fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only, doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts, to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe
What hath been, cannot be. Whoever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?

Character of a noble Courtier, by an old Cotemporary.

King. I would I had that corporal ſoundneſs now
As when thy father and myſelf in friendſhip
Firſt tried our ſoldierſhip! He did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the braveſt. He laſted long;
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young Lords; but they may jeſt
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier; no contempt or bitterneſs
Were in him: pride and ſharpneſs if there were,
His equal had awak'd them: and his honour,
Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute, when
Exception bid him ſpeak, and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praiſe he humbled: ſuch a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times,
Which, followed well, would demonſtrate them now
But goers backward.
Would I were with him!—He would always ſay—
(Methinks I hear him now; his plauſive words

He ſcatter'd not in ears; but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear) 'Let me not live'—
—Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the cataſtrophe and heel of paſtime,
When it was out—'Let me not live, quoth he,
'After my flame lacks oil, to be the ſnuff
'Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
'All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgments
'are [fancies
'Mere fathers of their garments, whoſe con-
'Expire before their faſhions'—This he wiſhed.
I, after him, do after him wiſh too,
—Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,—
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive,
To give ſome labourer room.

Idolatrous Worſhip.

————Thus, Indian like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun; that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more!

Mean Inſtruments often ſucceſsful.

What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy.
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter;
So holy writ in babes hath judgment ſhewn,
When judges have been babes; great floods
have flown
From ſimple ſources, and great ſeas have dry'd,
When miracles have by the greateſt been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there,
Where moſt it promiſes; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt ſits.

Honour due to perſonal Virtue, not to Birth.

Strange is it, that our bloods, [together,
Whoſe colour, weight, and heat, pour'd out
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In difference, ſo mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, ſave what thou diſlik'ſt,—
A poor phyſician's daughter, thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for a name. But do not ſo——
From loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
Where great addition ſwells, and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour; good alone
Is good, without a name; vileneſs is ſo:
The property, by what it is, ſhould go,
Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair;
In theſe, to nature ſhe's immediate heir;
And theſe breed honour: That is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the ſire. Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a ſlave
Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave;
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed.

Self-accuſation of too great Love.

Poor lord! is't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? And is it I [thou
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoky muſkets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; pierce the ſtill-moving air,
That ſings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there:
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it:
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected. Better 'twere
I met the rav'ning lion, when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miſeries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home,
Rouſillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar,
As oft it loſes all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I ſtay here to do it? No, no, although
The air of Paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all, I will be gone;
That pitiful Rumour may report my flight,
To conſolate thine ear.

Cuſtom of Seducers.

Ay, ſo you ſerve us,
'Till we ſerve you; but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.

Chaſtity.

Mine honour's ſuch a ring,
My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'th'world
In me to loſe.

Cowardly Braggart.

Yet I am thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this. Captain I'll be no more,
But I will eat, and drink, and ſleep as ſoft
As captain ſhall; ſimply the thing I am [gart,
Shall make me live. Who knows himſelf a brag-
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt, ſword! cool, bluſhes! and, Parolles,
live, [thrive:
Safeſt in ſhame! being fool'd, by fool'ry
There's place and means for every man alive.

The Raſhneſs of Youth excuſed.

I beſeech your majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion, done in the blaze of youth,
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbear it and burn on.

What's loſt moſt valued.

Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance dear.

Againſt Delay.

Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
Th' inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them.

Excuſe

Excuse for unreasonable Dislike.

At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eyes infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in my eye
The dust that did offend it.

Impediments stimulate.

As "all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy."

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§ 2. AS YOU LIKE IT. SHAKESPEARE.

Play-fellows.

WE have still slept together;
Rose at an instant; learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Fond youthful Friendship.

Celia. Oh my poor Rosalind, where wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine—
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.
Rosalind. I have more cause.
Celia. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr'ythee be cheerful, know'st thou not, the Duke
Has banish'd me, his daughter?
Rosalind. That he hath not.
Celia. No? Hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth me that thou and I are one:
Shall we be sundered? Shall we part, sweet girl?
No, let my father seek another heir!
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out:
For by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Beauty.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Woman in a Man's Dress.

Wer't not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand, and (in my heart,
Lie there what hidden woman's fears there will)
I'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Solitude preferred to a Court Life, and the Advantages of Adversity.

Now my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
"This is no flattery;" these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it!
Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style!

Reflections on a wounded Stag, and on the melancholy Jaques.

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native Burghers of this desert city,
Should in their old confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gored.
1st Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that has banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique roots peep out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chace; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
Duke. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
1st. Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The flux of company. Anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: Ah, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens,
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals and kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place

D. S. And did you leave him in this contemplation? [menting
Amiens. We did, my lord, weeping and com-
Upon the ſobbing deer.
D. S. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

Conſpicuous Virtue expoſed to Envy.

Adam. What! my young maſter! oh my gentle
Oh my ſweet maſter! O you memory [maſter,
Of old Sir Rowland! why what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you? [valiant?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bony priſer of the humorous duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh! what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Reſolved Honeſty.

Orlando. What, would'ſt thou have me go and beg my food?
Or, with a baſe and boiſterous ſword enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do—
Yet this I cannot do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Gratitude in an old Servant.

Adam. But do not ſo; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,
Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter nurſe
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age! here is the gold;
All this I give you, let me be your ſervant:
Tho' I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility:
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty but kindly. Let me go with you,
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man,
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities. [appears
Orlando. Oh! good old man, how well in thee
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world,
When ſervants ſweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choak their ſervice up,
Even with the having. It is not ſo with thee—
But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and huſbandry—
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low content.
Adam. Maſter, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the laſt gaſp, with truth and loyalty——
From ſeventeen years till now almoſt fourſcore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years many their fortune ſeek,
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompenſe me better
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor.

Lover deſcribed.

O thou did'ſt then ne'er love ſo heartily.
If thou remember'ſt not the ſlighteſt folly,
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lov'd——
Or if thou haſt not ſate as I do now,
Wearying the hearer in thy miſtreſs' praiſe,
Thou haſt not lov'd——
Or if thou haſt not broke from company
Abruptly, as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lov'd——

Deſcription of a Fool, and his Morals on the Time.

Jaques. As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms—
In good ſet terms—and yet a motley fool.
'Good-morrow, fool,' quoth I: 'No, Sir,' quoth he, [fortune:'
'Call me not fool, till Heaven hath ſent me
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says, very wiſely, 'It is ten o'clock: [wags:
'Thus may we ſee,' quoth he, 'how the world
''Tis but an hour ago ſince it was nine;
'And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
'And ſo from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
'And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
'And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial.
Duke. What fool is this? [a courtier,
Jaques. O worthy fool! one that hath been
And ſays, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biſcuit
After a voyage, he hath ſtrange places cramm'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled forms: O! that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat!

A Fool's Liberty of Speech.

Duke. Thou ſhalt have one.
Jaques. It is my only ſuit:
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withal; as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I pleaſe; for ſo fools have:
And they that are moſt galled with my folly,
They

They moft muft laugh. And why, Sir, muft they [fo?
The way is plain, as way to parifh-church:
He, whom a fool doth very wifely hit,
Doth very foolifhly, although he fmart,
Not to feem fenfelefs of the bob. If not,
The wife man's folly is anatomiz'd,
Even by the fquandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To fpeak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanfe the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
Duke. Fie on thee—I can tell what thou wouldft do. [but good?
Jaques. What, for a counter, would I do
Duke. Moft mifchievous foul fin in chiding [fin:
For thou thyfelf haft been a libertine,
As fenfual as the brutifh fting itfelf:
And all th' imboffed fores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot haft caught,
Would'ft thou difgorge into the general world.

An Apology for Satire.

Jaques. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the fea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I fay, the city woman bears
The coft of princes on unworthy fhoulders?
Who can come in, and fay, that I mean her;
When fuch a one as fhe, fuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of bafeft function,
That fays, his bravery is not of my coft;
(Thinking that I mean him) but therein fuits
His folly to the metal of my fpeech. [wherein
There then, how then? What then? let me fee,
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himfelf; if he be free,
Why, then, my taxing, like a wild goofe, flies
Unclaim'd of any man.

Diftrefs prevents Ceremony.

The thorny point
Of bare diftrefs, hath ta'en from me the fhew
Of fmooth civility.

A tender Petition and Reply.

Orlando. Speak you fo gently? pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been favage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ftern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this defart inacceffible,
Under the fhade of melancholy boughs,
Lofe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever fat at any good man's feaft;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied—
Let gentlenefs my ftrong enforcement be;
In the which hope I blufh and hide my fword.
Duke. True it is that we have feen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And fate at good men's feafts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that facred pity hath engender'd;
And therefore fit you down in gentlenefs,
And take, upon command, what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minifter'd. [while,
Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary ftep
Limp'd in pure love; till he be firft fuffic'd,
Opprefs'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit!

The World compared to a Stage.

Thou feeft we are not all alone unhappy—
This wide and univerfal theatre
Prefents more woeful pageants, than the fcene
Wherein we play.
Jaques. All the world's a ftage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being feven ages. At firft, the infant,
Mewling and puking in his nurfe's arms:
And then the whining fchool-boy with his fatchel,
And fhining morning face, creeping like fnail
Unwillingly to fchool. And then the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his miftrefs' eye-brow. Then, the foldier,
Full of ftrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, fudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the [juftice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes fevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wife faws and modern inftances,
And fo he plays his part. The fixth age fhifts
Into the lean and flipper'd pantaloon,
With fpectacles on's nofe, and pouch on's fide;
His youthful hofe well fav'd, a world too wide
For his fhrunk fhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childifh treble pipes,
And whiftles in his found. Laft fcene of all,
That ends this ftrange eventful hiftory,
Is fecond childifhnefs, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, fans eyes, fans tafte, fans every thing.

Ingratitude, A Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter-wind,
Thou art not fo unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not fo keen,
Becaufe thou art not feen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter fky,
Thou doft not bite fo nigh,
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy fting is not fo fharp,
As friend remember'd not.

Scornful Love.

Silvius. The common executioner,
Whofe heart the accuftom'd fight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humble neck

But firſt begs pardon: will you ſterner be
Than he that dies, and lives by bloody drops?
Phœbe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'ſt me, there is murder in mine eye;
'Tis pretty, ſure, and very probable, [things,
That eyes,—that are the frail'ſt and ſofteſt
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them
kill thee:
Now counterfeit to ſwoon; why, now fall down;
Or if thou canſt not, O, for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lye not, to ſay mine eyes are murderers. [thee;
Now ſhew the wound mine eyes hath made in
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some ſcar of it; lean but upon a ruſh,
The cicatrice and capable impreſſure [eyes,
Thy palm ſome moment keeps: but now mine
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am ſure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt to any.
Silvius. O dear Phœbe,
If ever (as that ever may be near) [fancy,
You meet in ſome freſh cheek the power of
Then ſhall you know the wounds inviſible
That Love's keen arrows make.

Scorn retorted.

Od's my little life!
I think ſhe means to tangle my eyes too.
No, 'faith, proud miſtreſs, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip.
You fooliſh ſhepherd, wherefore do you follow
her,
Like foggy ſouth, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thouſand times a properer man
Than ſhe a woman: 'Tis ſuch fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd
children.
'Tis not her glaſs, but you, that flatters her,
And out of you ſhe ſees herſelf more proper
Than any of her lineaments can ſhow her.
But, miſtreſs, know yourſelf; down on your
knees,
[love;
And thank Heaven, faſting, for a good man's
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer;
Foul is moſt foul, being foul to be a ſcoffer.

Tender Love.

So holy, and ſo perfect is my love,
And I in ſuch a poverty of grace,
That I ſhall think it a moſt plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man [then
That the main harveſt reaps: looſe now and
A ſcatter'd ſmile, and that I'll live upon.

Real Love diſſembled.

Think not I love him, though I aſk for him;
'Tis but a peeviſh boy;—yet he talks well:—
But what care I for words? Yet words do well,
When he, that ſpeaks them, pleaſes thoſe that
hear.
It is a pretty youth;—not very pretty;—
But ſure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes
him:
He'll make a proper man; the beſt thing in him
Is his complexion: and faſter than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall;—yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but ſo ſo; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redneſs in his lip,
A little riper, and more luſty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas juſt the
difference
Betwixt the conſtant red and mingled damaſk.
There be ſome women, Silvius, had they mark'd
In parcels, as I did, wou'd have gone near [him
To fall in love with him; but for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cauſe to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He ſaid mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, ſcorn'd at me:
I marvel why I anſwer'd not again;
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

A fine Deſcription of a ſleeping Man, about to be deſtroyed by a Snake and a Lioneſs.

Under an oak, whoſe boughs were moſs'd
with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity;
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay ſleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded ſnake had wreath'd itſelf,
Who with her head, nimble in threats ap-
proach'd
The opening of his mouth; but ſuddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itſelf
And with indented glides did ſlip away,
Into a buſh; under which buſh's ſhade
A lioneſs, with udders all drawn dry, [watch
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtir: for 'tis
The royal diſpoſition of that beaſt
To prey on nothing that doth ſeem as dead.

Converſion.

I do not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my converſion
So ſweetly taſtes, being the thing I am.

Love.

Phœbe. Good ſhepherd, tell this youth what
'tis to love.
Silvius. It is to be made all of ſighs and tears:
It is to be made all of faith and ſervice;
It is to be all made of fantaſie,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes:
All adoration, duty and obſervance;
All humbleneſs, all patience and impatience:
All purity, all trial, all obſervance.

The Uncertainty of Opinion in Anxiety.

Duke. Doſt thou believe, Orlando, that the
Can do all this that he hath promiſed? [boy
Orlando. I ſometimes do believe, and ſome-
times do not, [fear.
As thoſe that fear, they hope, and know they

Song.

Song. On Matrimony.

Wedding is great Juno's crown,
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town,
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town.

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§ 3. THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SHAKESPEARE.

Child-bearing prettily expressed.

Herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear.

Cheats well described.

They say this town is full of cozenage;
As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin!

Man's Pre-eminence.

Why headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye,
But hath its bound, in earth, in sea, in sky;
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their male's subjects, and at their controuls.
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Patience, easier taught than practised.

Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek, that have no other cause:
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much or more we should ourselves complain.

Defamation.

I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose its beauty: and tho' gold bides still,
That others touch;—yet often touching will
Wear gold: And so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Wife's Exhortation on a Husband's Infidelity.

Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange and frown,
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife. [would'st vow,
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd,
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thine hand,
That never meat sweet-favour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee. [it,
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me;
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me:
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear, I were licentious!
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deed-divorcing vow?
I know thou can'st; and therefore see thou do it;
I am possest with an adulterate blot,
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust;
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.

A Respect to Decency and the Opinion of the World, an excellent Bulwark to our Virtues.

Have patience, Sir; O, let it not be so;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The inviolated honour of your wife.
Once this—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner.
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled reputation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

Documents for Wives, and the ill Effects of Jealousy.

Abbess. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to? [last;
Adriana. To none of these, except it be the
Namely, some love that drew him off from home.
Abbess. You should for that have reprehended
Adriana. Why so I did. [him.
Abbess. But not rough enough.
Adriana. As roughly as my modesty would
Abbess. Haply, in private. [let me.
Adriana. And in assemblies too.
Abbess. But not enough.
Adriana. It was the copy of our conference:

In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theme;
In company I often glanced at it:
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abbeſs. And therefore came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And therefore comes it, that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt his meat was ſauc'd with thy up-
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions; [braidings;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred:
And what's a fever, but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures and foes to life.

Ill Deeds and ill Words, double Wrong.

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in your looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

Paſſionate Lover's Addreſs to his Miſtreſs.

Sing, ſiren, for thyſelf, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs;
And as a bed, I'll take them, and there lie;
And in that glorious ſuppoſition think
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die!

Deſcription of a beggarly Conjurer, or a Fortune-teller.

———— A hungry, lean-fac'd villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
A living dead-man: this pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no face as 'twere outfacing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſt.

Old Age.

Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue,
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizzled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory;
My waſting lamp ſome fading glimmer left;
My deaf dull ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe old witneſſes,—I cannot err,—
Tell me, thou art my ſon, Antipholis.

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§ 4. LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

SHAKESPEARE.

A laudable Ambition for Fame and true Conqueſt deſcribed.

King. LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſter'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death.
When, ſpite of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour which ſhall bate his ſcythe's keen
And make us heirs of all eternity. [edge,
Therefore, brave conquerors! for ſo you are
That war againſt your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's deſires;—
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force.
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world;
Our court ſhall be a little academe,
Still and contemplative in living arts.
Longaville. I am reſolv'd; 'tis but a three year's faſt;
The mind ſhall banquet, tho' the body pine—
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but banker out the wits.
Dumain. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
The groſſer manner of the world's delights
He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves—
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die:
With all theſe living in philoſophy.

Vanity of Pleaſures.

Why, all delights are vain: but that moſt vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.

On Study.

Study is like the heaven's glorious ſun, [looks;
That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſaucy
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save baſe authority from others books:
Theſe earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtar,
Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Than thoſe that walk, and wot not what they are. [fame;
Too much to know, is to know nought but
And every godfather can give a name.

Again.

So ſtudy evermore is overſhot;
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the things it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.

Froſt.

An envious ſneaping froſt,
That bites the firſt-born infants of the ſpring.

The Folly and Danger of making Vows.

Neceſſity will make us all forſworn, [ſpace:
Three thouſand times within this three years
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace;
If I break faith, this word ſhall ſpeak for me,
I am forſworn on mere neceſſity.

A conceited Courtier, or Man of Compliments.

Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:
One, whom the muſic of his own vain tongue
Doth raviſh, like enchanting harmony:
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny.

This

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight,
From tawny Spain, lost in the word's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lye;
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Beauty.

My beauty, tho' but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Nor utter'd by false sale of chapmen's tongues.

A Wit.

In Normandy saw I this Longaville,
A man of sovereign parts he is esteemed;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well;
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath pow'r to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.
Pri. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?
Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.
Pri. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

A Merry Man.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales;
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

A comical Description of Cupid or Love.

O! and I, forsooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh:
A critic: nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent.
This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,
This Signior Julio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid,
Regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans;
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents;
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting 'paritors: (O my little heart)
And I to be a corporal of his file,
And wear his colours! like a tumbler, stoop!
What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going right, being a watch;
But being watch'd, that it may still go right.

Ill Deeds often done for the Sake of Fame.

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Sonnet.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)
Persuade my heart to this false perjury;
Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove
(Thou being a goddess) I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthy, thou a heavenly love:
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine
If by me broke: what fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Another.

On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Thro' the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow;—
Air! would I might triumph so!
But, alack! my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou for whom ev'n Jove wou'd swear
Juno but an Ethiope were:
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

Commanding Beauty.

——Who sees the heavenly Rosaline
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head, and, strucken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

The Power of Love.

Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,

As motion and long during action, tires
The ſinewy vigour of the traveller.

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When would you, my liege,—or you,—or you—
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other ſlow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practiſers,
Scarce ſhew a harveſt of their heavy toil:
But love, firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every pow'r;
And gives to ev'ry pow'r a double pow'r,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious ſeeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind,
A lover's ears will hear the loweſt ſound,
When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopt.
Love's feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled ſnails.
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus groſs in
For valour, is not love a Hercules, [taſte.
Still climbing trees in the Heſperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as ſweet and muſical
As bright Apollo's lute, ſtrung with his hair:
And when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowſy with the harmony.
Never durſt poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's ſighs:
O, then his eyes would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They ſparkle ſtill the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That ſhew, contain, and nouriſh all the world;
Elſe none at all in aught proves excellent.

Wiſe Men greateſt Fools in Love.

Ri. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are
catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly in wiſdom hatch'd,
Hath wiſdom's warrant, and the help of ſchool,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Roſ. The blood of youth burns not with ſuch
As gravity's revolt to wantonneſs. [exceſs
Mar. Folly in fools bears not ſo ſtrange a note,
As foolery in the wiſe, when wit doth doat:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in ſimplicity.

Keenneſs of Women's Tongues.

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen,
As is the razor's edge inviſible,
Cutting a ſmaller hair than may be ſeen,
Above the ſenſe of ſenſe, ſo ſenſible
Seemeth their conference; their conceit hath
wings
Fleeter than arrows, wind, thought, ſwifter
things.

Ladies maſkt and unmaſkt.

Fair ladies maſkt, are roſes in the bud;
Diſmaſkt their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhown,
Are angels, vailing clouds, or roſes blown.

A Lord Chamberlain or Gentleman Uſher.

This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utters it again when God doth pleaſe:
He is wit's pedlar; and retails his wares
At wakes, and waſſels, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that ſell by groſs, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This gallant pins the wenches on his ſleeve;
Had he been Adam he had tempted Eve.
H' can carve too, and liſp: Why this is he
That kiſs'd his hand away in courteſy;
This is the ape of form, Monſieur the nice,
That when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can ſing,
A mean moſt mainly; and in uſhering
Mend him who can: the ladies call him Sweet;
The ſtairs as he treads on them, kiſs his feet.
This is the flower that ſmiles on every one,
To ſhew his teeth as white as whale his bone:
And conſciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet!

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See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou
Till this man ſhew'd thee? and what art thou now?

Elegant Compliment to a Lady.

Fair, gentle, ſweet, [great
Your wit makes wiſe things fooliſh: when we
With eyes beſt ſeeing, Heaven's fiery eye,
By light we loſe light: your capacity
Is of that nature, as to your huge ſtore [poor.
Wiſe things ſeem fooliſh, and rich things but

Humble Zeal to pleaſe.

That ſport moſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how;
When zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents
Dies on the zeal of that which it preſents,
There form confounded makes moſt form in
mirth, [birth.
When great things labouring periſh in their

The Effects of Love.

For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty,
ladies, [mours
Hath much deform'd us, faſhioning our hu-
Even to the oppoſed end of our intents;
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting ſtrains,
All wanton as a child, ſkipping and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of ſtrange ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in ſubjects as the eye doth roll
To every vary'd object in his glance:
Which party-colour'd preſence of looſe love,
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
'T hath miſbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Thoſe heavenly eyes, that look into theſe faults,
Suggeſted us to make them: therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewiſe yours.

Trial of Love.

If this auſtere, unſociable life,
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin
weeds,
Nip not the gaudy bloſſoms of your love,

But

But that it bears this trial, and last love;
Then at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me.

Jest and Jester.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;—
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won)
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches: and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
T' enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of death,
It cannot be, it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. Then, if sickly ears
Deaf with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Spring. A Song.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight:
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.
When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws;
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

Winter. A Song.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail;
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit! tu-whoo!
A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw;
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit! tu-whoo!
A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

§ 5. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SHAKESPEARE.

Virtue given to be exerted.

THERE is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

Dislike of Popularity.

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes;
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and ave's vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

Authority.

Thus can the demi-god, authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight,
The words of Heav'n: On whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

The Consequence of Liberty indulged.

Lucio. Why, how now Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope, by the immoderate use,
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that raven down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil, and when we drink we die.

Neglected Laws.

This new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long, that fourteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn: and for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

Eloquence and Beauty.

In her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; besides, she hath a prosp'rous art,

When

When ſhe will play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſuade.

Retired Life.

My holy ſir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd,
And held in idle price to haunt aſſemblies
Where youth, and coſt, and witleſs bravery
keeps.

Licentiouſneſs the Conſequence of unexecuted Laws.

We have ſtrict ſtatutes, and moſt biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for headſtrong
ſteeds)
Which for theſe fourteen years we have let ſleep;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to ſtick it in their children's ſight,
For terror, not for uſe, in time the rod [crees,
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd: ſo our de-
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead;
And liberty plucks juſtice by the noſe;
The baby beats the nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Pardon, the Sanction of Wickedneſs.

For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
And not the puniſhment.

A ſevere ſaint-like Governor.

Lord Angelo is preciſe;
Stands at a guard with envy: ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee,
If pow'r change purpoſe, what our ſeemers be.

A Virgin addreſt.

Hail virgin, if you be; as thoſe cheek roſes
Proclaim you are no leſs!

A Religious profeſt.

I hold you as a thing enſky'd, and ſainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal ſpirit,
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a ſaint.

Embracing.

Your brother and his lover have embraced:
As thoſe that feed grow full; as bloſſoming time
Doth from the ſeedneſs the bare fallow bring
To teeming foiſon; ſo her plenteous womb
Expreſſeth his full tilth and huſbandry.

School-fellows.

Luc. Is ſhe your couſin? [their names,
Iſab. Adoptedly, as ſchoolmaids change
By vain, though apt affection.

Reſolution.

Our doubts are traitors;
And make us loſe the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

The Prayers of Maidens effectual.

Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue,
Men give like gods! but when they weep and
All their petitions are as truly theirs [kneel,
As they themſelves would owe them.

All men frail.

Angelo. We muſt not make a ſcarecrow of the
law,
Setting it up to ſcare the birds of prey,
And let it keep one ſhape till cuſtom make it
Their perch and not their terror.

Eſcal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruiſe to death: alas, this gen-
tleman,
Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father.
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be moſt ſtrait in virtue)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſh-
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood [ing;
Could have attain'n the effect of your own purpoſe;
Whether you had not ſome time in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Angelo. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Eſcalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, paſſing on the pris'ner's life,
May in the ſworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made
to juſtice,
That juſtice ſeizes on. What know the laws
That thieves do paſs on thieves? 'Tis very preg-
nant,
The jewel that we find, we ſtoop, and take it,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we do not ſee
We tread upon and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I have had ſuch faults: but rather tell me,
When I that cenſure him do ſo offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial.

Mercy frequently miſtaken.

Mercy is not itſelf that oft looks ſo;
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe.

Not to be too haſty in Actions irremediable.

Under your good correction, I have ſeen
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Bad Actions already condemned, the Actors to be puniſhed.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let go by the actor!

Mercy in Governors recommended.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown nor the deputed ſword,
The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have ſlipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been ſo ſtern.

The Duty of mutual Forgiveneſs.

——— Alas! alas!
Why, all the ſouls that are, were forfeit once.
And he, that might the 'vantage beſt have took,
Found

Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he which is the top of judgment, ſhould
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Unprepared Death.

Iſab. To-morrow! O, that's ſudden! ſpare him, ſpare him!
He's not prepared for death! Even for our kit- [chens
We kill the fowl of ſeaſon; ſhall we ſerve Heaven
With leſs reſpect than we do miniſter
To our groſs ſelves? Good, good, my lord be-think you
Who is it that hath dy'd for this offence?
—There's many have committed it.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath ſlept;
Thoſe many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If he, the firſt that did th' edict infringe,
Had anſwer'd for his deed: now 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glaſs, that ſhews what future evils
(Or new, or by remiſſneſs new conceiv'd,
And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Juſtice.

Iſab. Yet ſhew ſome pity.

Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhew juſtice;
For then I pity thoſe I do not know;
Which a diſmiſs'd offence would after gall:
And do him right, that, anſwering one foul
Lives not to act another. [wrong,

The Abuſe of Authority.

Oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's ſtrength; but it is tyrannous,
To uſe it like a giant.

Great Men's Abuſe of Power.

Could great men thunder,
As Jove himſelf does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would uſe his heav'n for thunder!
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heav'n!
Thou rather with thy ſharp and ſulph'rous bolt
Split'ſt the unwedgable and gnarled oak,
Than the ſoft myrtle. O, but man! proud man,
Dreſt in a little brief authority,
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
His glaſſy eſſence, like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtic tricks before high Heav'n,
As makes the angels weep: who, with our ſpleens,
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.

The Privilege of Authority.

We cannot weigh our brother with yourſelf.
Great men may jeſt with ſaints; 'tis wit in them:
But, in the leſs, foul profanation.
That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.

Conſciouſneſs of our own Faults ſhould make us merciful.

Ang. Why do you put thoſe ſayings upon me?

Iſab. Becauſe authority, though it err like
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itſelf, [others,
That ſkins the vice o' the top: go to your boſom;
Knock there; and aſk your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's faults: if it confeſs
A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought upon your tongue
Againſt my brother's life.

Honeſt Bribery.

Iſab. Hark how I'll bribe you!

Ang. How! bribe me?

Iſab. Not with fond ſhekels of the teſted gold,
Or ſtones, whoſe rate is either rich or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers
That ſhall be up at heaven and enter there,
Ere the ſun riſe: prayers from preſerved ſouls,
From faſting maids whoſe minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

The Power of virtuous Beauty.

Iſab. Save your honour!

Ang. From thee, even from thy virtue!—
What's this? What's this? Is this her fault or mine? [He.]—
The tempter, or the tempted, who ſins moſt?
Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the ſun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,
Corrupt with virtuous ſeaſon. Can it be,
That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe,
Than woman's lightneſs? Having waſte ground
Shall we deſire to raſe the ſanctuary, [enough,
And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie!
What doſt thou? Or, what art thou, Angelo?
Doſt thou deſire her foully, for thoſe things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges ſteal themſelves. What! do I love
That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again, [her,
And feaſt upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning enemy, that to catch a ſaint,
With ſaints doſt bait thy hook! Moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that does goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue: ne'er could the ſtrumpet
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once ſtir my temper: but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite————

True Repentance.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the ſin you carry?

Jul. I do, I bear the ſhame moſt patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you ſhall arraign you conſcience,
And try your penitence, if it be ſound,
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it ſeems, your moſt offenceful
Was mutually committed? [act

Jul. Mutually. [his.

Duke. Then was your ſin of heavier kind than

Jul. I do confeſs it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet ſo, daughter: but—leſt you do repent
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame,
Which ſorrow is always to ourſelves, not Heaven;
Showing we would not ſpare Heaven, as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear,——

Jul.

Jul. I do repent me as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest.

Love in a grave, severe Governor.

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To sev'ral subjects: Heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel. Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh, place! oh, form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art but blood!—
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;—
'Tis not the devil's crest.

A Simile on the Presence of the beloved Object.

————Oh Heav'ns!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both that unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and thus stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The gen'ral subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Croud to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Fornication and Murder equalled.

Fie, those filthy vices!—It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy lewdness, that do coin Heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put metal in restrained means
To make a false one.

Compelled Sins.

Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than account.

Lowliness of Mind.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshiel'd beauty, ten times louder,
Than beauty could display'd.

Heroic female Virtue.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that or any other,
But in the loss of question) that you his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of you body,
To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?
Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed,
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.
Ang. Then must your brother die.
Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother dy'd at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.
Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?
Isab. An ignominious ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy, sure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Self-interest palliates Faults.

Isab. It oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Women's Frailty.

Ang. ———Nay, women are frail too.
Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke, as they make forms.
Women! help Heaven! men their creation mar,
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Weight of established Reputation.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny.

Hope.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope.

Moral Reflections on the Vanity of Life.

Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
That none but fools would keep; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st tow'rd him still. Thou art not noble;
For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou do'st fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,

And

And what thou haſt, forget'ſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt the heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou haſt none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee ſire,
The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the gout, ſerpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt not youth [nor age,
But as it were an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thouſand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

The Terrors of Death moſt in Apprehenſion.

Claud. Is there no remedy?
Iſab. None but ſuch remedy, as to ſave a head
Wou'd cleave a heart in twain.
Claud. But is there any?

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Iſa. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Leſt thou a fev'rous life ſhould'ſt entertain,
And ſix or ſeven winters more reſpect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'ſt thou die?
The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corp'ral ſufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Reſolution from a Senſe of Honour.

Claud. Why give you me this ſhame?
Think you I want a reſolution fetch'd
From flow'ry tenderneſs? If I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in my arms!
Iſab. There ſpake my brother; there my fa-[ther's grave
Did utter forth a voice.

A ſainted Hypocrite.

Iſab. Yes, thou muſt die,
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward-ſainted de-[puty,
Whoſe ſettled viſage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i'th' head, and follies doth emmew
As falconer doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being caſt, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. The princely Angelo?
Iſab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
In princely guards!

The Terrors of Death.

Iſab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin!

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Claud. Ah, Iſabel!
Iſab. What ſays my brother?
Claud.——Death's a fearful thing.
Iſab. And ſhameful life a hateful.
Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not [where;
To lie in cold obſtruction and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, impriſonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
To what we fear of death.

Cowardly Apprehenſion of Death reproached.

Iſab. Oh, faithleſs coward! Oh, diſhoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of inceſt to take life [think?
From thine own ſiſter's ſhame? What ſhould I
Heaven grant my mother play'd my father fair!
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſs
Ne'er iſſued from his blood—Take my defiance—
Die, periſh! might my only bending down,
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed—
Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy ſin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove itſelf a bawd;
'Twere beſt that thou dieſt quickly!

Virtue and Goodneſs.

Virtue is bold, and goodneſs never fearful.

A Bawd.

Fie, ſirrah! a bawd—a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,
From ſuch a filthy vice? ſay to thyſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf and live;——
Can'ſt thou believe thy living is a life
So ſtinkingly depending? Go mend, mend.

Calumny unavoidable.

No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure 'ſcape; back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes. What king ſo ſtrong,
Can tie the gall up in the ſland'rous tongue?

Good Example neceſſary in Rulers.

He who the ſword of Heav'n will bear,
Should be as holy as ſevere;
Pattern in himſelf to know,
Grace to ſtand and virtue go;
More or leſs to others paying,
Than by ſelf-offences weighing:
Shame to him, whoſe cruel ſtriking,
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble ſhame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward ſide!
How may likeneſs made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,

Draw with idle spiders strings,
Most pond'rous and substantial things!

A beautiful Song.

Take, oh take, those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears;
But my poor heart first set free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Guilty Diligence.

With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er!

Greatness subject to Censure.

O, place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee; volumes of report
Run with their false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies.

Execution finely expressed.

By eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal?

Sound Sleep.

As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.

Upright Governor supposed.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.
Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallell'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd
With that which he corrects, then were he tyran-
But this being so, he's just. [nous;

Good Jailor.

This is a gentle provost; seldom, when
The steeled jailor is the friend of men.

Comfort from Despair.

But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comfort of despair,
When it is least expected.

Complaining useless.

Isab. Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven!

Character of an arch Hypocrite.

O, I conjure thee, prince, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one, the wickedest caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: trust me, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more names for badness.

Respect due to Place.

Respect to your great place!—and let the devil
Be sometimes honour'd for his burning throne.

Impossibility of Intercession.

Against all sense you do importune her.
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror!

Reformed Men sometimes best.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad; so may my husband.

Intents more excusable than Acts.

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no sub-
Intents, but merely thoughts. [jects;

§ 6. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHAKESPEARE.

Natural Presentiment of Evil finely pointed out with the Contrast of a chearful and melancholy Man.

Ant. IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me: you say, it wearies you:
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn.
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.
Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There where your argosies, with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,——
Do over-peer the petty-traffiquers,
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
Sol. Believe me, Sir, had I such ventures
The better part of my affections would [forth,
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind
Prying in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads:
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.
Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats:
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me strait of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;

And in a word but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think of this? and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make one
But tell not me; I know Antonio [sad?
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year.
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sal. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Sal. Not in love neither? Then let us say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry, [Janus,
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper;
And others of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

The Imprudence of setting too great a Value upon the World.

You have too much respect upon the world;
They lose it that do buy it with much care.

The true Value of the World.

I hold the world, but as the world, Gratiano,
A stage, where every man must play his part;
And mine a sad one!

Chearfulness and affected Gravity contrasted.

Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark."
O, my Antonio, I do know of those,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing, who I am very sure,
If they should hear, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing these, would call their brothers
I'll tell thee more of this another time: [fools.
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

Jocose Satire on Silence.

Silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendable.

Generous and disinterested Friendship.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight [shaft,
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,—
As I will watch the aim,—or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first. [time,

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have.
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

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——Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently enquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

A Jew's Malice.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shyl. How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian: [*Aside.*
But more for that in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him *once* upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him,
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails
Ev'n there, where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

A Jew's Sanctity and Hypocrisy.

Shyl. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shyl. No, not take interest; as you would say,
Directly interest; mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd
That all the yeanlings, which were streak'd and py'd, [rank,
Should fall as Jacob's hire;—the ewes, being
In end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,

The skilful shepherd peel'd him certain wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in yeaning time
Fall party-coloured lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Ant. This was a venture, Sir, that Jacob serv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?
Shyl. I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio;
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose:
An evil soul producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

The Jew's Expostulation.

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
On the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances.
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gabardine:
And all for use of that which is my own!
Well then, it now appears you need my help—
Go to then—you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies—you say so,
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger-cur
Over your threshold—Money is your suit——
What should I say to you?—Should I not say,
Hath a dog money?—Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?—or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this, "Fair Sir, you spit on me last Wednesday,
You spurn'd me such a day. Another time
You call'd me dog, and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies."

A Villain's fair Offers suspicious.

I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

An Apology for a black Complexion.

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred:
Bring me the fairest creature northern born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Merit no Match for the Caprice of Fortune.

——Lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scymitar,
That flew the Sophy, and the Persian prince,
That won three fields of sultan Solyman,—
I would o'erstare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules, and Lychas, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand;
So is Alcides beaten by his page!
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Gravity assumed.

Bass.——But hear me, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults:
But where thou art not known, why, there they shew
Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest through thy wild behaviour,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.
Gra.——Signior Bassanio, hear me.
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hold mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in sad ostent
To please his grandam—never trust me more.

The Jew's Commands to his Daughter.

Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears;—I mean my casements!——
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.

Shylock's Description of his Servant.

Shyl. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him: and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed purse!

Fruition more languid than Expectation.

O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly,
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited.
——Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with th' unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more pleasure chased than enjoy'd.

How

How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet-wind!

Portia's Suitors.

From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
Th' Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as thorough-fares
Now, for princes to come view fair Portia.
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

The Parting of Friends.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part;
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return: he answered, "Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time:
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love,
As shall conveniently become you there."
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection, wond'rous sensible,
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

False Judgment of the Many.

————————Fortune now,
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
"Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all [he hath."
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
"Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire!—That many may be [meant
Of the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach:
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the face and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Honour ought to be conferred on Merit only.

Why then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves."
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity:
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly; that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then shou'd cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd!

Love Messenger compared to an April Day.

I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love;
A day in April never came so sweet,
To shew how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Music.

Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music.—That the comparison
May stand more just, my eye shall be the stream
And watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is music then? Then music is,
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new-crown'd monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ears,
And summon him to marriage.———
———Now he goes
With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute, paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice:
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visage, coming forth to view
The issue of the exploit.

A Song. On Fancy.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head,
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
Is it engender'd in the eyes;
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies;
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—ding, dong, bell.

The Deceit of Ornament or Appearances.

So may the outward shows be least themselves.
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it.
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known

To be the dowry of a fecond head,
The fkull that bred them in the fepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the gilded fhore
To a moft dangerous fea; the beauteous fcarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The feeming truth which cunning time puts on
T' entrap the wifeft.—Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threaten'ft, than doft promife ought,
Thy plainnefs moves me more than eloquence,
And here choofe I; joy be the confequence.

Joy on Succefs.

How all the other paffions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rafh-embrac'd defpair,
And fhudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealoufy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecftacy;
In meafure rein thy joy, fcant this excefs;
I feel too much thy bleffing, make it lefs,
For fear I furfeit!

Portia's Picture.

What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come fo near creation? Move thofe eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are fever'd lips
Parted with fugar breath: fo fweet a bar
Should funder fuch fweet friends! Here in her hairs
The painter plays the fpider, and hath woven
A golden mefh t' intrap the hearts of men,
Fafter than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes!
How cou'd he fee to do them? having made one,
Methinks it fhould have power to fteal both his,
And leave itfelf unfurnifhed.

Succefsful Lover compared to a Conqueror.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes;
Hearing applaufe and univerfal fhout,
Giddy in fpirit, gazing ftill about,
Whether thofe peals of praife be his or no:
So, thrice fair lady, ftand I——

An amiable Bride.

Portia. Tho' for myfelf alone
I would not be ambitious in my wifh,
To wifh myfelf much better; yet for you
I would be treble twenty times myfelf,
A thoufand times more fair, ten thoufand times
More rich; that to ftand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account:—but the full fum of me—
——To term in grofs——
Is an unlefson'd girl, unfchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, fhe is not yet fo old
But fhe may learn; happier than this, in that
She is not bred fo dull but fhe can learn;
Happieft of all is, that her gentle fpirit
Commits itfelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

Lover's Thoughts compared to the inarticulate Joys of a Crowd.

Baff. Madam, you have bereft me of all words;
Only my blood fpeaks to you in my veins:
And there is fuch confufion in my powers,
As, after fome oration fairly fpoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing, pleafed multitude;
Where every fomething being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, fave of joy
Expreft, and not expreft.

Valuable Friend.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?
Baff. The deareft friend to me, the kindeft man,
The beft condition'd; an unweary'd fpirit
In doing court'fies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What fum owes he the Jew?
Baff. For me, three thoufand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him fix thoufand, and deface the bond;
Double fix thoufand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this defcription
Should lofe a hair through my Baffanio's fault.

Implacable Revenge.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee fpeak,
I'll have my bond; and therefore fpeak no more;
I'll not be made a foft and dull-ey'd fool
To fhake the head, relent, and figh and yield
To Chriftian interceffions.

Generous Friendfhip.

Lor. Madam, although I fpeak it in your prefence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity: which appears moft ftrongly
In bearing thus the abfence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you fhew this honour,
How true a gentleman you fend relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your hufband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than cuftomary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor fhall not now: for in companions
That do converfe and wafte the time together,
Whofe fouls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There muft be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of fpirit.
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bofom lover of my lord,
Muft needs be like my lord: if it be fo,
How little is the coft I have beftow'd,
In purchafing the femblance of my foul
From out the ftate of hellifh cruelty!
This comes too near the praifing of myfelf;
Therefore no more of it.

A pert, bragging Youth.

I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace;
And fpeak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing fteps
Into a manly ftride; and fpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lyes,
How honourable ladies fought my love,
Which I denying, they fell fick and dy'd.
I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
And wifh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them!—

And

And twenty of these puny lyes I'll tell;
That men shall swear I've discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks
Which I will practise.

Affectation in Words.

O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksey word
Defy the matter.

Portia's Merit.

It is very meet
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For having such a blessing in his lady
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not merit it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly
match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one—there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other: for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

The Jew's Reason for his Revenge.

Shyl. I have possess'd your grace of what I
purpose,
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that;
But say it is my humour: Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it bann'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Masters of passion sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths. Now for your answer;
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why a harmless necessary cat;
Why a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended:
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Unfeeling Revenge.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use questions with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's [harder)
His Jewish heart.

Retaliation.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, ren-
d'ring none? [wrong?

Shyl. What judgment shall I dread, doing no
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs,
Why sweat they under burdens, let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? you will answer,
The slaves are yours. So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law;
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment; answer, shall I have it?

Jew's wolfish Spirit, an Argument for Transmi-gration.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life, let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To make me hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human
slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd and ravenous.

Shyl. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my
bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To curelets ruin.——I stand here for law.

Mercy.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
The sceptre shews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above the scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Shou'd see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Justice must be impartial.

I beseech you,
Wrest once the laws to your authority;
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It muſt not be; there is no power in Ve-
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed: [nice
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate: it cannot be.

Chearful Reſignation, with friendly Tenderneſs.

I am arm'd and well prepar'd——
Give me your hand, Baſſanio, fare you well;
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune ſhews herſelf more kind,
Than is her cuſtom.—It is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which ling'ring penance
Of ſuch a miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the proceſs of Antonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you, ſpeak me fair in death;
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Baſſanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you ſhall loſe your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt.

Ample Payment.

He is well paid that is well ſatisfied.

Deſcription of a Moon-light Night, with fine Muſic.

Lor. The moon ſhines bright: in ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojans wall;
And ſigh'd his ſoul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Creſſida lay that night.
Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Did Thiſbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,
And ran diſmay'd away.
Lor. In ſuch a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wide ſea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jeſ. In ſuch a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old Æſon.
Lor. In ſuch a night,
Did Jeſſica ſteal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
Jeſ. And in ſuch a night,
Did young Lorenzo ſwear, he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. And in ſuch a night,
Did pretty Jeſſica, like a little ſhrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

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How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſic
Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs and the night
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, Jeſſica; look how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold;
There's not the ſmalleſt orb which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal ſouls!
But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſsly cloſe it in, we cannot hear it.—
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn:
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear,
And draw her home with muſic.
Jeſ. I'm never merry when I hear ſweet muſic.
Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſic touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand;
Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſic. Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But muſic for the time doth change its nature.
The man that hath not muſic in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no ſuch man be truſted.

A good Deed compared to a Candle, and the Effects of Time, Circumſtance, &c.

Por. How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.
Ner. When the moon ſhone we did not ſee the candle.
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs:
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his ſtate
Empties itſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main waters. Muſic! hark.
Ner. It is your muſic, madam, of the houſe.
Por. Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect;
Methinks it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.
Ner. Silence beſtows that virtue on it, madam.
Por. The crow does ſing as ſweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe and true perfection!
Peace! how the moon ſleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!

Moon-light Night.

This night, methinks, is but the day-light ſick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.

Profeſſions needleſs, where Intentions are ſincere.

Sir, you are very welcome to our houſe;
It muſt appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſy.

Elegant

Elegant Compliment.

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

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§ 7. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SHAKESPEARE.

Description of Spendthrifts, who seek to better their Fortunes by rich Wives.

He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.

Valuable Woman loved for her own Sake.

——Wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or money in seal'd bags;
And, 'tis the very riches of thyself,
That now I aim at.

Fairies, their Rewards and Punishments.

Cricket, to Windsor's chimnies shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.
Go you, and where soe'er you find a maid
That ere she sleep hath thrice her prayers said,
Rein up the organs of her fantasy;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those that sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, back, shoulders, sides, and shins.

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§ 8. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

SHAKESPEARE.

Tediousness of Expectation.

Thes. How slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

The Witchcraft of Love.

My gracious duke,
This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child:
—Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats, messengers,
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart:
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness.

A Father's Authority.

To you your father should be as a god;
One, that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

Nun.

Thes. Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yield not to your father's choice)
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage!
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Herm. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin-patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

True Love ever crossed.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But either it was different in blood,
Or else misgraffed in respect of years;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends:
Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary, as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heav'n and earth:
And, ere a man hath pow'r to say—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion!

Herm. Then let us teach our trial patience:
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers!

Assignation.

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burnt the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Modest and generous Eulogium of a Rival.

Hel. Call you me fair, that fair again unsay,
Demetrius loves you, fair, O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O, were favours so!
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go:
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye;
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody,
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,

The rest I'll give to be to you translated.
O teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Moon.

When Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.

Love.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind;
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste:
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he often is beguil'd:
As waggish boys themselves in games forswear;
So the boy Love is perjur'd every-where.

Cowslips and Fairy Employment.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours;
In those speckles live their favours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Puck, or Robin Good-fellow.

I am that merry wand'rer of the night,
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab,
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale:
The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And Tailor cries, and falls into a cough,
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

Fairy Jealousy, and the Effects of it.

These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport:
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox has therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock:
The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the queint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest.
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air:
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyem's chin and icy crown,
An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer-buds,
Is, as in mock'ry, set: the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the 'mazed world
By their increase now knows not which is which.

Love in Idleness.

Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quencht in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flow'r [wound,
Before milk-white; now purpled with love's
And maidens call it, "Love in idleness."

Virtuous Love's Protection and Reliance.

Your virtue is my privilege. For that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore, I think, I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

A Fairy Bank.

I know a bank, whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flow'rs with dances and delight.

Fairy Courtesies.

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Swift...

Swiftness of Fairy's Motion.

I go, I go, look how I go:
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

Sense of Hearing quickened by Loss of Sight.

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes:
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence.

Female Friendship.

Is all the council that we two have shar'd,
The sister vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us: O! and is all forgot?
All school-days friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted
But yet an union in partition:
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our antient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Lover's Hate the greatest Harm.

What can you do me greater harm than hate?

Female Timidity.

I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst,
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice.

Day-break.

Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts wand'ring here and [there,
Troop home to church-yards.

Embracing.

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,
Gently entwist—the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

Dew in Flowers.

That same dew, which sometimes on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'ret's eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

Hunting and Hounds.

Thes. We will, fair queen, up to the moun- [tain's top,
And mark the musical confusion,
Of hounds, and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the boar
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry; I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapp'd, like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each; a cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Fairy Motion.

Then, my queen, in silence sad;
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Confused Remembrance.

These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far off mountains turned into clouds.

The Power of Imagination.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
This is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to [heav'n,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Simpleness and modest Duty always acceptable.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

Thes. I will hear that play,
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

Thes. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing,
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Clock.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Night.

Now the hungry lion roars,
  And the wolf behowls the moon:
Whilſt the heavy ploughman ſnores,
  All with weary taſk fore-done.
Now the waſted brands do glow,
  Whilſt the ſcreech-owl, ſcreeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
  In remembrance of a ſhroud.
Now it is the time of night,
  That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his ſpright,
  In the church-way paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do run,
  By the triple Hecat's team,
From the preſence of the ſun,
  Following darkneſs like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouſe
  Shall diſturb this hallow'd houſe;
I am ſent with broom before,
  To ſweep the duſt behind the door.

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§ 9. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SHAKESPEARE.

Peace inſpires Love.

BUT now I am return'd, and that war thoughts
  Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come thronging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is.

Friendſhip in Love.

Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love uſe their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itſelf,
And truſt no agent: beauty is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.

Merit always modeſt.

It is the witneſs ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his own perfection.

A Song.

Sigh no more, ladies, ſigh no more,
  Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in ſea, and one on ſhore,
  To one thing conſtant never.
    Then ſigh not ſo,
    But let them go,
  And be you blith and bonny,
Converting all your ſounds of woe,
  Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Favourites compared to Honey-ſuckles, &c.

——Bid her ſteal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-ſuckles, ripen'd by the ſun,
Forbid the ſun to enter; like to favourites
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Againſt that power that bred it.

Scheme to captivate Beatrice.

Let it be thy part
To praiſe him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee muſt be, how Benedick
Is ſick in love with Beatrice: of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made
That only wounds by hearſay.

Angling, &c.

The pleaſan'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden oars the ſilver ſtream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice.

A ſcornful and ſatirical Beauty.

Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff than that of Beatrice.
Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſpriſing what they look on: and her wit
Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak; ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape, nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf-endeared.

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I never yet ſaw man,   [tur'd,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely fea-
But ſhe would ſpell him backward: if fair fac'd,
She'd ſwear the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter!
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an aglet very vilely cut;
If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If ſilent, why a block, moved with none!
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.

Slandering the Object, a Way to deſtroy Affection.

No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counſel him to fight againſt his paſſion:
And, truly, I'll deviſe ſome honeſt ſlanders,
To ſtain my couſin with; one doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoiſon liking.

Beatrice's Recantation.

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
  Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorn ſo much!
Contempt, farewel! and maiden pride, adieu!
  No glory lives behind the back of ſuch.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee,
  Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;
If thou doſt love, my kindneſs ſhall incite thee
  To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others ſay, thou doſt deſerve; and I
  Believe it better than reportingly.

Diſſimulation.

O, what authority and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſin cover itſelf withal!
Comes not that blood as modeſt evidence
To witneſs ſimple virtue? Would you not ſwear,
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maid,
By theſe exterior ſhews? But ſhe is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her bluſh is guiltineſs, not modeſty.

Female Seeming.

I never tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to a ſiſter, ſhew'd
Baſhful ſincerity, and comely love.
  Hero. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?
  Claud. Out on thy ſeeming! I will write a-
You ſeem to me as Dian in her orb; [gainſt it;
As chaſte as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood

4   Than

Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

An injured Lover's Abjuration of Love.

O Hero! what a hero had'st thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair, farewel!
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

A Father lamenting his Daughter's Infamy.

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;
For, did I think thou would'st not quickly die,
Thought I, thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life—Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
(O, one too much by thee!) why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in mine eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?
Who smeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have said, "no part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins."
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud of, mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why she——O she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Innocence discovered by Countenance.

——I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold,
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading; nor my observation,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Resolution.

I know not: if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her: if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find awak'd, in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

The Desire of loved Objects heightened by their Loss.

This, well carry'd, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer. For it so falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth,
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not shew us
Whilst it was ours: so will it fare with Claudio;
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit;
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver),
And wish'd he had not so accus'd her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But, if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds and injuries.

Leon. Being that, alas!
I flow in grief, the smallest twine may lead me.

Counsel of no Weight in Misery.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into my ears as profitless
As water in a sieve; give me not counsel,
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine:
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience:
Measure his love the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form;
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag; cry, hem! when he should groan; [drunk
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune
With candle-waiters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage;
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread;
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience

To

To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself; therefore give me no counsel;
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ. [blood:

Leo. I pray thee, peace—I will be flesh and
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the style of Gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

An aged Father's Resentment of Scandal.

Tush, tush, man! never fleer and jest at me;
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As under privilege of age to brag [do,
What I have done, being young, or what would
Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my rev'rence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast bely'd mine innocent child.
Thy slander hath gone through and through her
And she lies bury'd with her ancestors: [heart,
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.

Talking Braggarts.

Cla. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leo. Can'st thou so daffe me? Thou hast kill'd my child,
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first,—
Win me, and wear me,---let him answer me:
Come, follow me, boy: come, Sir boy, follow me;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foyning fence:
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leo. Brother—— [my niece:

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I lov'd
And she is dead; slander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milk-sops—

Leo. Brother Anthony— [them; yea,

Ant. Hold you content; what, man! I know
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mongring boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and shew an outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst:
And this is all.

No Valour in a bad Cause.

In a false quarrel there's no true valour.

Villain to be noted.

Which is the villain? let me see his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him.

Dirge on Hero's Death by Slander.

Done to death by sland'rous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies!
So the life that dy'd with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame!

Day-break.

The wolves have prey'd; and, look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spot of grey.

Time of Slander a temporary Death.

She dy'd, my lord, but while her slander liv'd.

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§ 16 THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. SHAKESPEARE.

Hounds.

THY hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

Painting.

Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee
Adonis, painted by a running brook; [strait
And Citherea all in sedges hid, [breath,
Which seem to move and wanton with her
Ev'n as the waving sedges play with wind.

Mirth and Merriment, its Advantage.

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of phrenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

The Uses of Travel and Study.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd from fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company.
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic thro' the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivoli;
Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Mi perdonate, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:

Talk

Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Love at first Sight.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me,—is it possible,
That love should of a sudden take such hold?
Luc. O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
Thou art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I atchieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quàm minimò.

Travel.

Such wind as scatter young men thro' the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows.

Woman's Tongue.

Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
And heav'n's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets [clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue?
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

Extremes cure each other.

When two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury;
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

Beauty.

Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.

Music.

Preposterous ass! that never read so far,
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, when I pause, serve in your harmony.

Wife married to all her Husband's Fortunes.

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.

Description of a mad Wedding.

——When the priest
Did ask if Catherine should be his wife; [loud,
"Ay, by gogs woons," quoth he, and swore so
That all amaz'd the priest let fall the book;
And as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff, [priest;
That down fell priest and book, and book and
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."
Tran. What said the wench when he rose up again? [stampt and swore,
Grem. Trembled and shook; for why, he
As if the vicar meant to cozen him;
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: "a health," quoth he, as if
H'ad been aboard carousing to his mates
After a storm; quafft off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other cause, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask
His sops as he was drinking. This done, he took
The bride about her neck, and kist her lips
With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting
All the church echo'd.

Petruchio's Trial of his Wife in the Article of Dress.

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.
Cath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one
And not 'till then. [too,
Hor. That will not be in haste. [speak;
Cath. Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else, my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather, than it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost, as I please in words.
Pet. Why, thou say'st true: it is a paltry cap,
A custard coffin, a bauble, a silken pye;
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.
Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none, [se'et.
Pet. Thy gown? why, ay: come, taylor, let's
O, mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple tart?
Here's snip and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop;
Why, what a devil's name, taylor, call'st thou this? [gown.
Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor
Tayl. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.
Pet. Marry, and did I; but, if you be remem-
I did not bid you mar it to the time. [ber'd,
Go, hop me over every kennel home,

For

For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence! make your best of it.
Cath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

The Mind alone valuable.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud; our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds;
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate, neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

A lovely Woman.

Fair, lovely woman, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethists, or glistering hyacinth:
—Sweet Catherine, this lovely woman—
Cath. Fair, lovely lady, bright and chrystalline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes the dawning beams,
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks.
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Unhabitable as the burning zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

Happiness attained.

Happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

Others measur'd by ourselves.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Greyhound.

O Sir, Lucentio slipt me for his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Wife's Submission.

Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

The Wife's Duty to her Husband.

Fie! fie! unknit that threat'ning, unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor;
It blots thy beauty, as frost bites the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes a prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul, contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours;
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws:
Our strength is weak, our weakness past compare;
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands beneath your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready—may it do him ease!

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§ 11. THE TEMPEST. SHAKESPEARE.

Miranda and Prospero.

Mir. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.
Prof. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul,
No not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel,
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Caliban's Curses.

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er.

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I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou camest first,
Thou strok'st me, and mad'st much of me: would'st give me
Water

Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the leſs,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o'th' iſle, [thee,
The freſh ſprings, brine pits; barren place and
fertile;
Curs'd be I, that I did ſo; all the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the ſubjects that you have, [me
Who firſt was mine own king; and here you ſty
In this hard rock, whilſt you do keep from me
The reſt of th' iſland.

Caliban's Exultation after Proſpero tells him he ſought to violate the Honour of his Child.

Oh, ho, oh, ho,—I wou'd it had been done,
Thou did'ſt prevent me, I had peopled elſe
This iſle with Calibans.
Proſ. Abhorred ſlave;
Which any print of goodneſs will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee, [hour
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each
One thing or other: when thou could'ſt not,
ſavage, [like
Shew thine own meaning; but would'ſt gabble
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them known: but thy vile
race, [good-nature
Though thou didſt learn, had that in't which
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadſt deſerv'd more than a priſon. [on't
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit
Is, I know how to curſe; the red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

Muſic.

Where ſhould this muſic be? in air or earth?
It ſounds no more, and ſure it waits upon
Some god of th' iſland. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This muſic crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my paſſion
With its ſweet air.

Ariel's Song.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Thoſe are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a ſea-change
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong bell.

Amiable Simplicity of Miranda on firſt View of Ferdinand.

Proſ. This gallant which thou ſeeſt
Was in the wreck: and, but he's ſomething
ſtain'd [call him
With grief, that beauty's canker, thou might'ſt
A goodly perſon——
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine: for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo noble.
Fer. Moſt ſure the goddeſs
On whom theſe airs attend.
* * * * * * * * * *

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch
If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair a houſe, [a temple;
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.

A Lover's Speech.

My ſpirits, as in a dream are all bound up;
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, were but light to me,
Might I but thro' my priſon once a day
Behold this maid: all corners o' th' earth
Let liberty make uſe of; ſpace enough
Have I in ſuch a priſon.

Reſignation and Gratitude.

Beſeech you, Sir, be merry: you have cauſe
(So have we all) of joy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſs: our hint of woe
Is common; every day ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſter of ſome merchant, and the merchant,
Have juſt our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
(I mean our preſervation) few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wiſely, good Sir, weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.

Deſcription of Ferdinand's ſwimming aſhore.

I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide: and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwol'n that met him; his bold
head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtrokes
To th' ſhore; that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd,
As ſtooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Too ſevere Reproof, animadverted upon.

The truth you ſpeak doth lack ſome gentleneſs,
And time to ſpeak it in: you rub the ſore,
When you ſhould find the plaiſter.

Satire on Utopian Forms of Government.

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate;
Letters ſhould not be known; poverty, riches,
And uſe of ſervice, none; contracts, ſucceſſion,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, olive, none;
No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all,
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No ſovereignty:
All things in common nature ſhould produce,
Without ſweat or endeavour: treaſon, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature ſhould bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foiſon, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
I would with ſuch perfection govern, Sir,
To excel the golden age.

Sleep.

Do not omit the heavy offer of it,
It ſeldom viſits ſorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

A fine Apoſiopeſis.

They fell together, all as by conſent,
They dropt as by a thunder-ſtroke. What might
Worthy

Worthy Sebaſtian—O, what might—no more.
And yet, methinks, I ſee it in thy face, [and
What thou ſhould'ſt be; th' occaſion ſpeaks thee,
My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Caliban's Curſes.

All the infections that the ſun ſucks up,
From bogs, fens, flats, on Proſper fall, and make
By inch-meal a diſeaſe: his ſpirits hear me, [him
And yet I needs muſt curſe; but they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin-ſhews, pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid them: but
For every trifle are they ſet upon me:
Sometimes, like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiſs me into madneſs.——Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a ſpirit of his, and to torment me,
For bringing wood in ſlowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Caliban's Promiſes.

I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings: I'll pluck thee
berries;
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.——
I pry'thee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
Young ſea-mels from the rock.

True and unbiaſſed Affection—Ferdinand, bearing a Log.

There be ſome ſports are painful; but their
labour
Delight in them ſets off: ſome kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone: and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean taſk would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The miſtreſs whom I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harſhneſs. I muſt remove
Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile 'em up,
Upon a ſore injunction. My ſweet miſtreſs
Weeps when ſhe ſees me work, and ſays ſuch
Had ne'er like executor: I forget; [baſeneſs
But theſe ſweet thoughts do even refreſh my la-
Moſt buſy-leſs when I do it. [bour,

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Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What's deareſt to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with beſt regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſeveral women; never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
Of every creature's beſt.

Miranda's offering to carry the Logs for him is peculiarly elegant.

If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while; pray give me that,
I'll carry it to the pile;

And afterwards, how innocent!

——I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of!
I am your wife, if you will marry me:
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow,
You may deny me; but I'll be your ſervant,
Whether you will or no.

Puniſhment of Crimes delayed, not forgotten.

For which foul deed
The powers, delaying not forgetting, have
Incens'd the ſeas and ſhores, yea, all the creatures
Againſt your peace.

Guilty Conſcience.

O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous!——
Methought the billows ſpoke, and told me of it;
The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Proſper. It did baſs my treſpaſs.
Gon. All three of them are deſperate, their
great guilt,
Like poiſon given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite thy ſpirit.

Proſpero's Boaſt of Miranda.

O Ferdinand,
Do not ſmile at me that I boaſt her off,
For thou ſhalt find ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

Continence before Marriage.

Proſ. If thou doſt break her virgin-knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be miniſter'd,
No ſweet aſperſions ſhall the heav'ns let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-eyed diſdain, and diſcord ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
That you ſhall hate it both; therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps ſhall light you.

A Lover's Proteſtation.

Ferd. As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as 'tis now; the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrongeſt ſuggeſtion
Our worſer genius can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration;
When I ſhall think or Phœbus' ſteeds are foun-
Or night kept chain'd below. [der'd,

Paſſion too ſtrong for Vows.

Proſ. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraws
To the fire i' th' blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe good night your vow!

Ferdinand's Anſwer.

I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold virgin-ſnow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Vanity

Vanity of Human Nature.

Proſ. Our revels now are ended: theſe our actors
(As I foretold you) were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And like the baſeleſs fabric of this viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea all who it inherit, ſhall diſſolve:
And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind! We are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep.

Drunkards enchanted by Ariel.

Ariel. I told you, Sir, they were red-hot with
drinking;
So full of valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces: beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prickt their
ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
As they ſmelt muſic: ſo I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, ſharp furzes, pricking goſs, and
thorns,
Which enter'd their frail ſkins: at laſt I left 'em
I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins.

Caliban.

Proſ. A devil, a born devil, in whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, are all loſt, quite loſt;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers.

Light of Foot.

Pray you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may [not
Hear a foot fall.

Fine Sentiment, of Humanity on Repentance.

Ariel.——The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of ſorrow and diſmay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd the good old lord Gonzalo,
His tears run down his beard, like winter-drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm ſo ſtrongly
works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Proſ. Doſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Proſ. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to th'
quick,
Yet with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue then in vengeance; they being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown farther.

Fairies and Magic.

Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes, and
groves,
And ye that on the ſand with printleſs foot
Do chaſe the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-ſhine do the green four ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whoſe
paſtime
Is to make midnight muſhrooms, that rejoice
To hear the ſolemn curfew; by whoſe aid,
(Weak maſters tho' ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous
winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and rifted Jove's ſtout oak
With his own bolt; the ſtrong-bas'd promontory
Have I made ſhake, and by the ſpurs pluckt up
The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have wak'd their ſleepers, op'd and let them forth
By my ſo potent art.

Senſes returning.

The charm diſſolves apace;
And as the morning ſteals upon the night
Melting the darkneſs, ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reaſon——
Their underſtanding
Begins to ſwell, and the approaching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore,
That now lies foul and muddy.

Ariel's Song.

Where the bee ſucks, there lurk I;
In a cowſlip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly
After ſun-ſet merrily:
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

Patience.

Alon. Irreparable is the loſs; and patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.

Proſ. I rather think
You have not ſought her help; of whoſe ſoft grace,
For the like loſs I have her ſovereign aid,
And reſt myſelf content.

§ 12. TWELFTH NIGHT, or WHAT YOU WILL.

Shakespeare.

Muſic and Love.

IF muſic be the food of love, play on;
Give me exceſs of it; that, ſurfeiting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.
That ſtrain again;—it had a dying fall!
O, it came o'er my ear, like the ſweet ſouth,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.——Enough! no
more——
'Tis not ſo ſweet now as it was before.
O ſpirit of love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity

Receiveth as the fea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch foever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute; fo full of fhapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantaftical.

Love, in reference to Hunting.

O, when mine eyes did fee Olivia firft,
Methought fhe purg'd the air of peftilence;
That inftant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my defires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er fince purfue me.

Natural Affection akin to Love.

O, fhe, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will fhe love, when the rich golden fhaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elfe
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
Thefe fovereign thrones, are all fupply'd, and
fill'd
(Her fweet perfections) with one felf-fame king!

Defcription of Sebaftian's Efcape.

——I faw your brother,
Moft provident in peril, bind himfelf (tice)
(Courage and hope both teaching him the prac-
To a ftrong maft, that liv'd upon the fea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I faw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could fee.

Actions of the Great always talk'd of.

You know
What great ones do, the lefs will prattle of.

Outward Appearance a Token of inward Worth.

There is fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And, though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft clofe in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou haft a mind that fuits
With this thy fair and outward character.

A beautiful Boy.

Dear lad, believe it;
For they fhall yet belie thy happy years,
That fay, thou art a man; Diana's lip
Is not more fmooth and rubious; thy fmall pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, fhrill and found,
And all is femblative—a woman's part.

Beauty.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whofe red and white
Nature's own fweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruel'ft fhe alive,
If you would lead thefe graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Extreme Love.

My Lord and mafter loves you! O, fuch love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were
The nonpareil of beauty.

Character of a noble Gentleman.

Yet I fuppofe him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great eftate, of frefh and ftainlefs youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimenfion and the fhape of nature,
A gracious perfon: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his anfwer long ago.

Refolved Love.

Oliv. ——Why, what wou'd you do?
Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my foul within the houfe;
Write royal cantos of contemned love,
And fing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling goffip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you fhould not reft
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you fhou'd pity me.

Difguife.

Difguife, I fee thou art a wickednefs,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How eafy is it, for the proper falfe
In women's waxen hearts to fet their forms!
Alas! our frailty is the caufe, not we;
For fuch as we are made, if fuch we be.

Serious Mufic moft agreeable to Lovers.

Now, good Cefario, but that piece of fong,
That old and antique fong we heard laft night;
Methought it did relieve my paffion much:
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of thefe moft brifk and giddy-paced times.

True Love.

Duke. Come hither, boy; if ever thou fh
In the fweet pangs of it remember me; [love,
For fuch as I am, all true lovers are;
Unftaid and fkittifh in all motions elfe,
Save in the conftant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How doft thou like this tune?
Vio. It gives a very echo to the feat
Where love is thron'd.*

In Love, the Woman fhould be youngeft.

Too old, by heaven! let ftill the woman tak
An elder than herfelf, fo wears fhe to him;
So fways fhe level in her hufband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praife ourfelves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, fooner loft and won,
Than women's are.
Vio. I think it well, my lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than th
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent: [fell
For women are as rofes; whofe fair flower
Being once difplay'd, doth fall that very hour.

Character of an old Song.

Mark it, Cefario, it is old and plain,
The fpinfters and the knitters in the fun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with
bones,
Do ufe to chant it; it is filly footh,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Song.

Come away, come away, death,
And in fad cyprefs let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am flain by a fair cruel maid;
My fhroud of white ftuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one fo true
Did fhare it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be [thrown,
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
True lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Concealed Love.

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite;
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may [owe.
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her [love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

A Jester.

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit.
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of the persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art;
For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit:
But wise men's folly fall'n, quite taints their [wit.

Flattery, its ill Effects.

My servant, Sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly-feigning was called compliment.

Unsought Love.

Cesario. By the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But rather reason thus with reason's fetter;
Love sought is good, but giv'n unsought is better.

Ingratitude.

Ant. Is 't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Deformity in the Mind.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

Ignorance of ourselves:—One Drunkard's Reflection on another.

Then he's a rogue, and a past-measure pavin;
I hate a drunken rogue.

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§ 13. THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

SHAKESPEARE.

The Advantages of Travel, &c.

Val. CEASE to persuade, my loving Protheus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely [wits:
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would intreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness:
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein;
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Protheus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel.
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy [danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

The Evils of being in Love.

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans,
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading [moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain:
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Love commended and dispraised.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells; so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow;
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,
Losing its verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love;
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,

War with good counfel, fet the world at nought,
Made wit with mufing weak, heart-fick with
thought.

Love froward and diffembling.

Maids, in modefty, fay No, to that [Ay.
Which they would have the proff'rer conftrue,
Fie, fie; how wayward is this foolifh love,
That, like a tefty babe, will fcratch the nurfe,
And prefently, all humbled, kifs the rod!

The Advantages of Travel.

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordfhip
Would fuffer him to fpend his youth at home,
While other men, of flender reputation,
Put forth their fons to feek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortunes there;
Some to difcover iflands far away;
Some to the ftudious univerfities.
For any, or for all thefe exercifes,
He faid, that Protheus, your fon, was meet:
And did requeft me to importune you,
To let him fpend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'ft thou much importune me to
that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have confidered well his lofs of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world;
Experience is by induftry achiev'd,
And perfected by the fwift courfe of time.

Love compar'd to an April Day.

Oh, how this fpring of love refembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now fhews all the beauty of the fun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

An accomplifhed young Gentleman.

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praifes that I now beftow)
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Contempt of Love punifhed.

I have done penance for contemning love;
Whofe high, imperious thoughts have punifh'd
With bitter fafts, with penitential groans; [me
With nightly tears, and daily heart-fore fighs.
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd fleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of my own heart's
forrow.
O, gentle Protheus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath fo humbled me, as, I confefs,
There is no woe to his correction:
Nor to his fervice no fuch joy on earth.
Now no difcourfe, except it be of love;
Now can I break my faft, dine, fup, and fleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Love fed by Praife.

——Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praife.

Lover's Wealth.

Not for the world; why, man, fhe is mine own;
And I as rich, in having fuch a jewel,
As twenty feas, if all their fand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

True Love jealous.

For love, thou know'ft, is full of jealoufy.

Love compared to a waxen Image.

Now my love is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen image 'gainft a fire,
Bears no impreffion of the thing it was.

Unheedful Vows to be broken.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants refolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.

Oppofition to Love increafes it.

Jul. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To meafure kingdoms with his feeble fteps;
Much lefs fhall fhe, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one fo dear,
Of fuch divine perfection, as Sir Protheus.
Luc. Better forbear, till Protheus make re-
turn. [foul's food?
Jul. Oh, know'ft thou not, his looks are my
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food fo long a time.
Did'ft thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'ft as foon go kindle fire with fnow,
As feek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not feek to quench your love's hot
But qualify the fire's extremeft rage, [fire;
Left it fhould burn above the bounds of reafon.
Jul. The more thou damm'ft it up, the more
it burns:
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'ft, being ftopp'd, impatiently doth
But when his fair courfe is not hindered, [rage;
He makes fweet mufic with th' enamel'd ftones;
Giving a gentle kifs to every fedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And fo by many winding nooks he ftrays,
With willing fport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my courfe;
I'll be as patient as a gentle ftream,
And make a paftime of each weary ftep,
Till the laft ftep have brought me to my love;
And there I'll reft, as, after much turmoil,
A bleffed foul doth in Elyfium.

A faithful and conftant Lover.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love fincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure meffengers fent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.

Gifts prevalent with Woman.

Win her with gifts, if fhe refpect not words
Dumb jewels, often, in their filent kind, [mind
More than quick words, do move a woman's

Flattery prevalent with Women.

Flattery and praife, commend, extol their
graces; [faces
Tho' ne'er fo black, fwear they have angels
That man who hath a tongue, I fay, is no man
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

A Lover

A Lover's Banishment.

And why not death, rather than living tor-
To die, is to be banish'd from myself, [ment?
And Silvia is myself; banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.

A beautiful Person petitioning in vain.

Ay, ay, and she hath offer'd to the doom
(Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became
As if but now they waxed pale for woe. [them,
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire.

Hope.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Love compared to a Figure on Ice.

This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

Three Things hated by Women.

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falshood, cowardice, and poor descent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it: [hate.
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

The Power of Poetry with Women.

Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart;
Write, 'till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity;
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones:
Make tygers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unfounded deeps to dance on sands.

Song.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she admired might be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling:
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us garlands bring.

A Lover's Rest.

Jul. And so, good rest.
Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

True Love.

Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd;
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Beauty neglected and lost.

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily tincture of her face.

The Power of Action.

And at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part;
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight:
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Women sacred, even to Banditti.

Fear not, he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlesly.

A Lover in Solitude.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desart, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the Nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O, thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.

Love unreturned.

What dang'rous action, stood it next to death,
Wou'd I not undergo for one calm look?
Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love when they're belov'd.

Infidelity in a Friend, and Reconciliation on Repentance.

Val. Treacherous man! [mine eye
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but
Could have persuaded me; now I dare not say
I have one friend alive: thou would'st disprove
me. [right hand
Who should be trusted now, when one's own
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Protheus,
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest.
Pro. My shame, and guilt, confounds me:
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honest.——
Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.

Inconstancy in Man.

Oh, heav'n! were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults.

A worthy Gentleman.

Now by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Reformed Exiles.

These banished men,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

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§ 14. THE WINTER's TALE.

SHAKESPEARE.

Youthful Friendship and Innocence.

WE were, fair queen, [behind,
Two lads, that thought there was no more
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal. [sun,
We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' th'
And bleat the one at th' other: what we
chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd
That any did: had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er had been higher
rear'd [Heav'n
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
Boldly, "Not guilty;" the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Praise, its Influence on Women.

Cram us with praise; and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying
tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre.

Nature.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tenderness! and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!

A Father's Fondness for his Child.

Leon. Are you so fond of your young prince,
Do seem to be of our's? [as we
Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that should thick my blood.

Faithful Service.

Cam. In your affairs, my Lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of.

Jealousy.

Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty;) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? the noon midnight? and all
eyes, [only,
Blind with the pin and web; but theirs; theirs
That would, unseen, be wicked? Is this no-
thing? [nothing;
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these
If this be nothing. [nothings,

King-killing detestable.

——To do this deed
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment bears not
Let villainy itself forswear it. [one,

The Effects of Jealousy.

This jealousy,
Is for a precious creature; as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man, which ever
Professed to him; why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter.

Knowledge sometimes hurtful.

There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts.

Calumny.

Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which on my faith, deserves high speech) and
straight,
The shrug, the hum, or ha! these petty brands,
That calumny doth use.—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will fear

Virtue

Virtue itſelf:—theſe ſhrugs, theſe hums, and ha's,
When you have ſaid ſhe's goodly, come between,
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt.

Fortitude and Innocence.

Her. Do not weep, good fools; [miſtreſs
There is no cauſe: when you ſhall know your
Has deſerv'd priſon, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action I now go on,
Is for my better grace.

Honeſty and Honour.

Here's a do,
To lock up honeſty and honour from
The acceſs of gentle viſitors.

The Silence of Innocence eloquent.

The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails.

Affectionate Child.

To ſee his nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faſten'd and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf,
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And downright languiſh'd.

Child reſembling its Father.

Behold, my lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, noſe, lip; [valley,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay the
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his
ſmiles; [ger.—
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, fin-
And thou, good goddeſs Nature, which haſt
made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt [lours
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongſt all co-
No yellow in't; leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her children not her huſband's.

An Infant to be expoſed.

Come on, poor babe! [vens
Some powerful ſpirits inſtruct the kites and ra-
To be thy nurſes! Wolves and bears, they ſay,
(Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide) have done
Like offices of pity.

Hermione pleading her Innocence.

If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do)
I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, beſt know,
(Who leaſt will ſeem to do ſo) my paſt life
Hath been as continent, as chaſte, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than hiſtory can pattern, though deviſ'd,
And play'd to take ſpectators: for behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeleſs prince;—here ſtanding,
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would ſpare; for ho-
'Tis a derivative from me to mine, [nour,
And only that I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own conſcience, Sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo; ſince he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd, to appear thus? if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my neareſt kin
Cry, fie, upon my grave.

A Wife's Loſs of all Things dear, and Contempt of Death.

Leo. Look for no leſs than death.
Her. Sir, ſpare your threats; [ſeek.
The bug which you would fright me with, I
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give loſt; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond joy,
And firſt-fruits of my body, from his preſence
I am barr'd, like one infectious; my third com-
fort,
Starr'd moſt unluckily, is from my breaſt,
The innocent milk in its moſt innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murther. Myſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet, with unmodeſt hatred;
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all faſhion; laſtly, hurry'd
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die; therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; miſtake me not;—no life;
I prize it not a ſtraw; but for mine honour,
(Which I would free) if I ſhall be condemned
Upon ſurmiſes; all proofs ſleeping elſe,
But what your jealouſies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.

Deſpair of Pardon.

But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent theſe things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can ſtir: therefore, betake
thee
To nothing but deſpair. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter,
In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

An Account of a Ghoſt's appearing in a Dream.

I've heard, but not believ'd, the ſpirits of the
dead
May walk again: if ſuch things be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another;
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow,
So fill'd and ſo becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very ſanctity, ſhe did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And (gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech) her eyes
Became two ſpouts; the fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
Since fate, againſt thy better diſpoſition,
Hath made thy perſon for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia;

There weep, and leave it crying: and, (for the babe
Is counted lost for ever) Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call it; for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more."——And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber: dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this.

An Infant exposed.

——Poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurst am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewel!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough. I never saw
The heavens so dim by day!

Deities transformed for Love.

The Gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Mistress of the Sheep-shearing.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all; serv'd all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table; now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face on fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: you are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us, welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

A Garland for old Men.

Per. Reverend Sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be unto ye both,
And welcome to our shearing.

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Nature and Art.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter; the fairest flowers o' th' season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call Nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which in their piedness shares
With great creating Nature.

Pol. Say there be:
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art,
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes; you see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentle scyon to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

A Garland for middle-aged Men.

Per. ——I'll not put
The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them;
No more than, were I painted, I wou'd wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me——
There's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mint, savoury, marjorum,
The marygold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises, weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think they are given
To men of middle age.

A Garland for young Men.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Wou'd blow you through and through; now, my fairest friend,
I wou'd I had some flow'rs o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: O, Proserpina,
For the flow'rs now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! early daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength (a malady
Most incident to maids;) gold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one. O, these I lack
To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if not to be bury'd,
But quick, and in mine arms.

A Lover's

A Lover's Commendation.

What you do, [(sweet)
Still betters what is done; when you speak,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do [you
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Honest Wooing.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large; but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps so fairly through't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.
Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come; our dance, I pray:—
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

True Love.

They call him Doricles: he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says, he loves my daughter!
I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to chuse,
Which loves the other best.

Presents little regarded by real Lovers.

Pol. ———How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something that doth take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth! when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance: you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make care
Of happy holding her.
Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are;
The gifts she looks from me are packt and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O hear me breathe my love
Before this ancient Sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometimes lov'd: I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's-down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Tender Affection.

Were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force and knowledge [them
More than was ever man's, I would not prize
Without her love: for her employ them all;
Command them and condemn them to her ser-
Or to their own perdition. [vice,

A Father the best Guest at his Son's Nuptials.

Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptials of his son, a guest,
That best becomes the table: pray you, once
Is not your father grown incapable [more,
Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid [hear,
With age and alt'ring rheums? Can he speak,
Know man from man, dispute his own estate;
Lies he not bed-rid, and again does nothing,
But what he did, being childish?
Flo. No: he has health, and ampler strength
Than most have of his age. [indeed,
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason, my son, [reason,
Shou'd choose himself a wife: but as good
The father (all whose joy is nothing else,
But fair posterity) shou'd hold some counsel
In such a business.

Rural Simplicity.

I was not much afraid: for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly
The self-same sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on all alike.———

Selfish old Man.

O, Sir,
You have undone a man of fourscore-three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay
Where no priest shovels in the dust. [me

Prosperity the Bond, Affliction the Loser of Love.

Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whole heart to-
Affliction alters. [gether

Self-conceit.

Ant. How blessed are we, that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are;
Therefore I will not disdain.

Self-reproach, and too severe Reproof.

Cle. At the last [evils;
Do, as the Heavens have done; forget your
With them, forgive yourself.
Leo. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul.

Pau. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world;
Or, from the all that are, took fomething good,
To make a perfect woman; fhe you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.
Leo. I think fo. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did fo: but thou ftrik'ft me
Sorely, to fay I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: now, good now,
Say fo but feldom.
Cle. Not at all, good lady:
You might have fpoke a thoufand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindnefs better.

Love more rich for what it gives.

Leo. I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treafure from her lips—
Pau. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

A captivating Woman.

——This is a creature,
Would fhe begin a fect, might quench the zeal
Of all profeffors elfe; make profelytes
Of who fhe but bid follow.

Anguifh of Recollection for a loft Friend.

Pr'ythee, no more; ceafe; thou know'ft,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of; fure
When I fhall fee this gentleman, thy fpeeches
Will bring me to confider that which may
Unfurnifh me of reafon.

Effects of Beauty.

The bleffed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilft you
Do climate here.

A Statue.

What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Wou'd you not deem it breath'd, and that thofe veins
Did verily bear blood?
Mafterly done!
The very life feems warm upon her lip.
The fixture of her eyes has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.
——Still methinks
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel
Cou'd ever yet cut breath?—Let no man mock me;
For I will kifs her.

Affliction to a penitent Mind, pleafing.

Pau. I am forry, Sir, I have thus ftirr'd you;
But I could afflict you further.
Leo. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a tafte as fweet
As any cordial comfort.

Widow compared to a Turtle.

I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to fome wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am loft.

§ 15. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SHAKESPEARE.

Antony's Softnefs.

HIS captain's heart,
Which in the fcuffles of great fights hath burft
The buckles in his breaft, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan,
To cool a gipfy's luft!

Love, the Noblenefs of Life.

Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall; here is my fpace,
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaft as man; the noblenefs of life
Is to do thus; when fuch a mutual pair,
And fuch a twain can do't; in which I bind,
On pain of punifhment, the world to weet
We ftand up peerlefs.

Lover's Praife.

Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whofe every paffion fully ftrives
To make itfelf, in thee, fair and admir'd.

Great Minds refpect Truth.

Mef. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward. On:
Things, that are paft, are done, with me: 'tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.
Speak to me home; mince not the general tongue:
Name Cleopatra as fhe's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrafe; and taunt my faults
With fuch full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick winds lie ftill; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing.

Things loft valued.

Forbear me.
There's a great fpirit gone! Thus did I defire it;
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wifh it ours again; the prefent pleafure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The oppofite of itfelf: fhe's good, being gone,
The hand could pluck her back, that fhov'd her on.

The Mutability of the People.

Our flippery people
(Whofe love is never link'd to the deferver,
Till his deferts are paft) begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his fon; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, ftands up
For the main foldier.

Cleopatra's contemptuous Raillery.

Now, pray you, feek no colour for your going;
But bid farewel, and go: when you fued ftaying,
Then was the time for words: no going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes;
Blifs on our brows' bent; none our parts fo poor,
But was a race of heaven; they are fo ftill,

Or

Or thou, the greateft foldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greateft lyar.

Cleopatra's anxious Tendernefs.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I muft part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;—
That you know well: fomething it is I would:—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten!

Cleopatra's Wifhes for Antony on parting.

Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpity'd folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your fword
Sit laurel'd victory! and fmooth fuccefs
Be ftrew'd before your feet!

Antony's Vices and Virtues.

Lep. I muft not think [nefs;
They're evils enough to darken all his good-
His faults in him feem, as the fpots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blacknefs; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he choofes.
Cæf. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amifs to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to fit
And keep the turn of tipling with a flave;
To reel the ftreets at noon, and ftand the buffet
With knaves that fmell of fweat; fay this becomes him;
(As his compofure muft be rare indeed,
Whom thefe things cannot blemifh) yet muft Antony
No way excufe his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightnefs. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuoufnefs;
Full furfeits and the drynefs of his bones,
Call on him for't: but to confound fuch time,
That drums him from his fport, and fpeaks as loud
As his own ftate and ours; 'tis to be chid:
As we rate boys, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their prefent pleafure,
And fo rebel to judgment.

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Antony,
Leave thy lafcivious waffails. When thou once
Wer't beaten from Mutina, where thou flew'ft
Hirtius and Panfa, confuls; at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'ft againft,
(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Than favages could fuffer. Thou did'ft drink
The ftale of horfes, and the gilded puddle
Which beafts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudeft hedge;
Yea, like the ftag, when fnow the pafture fheets,
The barks of trees thou browfed'ft. On the [Alps,
It is reported, thou didft eat ftrange flefh,
Which fome did die to look on; and all this,
(It wounds thine honour that I fpeak it now),
Was borne fo like a foldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Cleopatra on the Abfence of Antony.

Oh, Charmian! [fits he?
Where think'ft thou he is now? ftands he? or
Or does he walk? or is he on his horfe?
O happy horfe, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horfe, for wot'ft thou, whom thou
The demi Atlas of this earth, the arm [mov'ft?
And burgonet of man. He's fpeaking now,
Or murmuring, "where's my ferpent of old
(For fo he calls me;) now I feed myfelf [Nile?"
With moft delicious poifon; think on me
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæfar,
When thou waft here above the ground, I was
A morfel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would ftand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his afpect, and die
With looking on his life.

Meffengers from Lovers, grateful.

How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.

Antony's Love and Difpofition.

Ale. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, "the firm Roman to great Egypt fends
This treafure of an oyfter: at whofe foot,
To mend the petty prefent, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the Eaft,
Say thou, fhall call her miftrefs." So he nodded,
And foberly did mount an arm-gaunt fteed,
Who neigh'd fo high, that what I would have
Was beaftly dumb'd by him. [fpoke,
Cle. What, was he fad, or merry? [extremes
Ale. Like to the time o' th' year, between the
Of hot and cold; he was nor fad nor merry.
Cle. O well-divided difpofition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him,
He was not fad; for he would fhine on thofe
That make their looks by his: he was not merry,
Which feem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'ft thou fad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man elfe.

The Vanity of human Wifhes.

Pom. If the great gods be juft, they fhall affift
The deeds of jufteft men.
Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay they not deny.
Pom. Whilft we are fuitors to their throne,
The thing we fue for. [decays
Men. We, ignorant of ourfelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wife powers
Deny us for our good; fo find we profit
By lofing of our prayers.

Pompey's Wifh for Antony's Captivity in Pleafure.

Pom. I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony; but all the charms of love,

Salt

Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan lip;
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his ho-
Even till a Lethe'd dulness. [nour,

Antony's Soldiership.

Pomp.———Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his
For such a petty war: his soldiership [helm
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust weary'd Antony.

Antony's ingenious Acknowledgment.

Ant. The article of my oath—
Cæs. To lend me arms and aid, when I required them;
The which you both deny'd.
Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, or my power
Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.
Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Description of Cleopatra's sailing down the Cydnus.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: th' oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own per-
It beggar'd all description; she did lie [son,
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.
Agr. O rare for Antony.
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids, tended her i'th' eyes,
And made their bends adorings. At the helm,
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles
Swell with the touches of those flow'r-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' th' market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Cleopatra's infinite Power in pleasing.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

The unsettled Humour of Lovers.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music: music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
Omnes. The music, hoa!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come, Charmian.
Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me,
Mar. As well as I can, madam. [Sir?
Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, tho't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we'll to the river, there,
My music playing far off, I will betray [pierce
Tawny-finn'd fishes, my bended hook shall
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Aha! you're caught.
Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling, when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cleo. That time!—Oh, times!—
I laught him out of patience, and that night
I laught him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed:
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Ambition, jealous of a too successful Friend.

Oh Silius, Silius,
I have done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act. For learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed [away.
Acquire too high a fame, when he we serve's

Octavia's Entrance, what it should have been.

Why hast thou stol'n upon us thus? You came
Like Cæsar's sister; the wife of Antony [not
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her appoach,
Long ere she did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostent of our love: which left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying ev'ry stage
With an augmented greeting.

Women.

Women are not
In their best fortunes strong: but want will
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. [perjure

Fortune

Fortune forms our Judgment.

I ſee, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To ſuffer all alike.

Loyalty.

Mine honeſty and I begin to ſquare;
The loyalty well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i' th' ſtory.

Wiſdom ſuperior to Fortune.

Wiſdom and fortune, combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it.

Vicious Perſons infatuated by Heaven.

Good, my lord;
When we in our viciouſneſs grow hard,
Oh miſery on't! the wiſe gods ſeal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make
Adore our errors, laugh at's, while we ſtrut [us
To our confuſion.

Fury expels Fear.

Now he'll outſtare the lightning; to be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear, and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the oſtridge; I ſee ſtill
A diminution in our captain's brain
Reſtores his heart; when valour preys on reaſon,
It eats the ſword it fights with.

A Maſter taking Leave of his Servants.

Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply you ſhall not ſee me more, or if,—
A mangled ſhadow. It may chance to-morrow,
You'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt
friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a maſter,
Married to your good ſervice, ſtay till death;
Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,
And the gods yield you for 't.

Early Riſing the Way to Eminence.

This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

Antony to Cleopatra, at his Return with Victory.

O, thou day o' th' world,
Chain mine arm'd neck, leap thou, attire and all,
Thro' proof of harneſs to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Loathed Life.

Oh, ſovereign miſtreſs of true melancholy,
The poiſonous damp of night diſpunge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me.

Antony's Deſpondency.

Oh ſun, thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more:
Fortune and Antony parts here, even here
Do we ſhake hands—All come to this!—The
hearts
That pannell'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wiſhes, do diſcandy, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming Cæſar; and this pine is bark'd
That over-topt them all.

Departing Greatneſs.

The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatneſs going off.

Antony, on his faded Glory.

Ant. Sometimes, we ſee a cloud that 's dra-
goniſh;
A vapour ſometime, like a bear, or a lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air.—Thou haſt ſeen
They are black veſper's pageants. [theſe ſigns,
Eros. Ay, my lord. [a thought
Ant. That which is now a horſe, even with
The rack diſlimns, and makes it indiſtinct
As water is in water.
Eros. It does, my lord.
Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain
Even ſuch a body; here I'm Antony, [is
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.
I made theſe wars for Egypt, and the Queen,
Whoſe heart I thought I had, for ſhe had mine;
Which, whilſt it was mine, had annex'd to it
A million more, now loſt;) ſhe, Eros, has
Packt cards with Cæſar, and falſe play'd my
Unto an enemy's triumph. [glory
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros, there is left us
Ourſelves to end ourſelves.

Deſcription of Cleopatra's (ſuppoſed) Death.

Death of one perſon can be paid but once,
And that ſhe has diſcharg'd. What thou wouldſt
Is done unto thy hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake [do,
Was Antony! moſt noble Antony!
Then in the midſt a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony? it was divided
Between her heart and lips: ſhe render'd life,
Thy name ſo buried in her.

Cleopatra on the Death of Antony.

It were for me
To throw my ſceptre at th' injurious gods,
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had ſtol'n our jewel. All's but nought:
Patience is ſottiſh, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do ye, women?
What, what good cheer? Why, how now,
Charmian?
My noble girls?—Ah women, women! Look,
Our lamp is ſpent; it 's out—Good Sirs, take
heart, [noble,
We'll bury him: and then what's brave, what's
Let's do it after the high Roman faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away,
This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.

Death.

My deſolation does begin to make
A better life: 'tis paltry to be Cæſar;
Not being fortune, he 's but fortune's knave,
A miniſter of her will; and it is great,
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;

Which

Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

Cleopatra's Dream, and Description of Antony.

Cleo. I dreamt, there was an emperor Antony;
Oh, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!
Dol. If it might please ye— [in stuck
Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns, and there-
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and
The little O o' th' earth. [lighted
Dol. Most sovereign creature—
Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends:
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping; his delights
Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above
The elements they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and coronets; realms and
As plates dropt from his pocket. [islands were

Firm Resolution.

How poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I'm marble constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Cleopatra's Speech, on applying the Asp.

———Give me, my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Ægypt's grape shall moist this lip.
Yare, yare, good Iris: quick—methinks I hear
Antony call, I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act. I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
T'excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come;
Now to that name, my courage, prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips:
Farewel, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewel.
[*Applying the Asp.*
Have I the aspic in my lips? Do'st fall? [*To Iras.*
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Do'st thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking. [*Iras dies.*
Char. Dissolve, thick cloud and rain, that I
The gods themselves do weep. [may say,
Cleo. This proves me base——
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come mortal wretch, [*To the Asp.*
With thy sharp teeth, this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie. Oh, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass,
Unpoliced!
Char. Oh, eastern star!
Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?
Char. O, break! O, break! [gentle,—
Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as
O Antony! Nay, I will take thee too,—
[*Applying another Asp.*
What should I stay.——— [*Dies.*
Char. In this wild world? so, fare thee well;
Now, boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.

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§ 16. CORIOLANUS. Shakespeare.

Mob.

What would you have, ye curs,
That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you, [to you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hail-stone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him, [greatness,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye—trust ye!
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble, that was now your hate;
Him vile, that was your garland.

Aufidius's Hatred to Coriolanus.

——Not sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane, nor capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarments of all fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home upon my brother's guard, ev'n there
Against the hospitable canon, wou'd I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart!

An imaginary Description of Coriolanus warring.

Methinks, I hither hear your husband's drum:
I see him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair:
As children from a bear, the Volsci shunning him: [thus—
Methinks, I see him stamp thus—and call
"Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear,
Though ye were born in Rome!" his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harvest man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.
Virg. His bloody brow! Oh, Jupiter, no blood!
Vol. Away, you fool; it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy. The breast of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords contending.

Doing our Duty merits not Praise.

Pray, now no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,

When

When she does praise me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done, that's what I can;
Induc'd, as you have been, that's for my country;
He that has but effected his good-will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Popularity.

All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prating nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him; stalls, bulks,
windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions: all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamins
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station; our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely gawded cheeks, to th' wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Cominius' Speech to the Senate.

I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-prest Roman, and i' th' consul's view
Slew three opposers; Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' th' field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea,
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since
He lurch'd all swords o' th' garland. For this last
Before, and in Corioli, let me say
I cannot speak him home: he stopt the flyers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd, [stamp)
And fell below his stern: his sword (death's
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was trimm'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' th' city, which he painted
With shunless destiny: aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet. Nor all's this;
For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense, when straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

The Mischief of Anarchy.

My soul akes
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by t' other.

Character of Coriolanus.

His nature is too noble for this world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder: his heart's his
mouth;
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent,
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

Honour and Policy.

I've heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' th' war do grow together; grant that, and
tell me
In peace, what each of them by th' other loses,
That they combine not there?

The Method to gain Popular Favour.

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with
them) [since
Thy knee bussing the stones: (for in such bu-
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears;) waving thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry, [them,
That will not hold the handling; [or] say to
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself (forsooth) hereafter theirs so far,
As thou hast power and person.

Coriolanus his Abhorrence of Flattery.

Well, I must do't;
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe,
Small as an eunuch's, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and school-boys tears take
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue [up
Make motion thro' my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms—I will not do't—
Lest I surcease to honour my own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

His Mother's Resolution on his stubborn Pride.

At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dang'rous stoutness: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list;
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from
But own thy pride thyself. [me:

His

His Detestation of the Vulgar.

You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate,
As reek o' th' rotten fens; whose loves I prize,
As the dead carcases of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air: I banish you:
And here remain with your uncertainty;
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! have the power still
To banish your defenders, till at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels;
Making but reservation of yourselves,
Still your own enemies) deliver you,
As most abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows!

Precepts against Ill-fortune.

———You were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gently warded, craves
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

On common Friendships.

Oh world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise
Are still together; who twine, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitter enmity. So fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick, not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues.

Martial Friendship.

———Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where-against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters; here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever, in ambitious strength, I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou, first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose my arm for't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half-dead with nothing.

The Season of Solicitation.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of blood,
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fast; therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request.

Obstin[illegible] Resolution.

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein th[illegible] trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-[illegible]ld to her blood—But out, affection!
All bond a[illegible]privilege of nature break!
L[illegible]t it be v[illegible]ous to be obstinate.
What is th[illegible] c[illegible]rt'sie worth; or those dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others: my mother bows,
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, Deny not.—Let the Volscians
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Relenting Tenderness.

———Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out
Even to full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, forgive our Romans.—O, a kiss,
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since—Ye gods! I prate;
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: sink, my knee, i' th' earth,
Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Chastity.

———The noble sister of Poplicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.

Coriolanus's Prayer for his Son.

———The god of soldiers,
With the consent of the supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' th' wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Coriolanus's Mother's pathetic Speech to him.

———Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; since thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out; and to poor we

Thine enmity's moſt capital; thou barr'ſt us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. - - -
- - - - - We muſt find
An eminent calamity, though we had
Our wiſh which ſide ſhould win. For either thou
Muſt, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our ſtreets; or elſe
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm for having bravely ſhed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myſelf, [ſon,
I purpoſe not to wait on fortune, till
Theſe wars determine: if I can't perſuade thee,
Rather to ſhew a noble grace to both parts,
Than ſeek the end of one; thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy country, than to tread
(Truſt to't, thou ſhalt not) on thy mother's
That brought thee to this world. [womb,

Peace after a Siege.

Ne'er thro' an arch ſo hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted thro' th' gates. Why, hark
you;
The trumpets, ſackbuts, pſalteries, and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the ſhouting Romans,
Make the ſun dance.

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§ 17. CYMBELINE. SHAKESPEARE.

Parting Lovers.

Imo. THOU ſhould'ſt have made him
As little as a crow, or leſs, ere left
To after-eye him.
Piſ. Madam, ſo I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings;
crakt 'em, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of ſpace had pointed him as ſharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The ſmallneſs of a gnat to air; and then [nio,
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept: but, good Piſa-
When ſhall we hear from him?
Piſ. Be aſſur'd, madam,
With his next 'vantage.
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay; ere I could tell him
How I would think of him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or I could make him
The ſhes of Italy ſhould not betray [ſwear,
Mine intereſt, and his honour: or have charg'd
him,
At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T'encounter me with oriſons, (for then
I am in heaven for him;) or e'er I could
Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from blowing.

The Baſeneſs of Falſhood to a Wife.

Doubting things go ill, often hurts more,
Than to be ſure they do; for certainties
Or are paſt remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne, diſcover to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whoſe touch,
Whoſe very touch would force the feeler's ſoul
To th' oath of loyalty: this object, which
Takes priſoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; ſhould I, (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the ſtairs
That mount the capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falſhood as with labour;
Then glad myſelf by peeping in an eye,
Baſe and unluſtrious as the ſmoaky light
That's fed with ſtinking tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch revolt.

Imogen's Bedchamber; in one Part of it a large Trunk.

Imogen is diſcovered reading.

Imo. ———— Mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed—
Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canſt awake by four o' th' clock,
I pr'ythee call me—Sleep hath ſeiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods;
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, I beſeech ye. [*Sleeps.*
[*Iachimo riſes from the Trunk.*
Iach. The crickets ſing, and man's o'er-la-
bour'd ſenſe
Repairs itſelf by reſt: our Tarquin thus
Did ſoftly preſs the ruſhes, ere he waken'd
The chaſtity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'ſt thy bed! freſh lily,
And whiter than the ſheets! That I might touch,
But kiſs, one kiſs—Rubies unparagon'd!
How dearly they do't— 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' th' taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To ſee th' incloſed light, now canopy'd
Under the windows, white and azure lac'd
With blue of heav'n's own tinct—but my deſign
To note the chamber—I will write all down:
Such and ſuch pictures—there the window—ſuch
Th' adornment of her bed—the arras, figures—
Why ſuch, and ſuch,—and the contents o' th'
ſtory—
Ah, but ſome natural notes about her body,
Above ten thouſand meaner moveables,
Would teſtify, t' enrich mine inventory.
O, ſleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,
And be her ſenſe but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off.—
[*Taking off her Bracelet,*
As ſlippery as the gordian knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witneſs outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the conſcience does within,
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breaſt
A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon drops
I' th' bottom of a cowſlip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this ſecret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and
ta'en [end?
The treaſure of her honour. No more—to what
Why ſhould I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory. She hath been reading late

The tale of Tereus, here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up—I have enough:
To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawn-
May bear the raven's eye. I lodge in fear; [ing
Tho' this a heav'nly angel, hell is here.
[*He goes into the Trunk, the Scene closes.*

Gold.

'Tis gold
Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, and yield up
Their deer to the stand o' th' stealer: and tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the
thief; [what
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man:
Can it not do, and undo?

A Satire on Women.

Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stampt. Some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this—Oh, vengeance, ven-
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd, [geance!
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn—that I
thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow. - - -
- - - - Could I find out
The woman's part in me; for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part; be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice-longing, slanders, mutability; [knows,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell
Why, her's, in part, or all; but rather all. For
even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still,
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them—yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate to pray they have their will;
The very devils cannot plague them better.

A Wife's Impatience to meet her Husband.

Oh, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou,
Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true, Pisanio,
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st--
(O, let me bate) but not like me, yet long'st
But in a fainter kind—Oh, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond--say, and speak thick:
Love's counsellors should fill the bores of hearing
To th' smothering of the sense—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford? And, by th' way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
T' inherit such a haven. But first of all,
How may we steal from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in time from our hence-going,
And our return t'excuse--but first, how get hence?
Why should excuse be born, or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go so slow. I have heard of riding
wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i'th' clock's behalf. But this is foolery.
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say
She'll home to her father, and provide me, present,
A riding suit: no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man; nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro.' Away, I pry'thee,
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way.

A Forest, with a Cave, in Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day! not to keep house, with
such,
Who's roof's as low as ours: see, boys! this gate
Instructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and
bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arched so high, that giants may get thro'
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good-morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
We house i'th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly,
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond
hill, [Consider,
Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats.
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off,
And you may then revolve what tales I've told
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war, [you,
That service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often to our comfort shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-winged eagle. Oh, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor,
unfledg'd, [know
Have never wing'd from view o' th' nest; nor
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life is best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known: well corresponding
With your stiff age; but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, travelling a-bed,

A prison

A priſon for a debtor, that not dares
To ſtride a limit.
Arv. What ſhould we ſpeak of
When we are old as you? when we ſhall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December? How,
In this our pinching cave, ſhall we diſcourſe
The freezing hours away? We have ſeen nothing:
We are beaſtly; ſubtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is to chaſe what flies, our cage
We make a choir, as doth the priſon'd bird,
And ſing our bondage freely.
Bel. How you ſpeak!
Did you but know the city's uſuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' court,
As hard to leave as keep, whoſe top to climb
Is certain falling, or ſo ſlipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling. The toil of war,
A pain, that only ſeems to ſeek out danger
I' th' name of fame, and honour, which dies
i' th' ſearch,
And hath as oft a ſland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many time
Doth ill deſerve by doing well: what's worſe,
Muſt court'ſie at the cenſure. Oh, boys, this ſtory
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman ſwords; and my report was once
Firſt with the beſt of note. Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a ſoldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off; then was I as a tree, [night,
Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit. But in one
A ſtorm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my
And left me bare to weather. [leaves,
Guid. Uncertain favour! [you oft,
Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told
But that two villians, whoſe falſe oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, ſwore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: ſo
Follow'd my baniſhment; and this twenty years,
This rock, and theſe demeſnes, have been my
world,
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedom, pay'd
More pious debts to Heav'n, than in all [tains,
The fore-end of my time—But, up to the moun-
This is not hunter's language; he that ſtrikes
The veniſon firſt, ſhall be the lord o' th' feaſt,
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will fear no poiſon, which attends
In place of greater ſtate.

The Force of Nature.

How hard it is to hide the ſparks of nature!
Theſe boys know little they are ſons to th' king,
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine, and though train'd
up thus meanly [hit
I' th' cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In ſimple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Paladour,
(The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,) Jove!
When on my three-foot ſtool I ſit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his ſpirits fly out
Into my ſtory: ſay, thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I ſet my foot on's neck,—even then
The princely blood flows on his cheek, he ſweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himſelf in
poſture [Cadwall,
That acts my words. The younger brother,
(Once, Arviragus) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhews much
His own conceiving. [more

Slander.

——No, 'tis ſlander, [tongue
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword, whoſe
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and
ſtates,
Maids, matrons, nay, the ſecrets of the grave,
This viperous ſlander enters.

A Wife's Innocency.

Falſe to his bed! What is it to be falſe,
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock?——If ſleep
charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myſelf awake? That falſe to's bed!

Woman in Man's Dreſs.

You muſt forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceneſs,
The handmaids of all women, (or more truly
Woman its pretty ſelf,) to waggiſh courage,
Ready in gibes, quick anſwered, ſaucy, and
As quarrelous as the weazel: nay you muſt
Forget the rareſt treaſure of your cheek,
Expoſing it (but oh, the harder hap,
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kiſſing Titan; and forget
Your labourſome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

The Foreſt and Cave.

Enter Imogen in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I ſee, a man's life is a tedious one;
I've tir'd myſelf; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I ſhould be ſick,
But that my reſolution helps me: Milford, [thee,
When from the mountain-top Piſanio ſhew'd
Thou waſt within a ken. Oh, Jove, I think
Foundations fly the wretched; ſuch I mean,
Where they ſhould be relieved. Two beggars
told me,
I could not miſs my way. Will poor folks lye
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones ſcarce tell true. To lapſe in
fulneſs
Is ſorer, than to lye for need; and falſhood
Is worſe in kings than beggars. My dear lord,
Thou'rt one o' th' falſe ones; now I think on
thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to ſink for food. But what is this?
[*Seeing the Cave.*
Here is a path to't.—'Tis ſome ſavage hold;
'Twere beſt not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere it clean o'erthrows nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breed cowards, hardneſs ever
Of hardineſs is mother.

Labour.

——— Wearinefs
Can fnore upon the flint, when refty floth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Harmlefs Innocence.

Imo. Good mafters, harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took; [had found
good troth,
I have ftol'n nought, nor would not, though I
Gold ftrew'd i' th' floor. Here's money for my
I would have left it on the board fo foon [meat,
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth!

Arv. All gold and filver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thofe
Who worfhip dirty gods.

Braggart.

To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big? [not I
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth.

Fool hardinefs.

——— Being fcarce made up,
I mean to man; he had not apprehenfion
Of roaring terrors: for defect of judgment
Is oft the caufe of fear.

Inborn Royalty.

———O, thou goddefs,
Thou divine nature; how thyfelf thou blazon'ft
In thefe two princely boys: they are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his fweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their royal blood enchaf'd) as the rud'ft wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him ftoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder-
That an invifible inftinct fhould frame them [ful,
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not feen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been fow'd.

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occafion in his arms,
Of what we blam'd him for!

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made fo much on. I had rather
Have fkipt from fixteen years of age, to fixty;
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have feen this.

Guid. Oh, fweeteft, faireft lily!
My brother wears thee not one half fo well,
As when thou grew'ft thyfelf.

Bel. Oh, melancholy,
Whoever yet could found thy bottom; find
The ooze to fhew what coaft thy fluggifh care
Might eas'lieft harbour in? Thou bleffed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'ft have
made: but ah!
Thou di'dft, a moft rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you fee:
Thus fmiling as fome fly had tickled flumber:
Not as death's dart being laugh'd at: his right
Repofing on a cufhion. [cheek

Guid. Where?

Arv. O' th' floor:
His arms thus leagu'd, I thought he flept, and put
My clotted brogues from off my feet, whofe
Anfwer'd my fteps too loud. [rudenefs

Guid. Why he but fleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come near thee.

Arv. With faireft flowers,
Whilft fummer lafts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll fweeten thy fad grave: thou fhalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale primrofe; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to flander,
Out-fweeten'd not thy breath; the raddock would
With charitable bill (oh, bill fore-fhaming
Thofe rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd mofs befides, when flow'rs are
To winter-ground thy corfe——— [none,

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Bel. Great griefs I fee med'cine thee lefs.
For Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's fon, boys;
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that; the mean and mighty,
Together, have one duft, yet reverence [rotting
The angel of the world, doth make diftinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was
princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Guid. Pray thee, fetch him hither.
Therfites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Funeral Dirge.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' th' fun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly tafk haft done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all muft
As chimney-fweepers come to duft.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
Thou art paft the tyrant's ftroke,
Care no more to cloath and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The fceptre, learning, phyfic, muft
All follow this, and come to duft.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning flafh,

Arv. Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-ftone;

Guid. Fear no flander, cenfure rafh,

Arv. Thou haft finifh'd joy and moan.

Imogen awaking.

Yes, Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the
way?—
I thank you—by yond bufh—pray, how far
thither?—
'Ods, pitikins—can it be fix miles yet?—
I've gone all night—'faith, I'll lie down and
fleep.

But soft! no bedfellow!—Oh, gods and god-
desses! [*Seeing the Body.*
These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dream;
For, sure, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very
eyes [Good faith,
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind.
I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, oh, gods! a part of it!
The dream's here still; even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.

Routed Army.

No blame be to you, Sir, for all was lost,
But that the Heavens fought: the king himself,
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Briton's seen; all flying
Thro' a strait lane, the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some
falling [damm'd
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards
To die with lengthen'd shame. [living

Death.

I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him
groan; [monster,
Nor feel him where he struck. This ugly
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we,
That draw his knives i' th' war.

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§ 18. HAMLET. SHAKESPEARE.

Prodigies.

IN the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell,
Disasters veil'd the sun, and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

Ghosts vanish at the crowing of the Cock, and the reverence paid to Christmas-Time.

Ber. It was about to speak when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine. And of the truth herein,
This present object made probation.
Mar. It faded at the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit walks abroad,
The nights are wholsome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Morning.

But look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Real Grief.

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems:
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shews of grief,
That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth shew;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Immoderate Grief discommended.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But you must know your father lost a father,
That father his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligations for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, does express
An impious stubbornness, unmanly grief.
It shews a will most incorrect to Heaven,
A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to Heav'n,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so.

Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage.

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd [God!
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! Oh, God! Oh,
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in
nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not
So excellent a king, that was to this, [two—
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heav'n
Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
Must I remember?—why, she would hang on
As if increase of appetite had grown [him,
By what it fed on; yet, within a month!—
Let me not think on't!—Frailty, thy name is
woman:
A little month!—or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears—Why she, even she—

O Heav'n! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer — married with
mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my fa-
Than I to Hercules. Within a month! [ther,
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the fluſhing in her galled eyes,
She married. O moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets;
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good.

A complete Man.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again.

Cautions to young Ladies.

For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion and a toy in blood:
A violet in the youth of primy nature, [ing:
Forward, not permanent: tho' ſweet, not laſt-
The perfume and ſuppliance of a minute:
No more.————

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Then weigh what loſs your honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs,
Or looſe your heart; or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſter'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear ſiſter,
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The charieſt maid is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itſelf 'ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes;
The canker galls the infants of the ſpring,
Too oft before the buttons be diſclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.

A Satire on ungracious Paſtors.

I ſhall th' effects of this good leſſon keep
As watchmen to my heart: but, good my brother,
Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heav'n,
Whilſt, like a puft and reckleſs libertine,
Himſelf the primroſe paths of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own reed.

A Father's Advice to his Son, going to travel.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act;
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou haſt and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel:
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Be-
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in, [ware
Bear't, that th' oppoſed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's cenſure, but reſerve the judg-
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy, [ment.
But not expreſs'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of huſbandry.
This, above all, to thine own ſelf be true;
And it muſt follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'ſt not then be falſe to any man.

Hamlet, on the Appearance of his Father's Ghoſt.

Angels and miniſters of grace, defend us!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blaſts from
Be thy intents wicked or charitable, [hell;
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee; I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: Oh, anſwer me!
Let me not burſt in ignorance! but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cearments? why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corpſe, again, in complete ſteel
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous; and us fools of nature,
So horribly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?

The Miſchiefs it might tempt him to.

What if it tempts you towards the flood, my
Or to the dreadful border of the cliff, [lord,
That beetles o'er his baſe into the ſea,
And there aſſumes ſome horrible form,
Which might deprive your ſovereignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs? Think of it,
The very place puts toys of deſperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks ſo many fathoms to the ſea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? ſpeak; I'll
Ghoſt. Mark me. [go no further.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulph'rous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up myſelf.
Ham. Alas, poor ghoſt. [ing
Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hear-
To what I ſhall unfold.
Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear. [hear.
Ghoſt. So art thou to revenge when thou ſhalt
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy father's ſpirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to faſt in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am for-
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe, [bid
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freeze thy young
blood, [ſpheres,
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood. Liſt, liſt, O liſt!
If thou did'ſt ever thy dear father love.
Ham. O Heaven! [murder.
Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural
Ham. Murder!
Ghoſt. Murder moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.

Ham.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:—
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my garden,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Den- [mark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's heart
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O, my prophetic soul, my uncle!
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wits, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
O, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Tho' lewdness court it in a shape of Heav'n;
So vice, tho' to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage——
But soft; methinks, I scent the morning air,—
Brief let me be: Sleeping within my garden,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousell'd, unanointed, unaneal'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
O, horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul design
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To goad and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire;
Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me. [*Exit.*
Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! hold, hold my [heart,
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe; remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter; yes, by Heaven:
O, most pernicious woman!
O, villain, villain, smiling, damned villain;
My tables:—meet it is I set down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure he may be so in Denmark.
[*writing.*
So, uncle, there you are: now to my word,
It is, Adieu, adieu; remember me!

Ophelia's Description of Hamlet's mad Address to her.

My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Prince Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stocking loose,
Ungarter'd and down-gyred to his ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous, in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors; thus he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My Lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of his arm,
And with his other hand, thus, o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it: long time staid he so;
At last, a little shaking of my arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out of doors he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

Old Age.

Beshrew my jealousy,
It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion.

Happiness consists in Opinion.

Why then 'tis none to you:
For there is nothing either good or bad,
But thinking makes it so:
To me it is a prison.

Hamlet's Reflections on the Player and himſelf.

O, what a rogue and peaſant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his viſage warm'd;
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting
With forms to his conceit, and all for nothing,—
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, [do,
That he ſhould weep for her? What wou'd he
Had he the motive and the cue of paſſion
That I have? he would drown the ſtage with
tears,
And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid ſpeech,
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears: yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled raſcal, peak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whoſe property and moſt dear life
A damn'd defeat was made: am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate acroſs,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the noſe, gives me the lye i' th'
throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! why, I ſhould take it—for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter, or ere this
I ſhould have fatted all the region kites
With this ſlave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, leacherous, kindleſs
Oh, vengeance!—— [villain!
Why, what an aſs am I! This is moſt brave,
That I, the ſon of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drab— [brain!
A ſcullion,—fie upon't—foh!—About, my
I have heard that guilty creatures at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the ſcene
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, tho' it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll have theſe
players
Play ſomething like the murder of my father,
Before my uncle; I'll obſerve his looks,
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I have ſeen
May be the devil; and the devil may have power
To aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakneſs and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,)
Abuſes me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this; the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conſcience of the king.

Hypocriſy.

We are oft to blame in this;
'Tis too much prov'd that with devotion's viſage,
And pious action, we do ſugar o'er
The devil himſelf.

King. O, 'tis too true: [ſcience!
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth give my con-
The harlot's cheek beautified with plaſt'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word.

Life and Death weigh'd.

To be, or not to be? that is the queſtion;—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them? To die,—to ſleep;—
No more; and by a ſleep, to ſay, we end
The heart-ach, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die,—to ſleep;—
To ſleep! perchance to dream! ay, there's the
rub;
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe;—there's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life.
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,
The pangs of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourn
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſickly'd o'er with the pale caſt of thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of action.

Calumny.

Be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow,
Thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny.

A noble Mind diſordered.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's eye, tongue,
ſword,
Th' expectancy and roſe of this fair ſtate,
The glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form,
Th' obſerv'd of all obſervers, quite, quite down!
I am of ladies moſt deject and wretched,
That ſuck'd the honey of his muſic vows;
Now ſee that noble and moſt ſovereign reaſon,
Like ſweet bells jangled out of tune, and harſh,
That unmatch'd form and ſtature of blown
Blaſted with ecſtacy. [youth,

On Flattery, and an even-minded Man.

Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits
To feed and cloath thee? Why ſhould the poor
be flatter'd?

No,

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To sound what stop she please. Give me the man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core,—ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

Midnight.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to the world! Now could I drink hot [blood,
And do such bitter business, as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother—
O heart, lose not thy nature! let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

The King's despairing Soliloquy, and Hamlet's Reflections on him.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to Heaven;
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder! Pray, I cannot,
Tho' inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves [mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past; but, oh! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul mur- [der!
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In its true nature, we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O, wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O, limed soul! that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees: and heart, with strings of [steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well. [*The King kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't, and so he goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd!—that would be scann'd—
A villain kills my father, and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven! O! this is hire and salary, not re- [venge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands, who knows, save [Heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him.—Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid bent,
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell whereto it goes.

Hamlet and his Mother.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st [wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: Oh, such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words.
Queen. Ah me, what act!
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on [this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars to threaten or command,
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man: [follows;
This *was* your husband. Look you now what
Here *is* your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor?
Queen. O, Hamlet, speak no more;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gra- [cious figure?

Queen.

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O, say——

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O step between her and her fighting soul!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, madam?

Queen. Alas! how is 't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Start up and stand on end: O, gentle son!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience: whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable: do not look on me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects! then what I have to do
Will want true colour, tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?
[*Pointing to the Ghost.*

Queen. Nothing at all: yet all that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look how it steals away!
My father in his habit as he liv'd!
Look where he goes, even now, out at the portal.
[*Exit Ghost.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain;
This bodiless creation, ecstacy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. What ecstacy?
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time:
And makes as healthful music: 'tis not madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen:—confess yourself to Heaven,
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.

Queen. O, Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. Then throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night, but go not to my uncle's bed:
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster Custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habits evil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on: refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence, the next more easy;
For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
And master e'en the devil, or throw him out
With wond'rous potency. Once more, good-night;
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do;
Let the fond king tempt you to bed again,
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him for a pair of reeky kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damned fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft; 'twere good you let him know.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that.

Queen. Alack, I had forgot,
'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd, and my two school-fellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate, they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery; let it work,—
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar; and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow 'em at the moon.

Hamlet's Reflection on his own Irresolution.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure he has made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To rust in us unus'd: now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,
(A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward;) I do not know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do 't. Examples gross as earth exhort me;
Witness this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puft,
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. 'Tis not to be great,
Never to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
(Excitements of my reason and my blood,)
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a phantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent

To

To hide the ſlain? O then, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

Sorrows rarely ſingle.

O, Gertrude, Gertrude!
When ſorrows come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalions.

The Divinity of Kings.

Let him go, Gertrude: do not fear our perſon:
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a king,
That treaſon can but peep to what it wou'd,
Act little of its will.

Deſcription of Ophelia's Drowning.

There is a willow grows aſlant a brook,
That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſy ſtream;
There with fantaſtic garlands did ſhe come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daiſies, and long purples,
(That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call)
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious ſliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herſelf
Fell in the weeping brook: her clothes ſpread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up,
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

A ſpotleſs Virgin buried.

Lay her i' th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh
May violets ſpring! I tell thee, churliſh prieſt,
A miniſt'ring angel ſhall my ſiſter be,
When thou lieſt howling.

Melancholy.

This is mere madneſs,
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When firſt her golden couplets are diſclos'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Providence directs our Actions.

And that ſhould teach us,
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

A Health.

Give me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpets ſpeak,
The trumpets to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth;
Now the King drinks to Hamlet.

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§ 19. THE FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

SHAKESPEARE.

Peace after Civil War.

So ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe ſhort-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in ſtrands afar remote.
No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoil
Shall damp her lips with her own children's blood:
No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields;
Nor bruiſe her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hoſtile paces. Thoſe oppoſed files,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock
And furious cloſe of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beſeeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter.

King Henry's Character of Percy, and of his Son Prince Henry.

Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin
In envy, that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of ſo bleſt a ſon:
A ſon who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongſt a grove, the very ſtraighteſt plant,
Who is ſweet fortune's mirror and her pride:
Whilſt I by looking on the praiſe of him,
See riot and diſhonour ſtain the brow
Of my young Harry.

Prince Henry's Soliloquy.

I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleneſs:
Yet herein will I imitate the ſun,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother up his beauty from the world,
That when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may more be wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they ſeldom come, they wiſh'd-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed;
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſify men's hopes:
And, like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
My reformation glitt'ring o'er my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to ſet it off.
I'll ſo offend, to make offence a ſkill;
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will.

Hotſpur's Deſcription of a finical Courtier.

But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathleſs and faint, leaning upon my ſword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dreſs'd:
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new-reap'd,
Shew'd like a ſtubble-land at harveſt home.
He was perfumed like a milliner:
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe: (and took't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in ſnuff). And ſtill he ſmil'd and talk'd:
And as the ſoldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,

To

To bring a flovenly unhandfome corfe
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He queftion'd me; amongft the reft demanded
My prifoners, in your majefty's behalf.
I then, all fmarting with my wounds, being
Out of my grief and my impatience [cold,
To be fo pefter'd with a popinjay,
Anfwer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He fhould, or fhould not; for he made me mad,
To fee him fhine fo brifk, and fmell fo fweet,
And talk fo like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God fave
the mark!)
And telling me the fovereign'ft thing on earth
Was parmacety, for an inward bruife;
And that it was great pity, fo it was,
This villainous falt-petre fhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmlefs earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deftroy'd
So cowardly: and but for thefe vile guns,
He would himfelf have been a foldier.

Danger.

I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous:
As full of peril and advent'rous fpirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unftedfaft footing of a fpear.

Honour.

By heav'ns! methinks it were an eafy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd
Or dive into the bottom of the deep, [moon!
Where fathom line could never touch the
ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks!
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without co-rival, all her dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowfhip!

Lady Percy's pathetic Speech to her Hufband.

O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banifh'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, fweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy ftomach, pleafure, and thy golden fleep?
Why doft thou bend thy eyes upon the earth,
And ftart fo often when thou fitt'ft alone?
Why haft thou loft the frefh blood in thy cheeks,
And giv'n my treafures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd mufing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint flumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding fteed!
Cry, courage! to the field! and thou haft talk'd
Of fallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of palifadoes, fortins, parapets;
Of bafilifks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prifoners' ranfom, and of foldiers flain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy fpirit within thee hath been fo at war,
And thus hath fo beftirr'd thee in thy fleep,
That beads of fweat have ftood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-difturbed ftream:
And in thy face ftrange motions have appear'd,
Such as we fee when men reftrain their breath
On fome great fudden hafte. O, what portents
are thefe!
Some heavy bufinefs hath my lord in hand,
And I muft know it, elfe he loves me not.

Prodigies ridiculed.

I blame him not: at my nativity
The front of heav'n was full of fiery fhapes
Of burning creffets; know that, at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.
Hot. So it would have done
At the fame feafon, if your mother's cat [born.
Had kitten'd, though yourfelf had ne'er been

\- - - - - - - - -

Difeafed nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ftrange eruptions; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vext,
By the imprifoning of unruly wind [ftriving,
Within her womb; which for enlargement
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
High tow'rs and mofs-grown fteeples.

On miferable Rhymers.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew!
Than one of thefe fame metre ballad-mongers:
I'd rather hear a brazen candleftick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate upon the axtle-tree,
And that would nothing fet my teeth on edge,
Nothing fo much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gate of a fhuffling nag.

Punctuality in Bargain.

I'll give thrice as much land
To any well-deferving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

A Hufband fung to fleep by a fair Wife.

She bids you
All on the wanton rufhes lay you down,
And reft your gentle head upon her lap,
And fhe will fing the fong that pleafeth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of fleep,
Charming your blood with pleafing heavinefs;
Making fuch diff'rence betwixt wake and fleep,
As is the diff'rence betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harnefs'd team
Begins his golden progrefs in the eaft.

King Henry IV. to his Son.

Had I fo lavifh of my prefence been,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So ftale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had ftill kept loyal to poffeffion;
And left me in reputelefs banifhment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
And being feldom feen, I could not ftir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at! [he."
That men would tell their children, "This is
Others would fay, "Where? which is Boling-
broke?"
And then I ftole all courtefy from heav'n,
And dreft myfelf in fuch humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud fhouts and falutations from their mouths,
Even in the prefence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my perfon frefh and new,

My

My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt: 'scarded his state:
Mingled his royalty with carping fools:
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh with gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless, vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loath the taste of sweetness: whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded: seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze;
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.

Prince Henry's modest Defence of himself.

——Heav'n forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head:
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son.
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scower my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet;
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come
That I shall make this Northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
T'ingross up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time;
Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
This, in the name of Heav'n, I promise here:
The which, if I perform, and do survive,
I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperature.
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

A gallant Warrior.

I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground, like feather'd Mercury;
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hotspur's Impatience for the Battle.

——Let them come,
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoaky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales!
Harry to Harry shall (not horse to horse)
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
Oh, that Glendower were come!

Prince Henry's modest Challenge.

——Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Harry Percy: by my hopes
(This present enterprize set off his head)
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deed.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too.
Yet this before my father's majesty,
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

Prince Henry's pathetic Speech on the Death of Hotspur.

——Brave Percy—fare thee well;
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bou d:
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great a show of zeal.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, ev'n in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heav'n;
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph.

Life demands Action.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th'arrival of an hour.

§ 20. SECOND

§ 10. SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.
SHAKESPEARE.

Prologue.—Rumour.

I From the orient to the drooping weſt,
Making the wind my poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth;
Upon my tongue continual ſlanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
I ſpeak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world;
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters, and prepar'd defence,
Whilſt the big year, ſwol'n with ſome other griefs,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant war,
And no ſuch matter. Rumour is a pipe
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter, with uncounted heads,
The ſtill-diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

Contention.

——Contention, like a horſe
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.

Poſt-Meſſenger.

After him came ſpurring hard
A gentleman almoſt foreſpent with ſpeed,
That ſtopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horſe:
He aſk'd the way to Cheſter; and of him
I did demand the news from Shrewſbury.
He told me that rebellion had ill luck:
And that young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold.
With that he gave his able horſe the head,
And, bending forward, ſtruck his agile heels
Againſt the panting ſides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel head; and ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.

Meſſenger with ill News.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume;
So looks the ſtrand, whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witneſs'd uſurpation.
Thou trembleſt, and the whiteneſs in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Ev'n ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd.
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye;
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it fear or ſin
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth ſin that doth belie the dead,
Not he, which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a loſing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd, tolling a departed friend.

Greater Griefs deſtroy the leſs.

As the wretch, whoſe fever-weaken'd joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; ev'n ſo my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themſelves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch,
A ſcaly gauntlet now with joints of ſteel
Muſt glove his hand: and hence, thou ſickly quoif,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, fluſh'd with conqueſt, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The rugged'ſt hour that time and ſpite dare bring
To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heav'n kiſs earth! now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die,
And let this world no longer be a ſtage
To feed contention in a ling'ring act:
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain
Reign in all boſoms, that, each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead!

The Fickleneſs of the Vulgar.

An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applauſe
Didſt thou beat heav'n with bleſſing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'ſt have him be!
And now, being trimm'd up in thine own deſires,
Thou, beaſtly feeder, art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thyſelf to caſt him up.

On Sleep.

——O gentle ſleep,
Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs!
Why rather, ſleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoaky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſh'd with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'ſt thou with the vile
In loathſome beds, and leav'ſt the kingly couch
A watch-caſe to a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy maſt,
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude, imperious ſurge;
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the ſlipp'ry ſhrouds,
That with the hurly, death itſelf awakes?
Canſt thou, O partial ſleep! give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude?
And, in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances, and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?

The Character of King Henry V. by his Father.

He is gracious, if he be obſerv'd:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity:

Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's flint:
As humourous as winter, and as ſudden
As flaws congealed in the ſpring of day.
His temper, therefore, muſt be well obſerv'd;
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
But being moody, give him line and ſcope,
'Till that his paſſions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themſelves with working.

On Fortune.

Will fortune ever come with both hands full,
But write her fair words ſtill in fouleſt letters?
She either gives a ſtomach and no food,
Such are the poor in health; or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach; ſuch the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

Dialogue between Prince Henry and his Father.

———Come hither to me, Harry.—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
[*Ex. Lords.*

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you ſpeak again.
K. Hen. Thy wiſh was father, Harry, to that
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee. [thought:
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with my honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O fooliſh youth! [thee.
Thou ſeek'ſt the greatneſs that will overwhelm
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtol'n that, which after ſome few hours
Were thine without offence: and at my death
Thou haſt ſeal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifeſt thou lov'dſt me not,
And thou wilt have me die aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! canſt thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyſelf,
And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that ſhould bedew my hearſe
Be drops of balm to ſanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten duſt,
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms,
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees:
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Henry the fifth is crown'd: up vanity!
Down royal ſtate! All you ſage counſellors, hence!
And to the Engliſh court aſſemble now,
From every region, apes of idleneſs: [ſcum;
Now, neighbour-confines, purge you of your
Have you a ruffian that will ſwear? drink? dance?
Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England ſhall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of reſtraint, and the wild dog
Shall fleſh his tooth in every innocent,
O my poor kingdom! ſick with civil blows:
When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!
P. Hen. O pardon me, my liege! but for my
tears, [*Kneeling.*
(The moiſt impediments unto my ſpeech)
I had foreſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour or as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
Which my moſt true and inward-duteous ſpirit
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Majeſ-
How cold it ſtruck my heart! If I do feign, [ty,
O let me in my preſent wildneſs die,
And never live to ſhew th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purpoſed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt, my liege, to think you were)
I ſpake unto the crown, as having ſenſe,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee de-
Hath fed upon the body of my father, [pending
Therefore thou beſt of gold art worſt of gold;
Other, leſs fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preſerving life in med'cine potable: [nown'd,
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt re-
Haſt eat thy bearer up. Thus, my moſt royal
Accuſing it, I put it on my head, [liege,
To try with it (as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father)
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride;
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did with the leaſt affectation of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it;
Let Heav'n for ever keep it from my head!
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
K. Hen. O my ſon!
Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt win the more thy father's love,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it.
Come hither, Harry, ſit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very lateſt counſel [ſon,
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heav'n knows, my
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myſelf know well
How troubleſome it ſat upon my head.
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the ſoil of the atchievement goes
With me into the earth. It ſeem'd in me
But as an honour ſnatch'd with boiſterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their aſſiſtances,
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed peace. All theſe bold fears,
Thou ſeeſt, with peril I have anſwered;
For all my reign hath been but as a ſcene
Acting that argument; and now my death

Changes

Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort.
So thou the garland wear'st successively:
Yet tho' thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell-workings I was first advanc'd,
And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid
I cut them off, and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign wars; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be;
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Reflections on a Crown.

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keeps the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night: sleep with it now!
Yet not so found, nor half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour, worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.

Gold.

How quickly nature
Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object.
For this, the foolish, over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thought, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry: for this engross'd
The canker'd heaps of strange atchieved gold:
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises;
When like the bee, culling from every flower,
Our thighs are pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains.

The Chief Justice to King Henry V. whom he had imprisoned.

——If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person.
Nay more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours,
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd;
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power so silencing your son.

§ 21. THE LIFE OF HENRY V. SHAKESPEARE.

Prologue.

O For a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
(Leasht in, like hounds) should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment.

Consideration.

Consideration, like an angel came,
And whipt th' offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a Paradise,
T' invelope and contain celestial spirits.

King Henry V. his Perfections.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish,
You would desire the king were made a prelate.
Hear him debate in common-wealth affairs,
You'd say, it had been all in all his study.
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still;
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honied sentences.

The Common-wealth of Bees.

So work the honey-bees:
Creatures, that by a ruling nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom:
They have a king and officers of sort,
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad:
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds:
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing mason, building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate:
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy, yawning drone.

Warlike Spirit.

Now all the youth of England are in arms,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits expectation in the air,

And

And hides a ſword from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.

England.

O England! model to thy inward greatneſs,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'ſt thou do, that honour would thee
Were all thy children kind and natural! [do.
But ſee thy fault; France hath in thee found out
A neſt of hollow boſoms, which he fills
With treach'rous crowns.

Falſe Appearances.

Oh! how thou haſt with jealouſy infected
The ſweetneſs of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
Why ſo did'ſt thou: or ſeem they grave and
learned?
Why ſo did'ſt thou. Come they of noble family?
Why ſo did'ſt thou. Seem they religious?
Why ſo did'ſt thou. Or are they ſpare in diet,
Free from groſs paſſion, or of mirth or anger,
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſwerving with the blood;
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt compliment,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment truſting neither?
Such, and ſo finely boulted did'ſt thou ſeem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, the beſt endu'd
With ſome ſuſpicion.

King Henry's Character, by the Conſtable of France.

You are too much miſtaken in this king:
Queſtion your grace the late ambaſſadors,
With what great ſtate he heard their embaſſy:
How well ſupply'd with noble counſellors,
How modeſt in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in conſtant reſolution:
And you ſhall find his vanities fore-ſpent
Were but the outſide of the Roman Brutus,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly,
As gardeners do with ordure hide thoſe roots
That ſhall firſt ſpring and be moſt delicate.

Deſcription of a Fleet ſetting Sail.

Suppoſe that you have ſeen
The well-appointed king at Hampton-pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With ſilken ſtreamers the young Phœbus fan-
ning,
Play with your fancies: and in them behold,
Upon the hempen-tackle, ſhip-boys climbing;
Hear the ſhrill whiſtle, which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd; behold the threaded ſail,
Borne with th' inviſible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd
Breaſting the lofty ſurge! [ſea,

Deſcription of Night in a Camp.

From camp to camp, thro' the foul womb of
The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds; [night,
That the fix'd ſentinels almoſt receive
The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch.
Fire anſwers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle ſees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers accompliſhing the knights,
With buſy hammers cloſing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll:
And (the third hour of drowſy morning nam'd)
Proud of their numbers and ſecure in ſoul,
The confident and over-luſty French
Do the low-rated Engliſh play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gated night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediouſly away: the poor condemned Engliſh,
Like ſacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger: and their geſture ſad,
(Inveſting lank lean cheeks and war-worn coats,)
Preſenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghoſts. Who now beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry praiſe and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and viſits all his hoſt,
Bids them good-morrow, with a modeſt ſmile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and country-
Upon his royal face there is no note [men.
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freſhly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With chearful ſemblance and ſweet majeſty;
That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largeſs univerſal, like the ſun,
His lib'ral eyes doth give to ev'ry one,
Thawing cold fear.

The Miſeries of Royalty. [neſs,

O hard condition, and twin-born with great-
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whoſe ſenſe
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-eaſe muſt kings neglect,
That private men enjoy! And what have kings,
That private have not too,—ſave ceremony?—
Save gen'ral ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worſhippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth:
What is the ſoul of adoration?
Art thou aught elſe but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
But poiſon'd flatt'ry? O be ſick, great greatneſs,
And bid thy ceremony give the cure.
Think'ſt thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'ſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's
knee, [dream,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a king's repoſe;
I am a king, that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the ſceptre, and the ball,

The

The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tiſſued robe of gold and pearl,
The farſed titled running 'fore the king,
The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp,
That beats upon the high ſhore of this world!
No, not all theſe thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all theſe, laid in bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched ſlave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread;
Never ſees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lacquey, from the riſe to ſet,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus; and all night
Sleeps in Elyſium: next day, after dawn,
Doth riſe and help Hyperion to his horſe:
And follows ſo the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And (but for ceremony) ſuch a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
Hath the forehand and vantage of a king.

A Deſcription of the miſerable State of the Engliſh Army.

You iſland carrions, deſp'rate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let looſe,
And our air ſhakes them paſſing ſcornfully.
Big Mars ſeems bankrupt in their beggar'd hoſt,
And faintly through a ruſty beaver peeps.
The horſemen ſit like fixed candleſticks, [jades
With torch-ſtaves in their hands: and the poor
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips:
The gum down roping from their pale dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the jymold bit
Lies foul with chew'd graſs, ſtill and motionleſs;
And their executors, the knaviſh crows,
Fly o'er them all impatient for their hour.

King Henry's Speech before the Battle of Agincourt.

He that out-lives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouſe him at the name of Criſpian:
He that out-lives this day, and ſees old-age,
Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his neighbour,
And ſay, to-morrow is Saint Criſpian:
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhew his ſcars:
Old men forget; yet ſhall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages, [names,
What feats they did that day. Then ſhall our
Familiar in their mouth, as houſhold words,
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick, and Talbot, Saliſbury, and Glo'ſter,
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd.

Deſcription of the Earl of York's Death.

He ſmil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, ſays, Dear my lord,
Commend my ſervice to my ſovereign;
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiſs'd his lips;
And ſo eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A teſtament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would have
But I had not ſo much of man in me; [ſtopp'd;
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

The Miſeries of War.

Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Unpruned lies: her hedges even pleach'd
Like priſoners, wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth diſorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the culture ruſts,
That ſhould deracinate ſuch ſavagery:
The even mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled cowſlip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the ſcythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleneſs; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thiſtles, keckſies, burs,
Loſing both beauty and utility: [hedges,
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and
Defective in their natures, grow to wildneſs.

§ 22. THE FIRST PART OF HENRY VI.

SHAKESPEARE.

Glory.

GLORY is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaſeth to enlarge itſelf,
Till by broad ſpreading it diſperſe to nought.

Marriage.

For marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyſhip.
- - - - - - - - - -
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of diſcord and continual ſtrife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliſs,
And is a pattern of celeſtial peace.

§ 23. THE SECOND PART OF HENRY VI.

SHAKESPEARE.

A reſolved ambitious Woman.

FOLLOW I muſt, I cannot go before,
While Glo'ſter bears this baſe and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I wou'd remove theſe tedious ſtumbling-blocks;
And ſmooth my way upon their headleſs necks.
And being a woman, I will not be ſlack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.

The Lord ever to be remembered.

Let never day or night unhallow'd paſs,
But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.

Eleanor to the Duke of Glo'ſter, when doing Penance.

For whilſt I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land;
Methinks, I ſhould not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in ſhame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To ſee my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans.
The ruthleſs flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I ſtart, the cruel people laugh,
And bid me be adviſed how I tread.

Silent

Silent Resentment deepest.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple shew he harbours treason.

A guilty Countenance.

Upon the eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.

Description of a murdered Person.

See how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless;
Being all descended to the lab'ring heart,
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see his face is black, and full of blood!
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd:
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man!
His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling!
His hands abroad display'd, as one that gaspt
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd!
Look on the sheets; his hair, you see, is sticking!
His well-proportion'd beard, made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here:
The least of all these signs were probable.

A good Conscience.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked (though lock'd up in steel)
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Remorseless Hatred.

A plague upon 'em! wherefore should I curse them:
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curs'd, as harsh, as horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
Mine hair be fix'd on end like one distract:
Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban,
And even now, my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink,
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress-trees!
Their sweetest prospect, murd'ring basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards stings!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss!
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors of dark-seated hell——

\- - - - - - - - - -

Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,

Parting Lovers.

And banished I am, if but from thee;
Go, speak not to me: even now be gone——
Oh! go not yet--ev'n thus two friends condemn'd,
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Lother a hundred times to part than die:——
Yet, now farewel; and farewel life with thee!
Suff. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With ev'ry sev'ral pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.

Dying, with the Person belov'd, preferable to parting.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between his lips.

The Death-bed Horrors of a guilty Conscience.

Bring me unto my trial, when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed? Where should he die?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?
Oh, torture me no more, I will confess——
Alive again? Then shew me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him——
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them:
Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul:
Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

Night.

The gaudy blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea:
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves; and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Kent.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy.

Lord Say's Apology for himself.

Justice, with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never:
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with dev'lish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.

§ 24. THE

§ 24. THE THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.

SHAKESPEARE.

The Transports of a Crown.

—Do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

A hungry Lion.

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.

The Duke of York on the gallant Behaviour of his Sons.

My sons, God knows what hath bechanc'd them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cry'd, Courage, father! fight it out:
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire;
Richard cry'd, Charge! and give no foot of ground!
And cry'd, A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!
With this we charg'd again; but out, alas!
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

A Father's Passion on the Murder of a favourite Child.

Oh tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide!
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to wear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
- - - - - - - - -
That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
Oh ten times more, than tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears,
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"

The Duke of York in Battle.

Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

The Morning.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewel of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

The Morning's Dawn.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day or night.

The Blessings of a Shepherd's Life.

O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full compleat,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time;
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days, my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks, ere the poor fools will yean;
So many months, ere I shall sheer the fleece;
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Past over, to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Oh! what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects treachery?
O, yes, it doth, a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leathern bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When cares, mistrust, and treason, wait on him.

Mob.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind, when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of your common men.

A Simile on ambitious Thoughts.

Why, then I do but dream on sov'reignty,
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry, to have his way.

Glocester's Deformity.

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;

To

To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part:
Like to a chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?

Gloucester's Dissimulation.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry content to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears;
And frame my face to all occasions:
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor;
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could;
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours even to the cameleon;
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages;
And set th' aspiring Catiline to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

Henry VI. On his own Lenity.

I have not stopt mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds;
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs;
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, tho' they much err'd.

The Earl of Warwick's dying Speech.

Ah, who is nigh? Come to me friend, or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? My mangled body shews;
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart [shews,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading tree, [wind.
And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful
These eyes that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres:
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo! now my glory smear'd in dust and blood,
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Ev'n now forsake me; and all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.

Queen Margaret's Speech before the Battle of Tewkesbury.

Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I shou'd [say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eye; [reign,
Therefore no more but this: Henry, your sove-
Is prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil:
You fight in justice; then, in God's name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the battle.

Omens on the Birth of Richard III.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cry'd a boding luckless tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven croak'd hoarse on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in dismal discord sung:
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
To wit, an indigested, deform'd lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree. [born,
Teeth hadst thou in thy mouth when thou wast
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs forward.

§ 25. THE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.

SHAKESPEARE.

Anger.

——TO climb steep hills [like
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is
A full-hot horse, who, being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

Action to be carried on with Resolution.

If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither
My faculties nor person, yet will be [know
The chronicles of my doing; let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear,
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd: but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd: what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act: if we stand still, in fear,
Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
We should take root here, where we sit; or sit
State-statues only.

New Customs.

——New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

The Duke of Buckingham's Prayer for the King.

——May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Dependants not to be too much trusted by great Men.

This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Beware you be not loose; those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to sink ye.

A good

A good Wife.

——— A loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king.

The Blessings of a low Station.

——— 'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glitt'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Queen Catharine's Speech to her Husband.

——— Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd: when was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? Nay, give notice,
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upwards of twenty years; and have been blest
With many children by you. If in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, in God's name
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice.

Queen Catharine's Speech to Cardinal Wolsey.

——— You are meek and humble mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride:
You have by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers; and your [words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual.

King Henry's Character of Queen Catharine.

That man i' th' world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious, could but speak thee out)
The queen of earthly queens.

On her own Merit.

Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vain glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections, [him?
Still met the king? lov'd him, next heaven obey'd
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband.
One, that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour; a great patience.

Queen Catharine compared to a Lily.

——— Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Obedience to Princes.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

Horror, its outward Effects.

——— Some strange commotion
Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait, then stops again;
Strikes his breast hard, and then, anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange pos-
We've seen him set himself. [tures

Firm Allegiance.

——— Though perils did [and
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em,
Appear in forms as horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

Anger, its external Effects.

What sudden anger's this? How have I reap'd
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin [it?
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing.

Falling Greatness.

——— Nay, then farewel!
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And from that full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

The Vicissitudes of Life.

So farewel to the little good you bear me.
Farewel, a long farewel to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wonton boys, that swim on bladders,

Th

These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman—
Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Crom- [well;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard; say then I taught thee!
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in:
A sure, and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
(The image of his Maker) hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate [thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, [not.
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And, pr'ythee, lead me in——
There take an inventory of all I have;
To the last penny, 'tis the king's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heav'n, is all [well!
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell! Crom-
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

Applause.

——Such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, this is my wife there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

Cardinal Wolsey's Death.

At last with easy roads he came to Leicester;
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words: "O father abbot,
"An old man, broken with the storms of state,
"Is come to lay his weary bones among you;
"Give me a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace.

His Vices and Virtues.

So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity: he was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law. I' th' presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
His promises were, as he then was, mighty:
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Griff. Noble Madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. - - -
- - - - - This cardinal,
Tho' from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise; fair spoken and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as sum-
mer.
And though he was unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely; ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it:
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little;
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd fearing God.

Malicious Men.

——Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best.——

A Church-man.

——Love and meekness, Lord,
Become a church-man better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again;
Cast none away.

Inhumanity.

——'Tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Archbishop Cranmer's Prophecy.

——Let me speak, Sir;
(For Heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.

This

This royal infant, (Heav'n still move about her!)
Tho' in a cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand, thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed. Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
Than this blest soul shall be. All princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
With all the virtues that attend the good, [her;
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse
Holy and heav'nly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her.
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known, and those about her,
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And claim by those their goodness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When Heav'n shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name [rish,
Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flou-
And like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him; children's children
Shall see this, and bless Heav'n.

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§ 26. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN. Shakespeare.

New Titles.

Good-den, Sir Richard—God a' mercy, fellow,
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective and unsociable
For your conversing. Now your traveller,
He and his toothpick at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My piked man of countries;—my dear Sir,
(Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin)
I shall beseech you—that is the question now;
And then comes answer like an A B C book:
O Sir, says answer, at your best command,
At your employment, at your service, Sir:—
No, Sir, says question, I, sweet Sir, at yours.
And so ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,
It draws towards supper in conclusion, so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mountain spirit like myself;
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation.

A Description of England.

That pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders;
Ev'n till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Ev'n till that utmost corner of the west
Salutes thee for her king.

Description of an English Army.

His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother queen;
An Até stirring him to blood and strife.
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king deceas'd;
And all th' unsettled humours of the land;
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did ever float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand.

Courage.

By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion.

A Boaster.

What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

Description of Victory, by the French.

You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
And many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
While victory with little loss doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors.

By the English.

Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
King John, your king, and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day: [bright,
Their armours that march'd hence, so silver
Hither return all gilt in Frenchmen's blood;
There stuck no plume in any English crest,

That

That is removed by a staff of France.
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd
And like a jolly troop of horsemen, come [forth:
Our lusty English, all with purple hands,
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.

A compleat Lady.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where shou'd he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where shou'd he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If love, ambitious, sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?

On Commodity, or Self-Interest.

——Rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, [maids,
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word *maid*, cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commo-
Commodity, the bias of the world: [dity,
The world, which of itself is poised well,
Made to run even upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent,
And this same bias, &c.

A Woman's Fears.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick and capable of fears,
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of tears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And tho' thou now confess thou did'st but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all the day.

Tokens of Grief.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er its bounds?
Be these sad sighs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

A Mother's Fondness for a beautiful Child.

If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks;
I would not care, I then would be content:
For then I should not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose.

Grief.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes the owner stout.

Constance to Austria.

O Lymoges, O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that durst never fight,
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'd up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, to stamp and swear,
Upon my party; thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Being sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

The Horrors of a Conspiracy.

I had a thing to say,—but, let it go:
The sun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight-bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot laughter keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment
(A passion hateful to my purposes);
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful soul of words;
Then, in despight of broad-eyed, watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not.——

A Mother's Ravings.

I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance, I was Geffery's wife:
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
I am not mad: I would to Heav'n I were!
For then 'tis like I should forget myself.
Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel,
The diff'rent plague of each calamity.

Apostrophe to Death.

——Oh! amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench, sound rottenness,

Arise

Arise forth from thy couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy houshold worms,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself.
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,
And kiss thee as thy wife; misery's love,
O, come to me!

A Mother's Grief.

Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n;
If that be, I shall see my boy again.
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heav'n,
I shall not know him; therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more!
Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.
Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.—
K. Phil. You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Despondency.

There's nothing in this world can make me
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale, [joy;
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

Departing Diseases.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Ev'n in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all shew evil.

Danger lays hold of any Support.

He that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

Arthur's pathetic Speeches to Hubert.

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So were I out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long.

\- - - - - - - - -

Have you the heart? when your head did but
I knit my handkerchief about your brows, [ake,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, what lack you, and where lies your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will:
If Heav'n be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must—Will you put out mine
These eyes that never did, nor never shall, [eyes?
So much as frown on you.——

\- - - - - - - - -

Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heav'ns sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to:
Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes. [in yours,
Arth. O heav'n! that there were but a moth
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense: [there,
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

To add to Perfection, superfluous, and suspicious.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

\- - - - - - - - -

In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Murderer's Look.

This is the man should do the bloody deed;
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast.

Struggling Conscience.

The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set.
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

News-tellers on the Death of Arthur.

Old men and beldams, in the streets,
Do prophesy upon it dangerously: [mouths;
Young Arthur's death is common in their
And, when they talk of him, they shake their
And whisper one another in the ear. [heads,
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus, [eyes.
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth, swallowing a taylor's news;
Who with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste

Had

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean, unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

Kings evil Purposes too servilely and hastily executed.

It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know a meaning
Of dang'rous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

A Villain's Look, and wicked Zeal.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! For had'st not thou been
A fellow, by the hand of nature mark'd, [by,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murther had not come into my mind.
Had'st thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in express words; [off,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.

Hypocrisy.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

Despair.

If thou did'st but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.

A Man's Tears.

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation:
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This show'r blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heav'n
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune, other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossipping.

Drums.

Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'rest.
- - - - - - Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And ev'n at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder.

The Approach of Death.

It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Madness, occasioned by Poison.

Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.
- - - - - - - - -
Poison'd, ill fare! dead, forsook, cast off;
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.

England invincible, if unanimous.

England never did, nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.—Nought shall make
If England to itself do rest but true. [us rue,

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§ 27. JULIUS CÆSAR. Shakespeare.

Patriotism.

WHAT is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught towards the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cassius, in contempt of Cæsar.

I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now,
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bid him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man [Tyber

Is

Is now become a god; and Caſſius is
A wretched creature, and muſt bend his body,
If Cæſar careleſsly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake: 'tis true, this god did ſhake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly, [world,
And that ſame eye, whoſe bend doth awe the
Did loſe its luſtre: I did hear him groan: [mans,
Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Ro-
Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,
Alas!—it cry'd—"Give me ſome drink, Titi-
nius"—
As a ſick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of this majeſtic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout, flouriſh.*

Bru. Another general ſhout!
I do believe that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new honours that are heap'd on Cæſar.

Caſ. Why, man, he doth beſtride the narrow
Like a Coloſſus: and we petty men [world,
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourſelves diſhonourable graves.
Men at ſome times are maſters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our ſtars,
But in ourſelves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæſar! what ſhould be in that Cæſar?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded more than
yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will ſtart a ſpirit as ſoon as Cæſar.
Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæſar feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd;
Rome, thou has loſt the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay, till now, that talk'd of
Rome,
That her wide walls encompaſs'd but one man?

Cæſar's Diſlike of Caſſius.

Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I ſhould avoid,
So ſoon as that ſpare Caſſius. He reads much;
He is a great obſerver: and he looks [plays,
Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no
As thou doſt, Antony; he hears no muſic:
Seldom he ſmiles; and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort,
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit,
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe,
Whilſt they behold a greater than themſelves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæſar.

Spirit of Liberty.

I know where I will wear this dagger, then:
Caſſius from bondage will deliver Caſſius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak moſt
ſtrong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor ſtony tower, nor walls of beaten arms,
Nor airleſs dungeon, nor ſtrong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the ſtrength of ſpirit:
But life, being weary of theſe worldly bars,
Never lacks power to diſmiſs itſelf.
If I know this; know all the world beſides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear,
I can ſhake off with pleaſure.

Ambition, covered with ſpecious Humility.

But 'tis a common proof
That lowlineſs is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmoſt round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back;
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend.

Conſpiracy, dreadful till executed.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the firſt motion, all the interim is
Like a phantaſma, or hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal inſtruments
Are then in council; and the ſtate of man,
Like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an inſurrection.

Conſpiracy.

O, conſpiracy! [night,
Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dang'rous brow by
When evils are moſt free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To maſk thy monſtrous viſage? Seek none,
Hide it in ſmiles and affability: [conſpiracy,
For if thou put thy native ſemblance on,
Not Erebus itſelf were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Againſt Cruelty.

Gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a diſh fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcaſe fit for hounds.
And let our hearts, as ſubtle maſters do,
Stir up their ſervants to an act of rage,
And after ſeem to chide them.

Sleep.

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of ſlumber:
Thou haſt no figures nor no fantaſies,
Which buſy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Portia's Speech to Brutus.

You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yeſternight at ſupper
You ſuddenly aroſe and walk'd about,
Muſing and ſighing, with your arms acroſs:
And, when I aſk'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further: then you ſcratch'd your head,
And too impatiently ſtamp'd with your foot:
Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwered not;
But with an angry wafture with your hand,
Gave ſign for me to leave you: ſo I did,
Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience,
Which ſeem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which ſometimes hath his hour with ev'ry man.
It

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor ſleep;
And could it work ſo much upon your ſhape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I ſhould not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of grief.

Calphurnia to Cæſar, on the Prodigies ſeen the Night before his Death.

Cal. I never ſtood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: there is one within,
(Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen)
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the watch.
A lioneſs hath whelped in the ſtreets,
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and ſquadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the capitol:
The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air;
Horſes did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghoſts did ſhriek, and ſqueal about the ſtreets:
O Cæſar! theſe things are beyond all uſe,
And I do fear them.
Cæſar. What can be avoided,
Whoſe end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæſar ſhall go forth: for theſe predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæſar.
Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets ſeen;
The heav'ns themſelves blaze forth the death of princes.

Againſt the Fears of Death.

Cowards die many times before their deaths:
The valiant never taſte of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange, that men ſhould fear,
Seeing that death, neceſſary end,
Will come when it will.

Danger.

Danger knows full well,
That Cæſar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible.

Envy.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

Antony to the Corpſe of Cæſar.

O, mighty Cæſar, doſt thou lie ſo low?
Are all thy conqueſts, glories, triumphs, ſpoils,
Shrunk to this little meaſure? Fare thee well.

His Addreſs to the Conſpirators.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend;
Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is rank.
If I myſelf, there is no hour ſo fit
As Cæſar's death's hour; nor no inſtrument
Of half that worth, as thoſe your ſwords, made rich
With the moſt noble blood of all this world.
I do beſeech you, if you bear me hard,
Now whilſt your fury-led hands do reek and ſmoke,
Fulfil your pleaſure. Live a thouſand years,
I ſhall not find myſelf ſo apt to die.
No place will pleaſe me ſo, no means of death,
As here by Cæſar, and by you cut off,
The choice and maſter ſpirits of the age.

Revenge.

Cæſar's ſpirit, raging for revenge,
With Até by his ſide, come hot from hell,
Shall, in theſe confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry, Havock, and let ſlip the dogs of war.

Antony's Funeral Oration.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears;
I am come to bury Cæſar, not to praiſe him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæſar! Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæſar was ambitious;
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault:
And grievouſly hath Cæſar anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the reſt,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men);
Come I to ſpeak in Cæſar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me;
But Brutus ſays, he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæſar ſeem ambitious?
When that the poor hath cry'd, Cæſar hath wept;
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff.
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did ſee, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice preſented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious,
And ſure he is an honourable man.
I ſpeak not to diſprove what Brutus ſpoke;
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe:
What cauſe with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reaſon.—Bear with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæſar,
And I muſt pauſe 'till it come back to me.

- - - - - - -

But yeſterday the word of Cæſar might
Have ſtood againſt the world; now lies he there,
And none ſo poor to do him reverence.
O maſters! if I were diſpos'd to ſtir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I ſhould do Brutus wrong, and Caſſius wrong;
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather chuſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong myſelf and you,
Than I will wrong ſuch honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the ſeal of Cæſar,
I found it in his cloſet, 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this teſtament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiſs dead Cæſar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his ſacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory;
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their iſſue.
4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.
All. The will; the will: we will hear Cæſar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you;
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men:
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should—O what would come of it?
4 *Pleb.* Read the will, we will hear it, Antony:
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.
Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a-while?
(I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.)
I fear I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar—I do fear it.
4 *Pleb.* They were traitors—honourable men!
All. The will! the testament!
Ant. You will compel me then to read the will—
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend, and will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
2 *Pleb.* Descend.
[*He comes down from the Pulpit.*
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii—
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through;—
See, what a rent the envious Casca made.—
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, oh you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This, this, was the unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
(Which all the while ran blood) great Cæsar fell.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down;
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O now you weep: and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.
1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!
2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd; revenge! about—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay! let not a traitor live.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny:
They, that have done this deed, are honourable;
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That loves my friend; and that they know full well
That give me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action or utt'rance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on.
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Ceremony insincere.

——Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony:
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crest, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.

Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians:
Wherein, my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.
Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell, and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this;
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember.
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say, you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no [farther.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret 'till your proud [heart breaks:
Go shew your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Tho' it do split you. For, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own [part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong [me, Brutus:
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better?—
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have [mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have [tempted him.
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What! durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love?
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry [for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to [wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me; was that done like [Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunder-bolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I deny'd you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart.
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, 'till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
For Cassius is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'd'st [him better
Than ever thou lov'd'st Cassius.
Bru. Sheath your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too. [*Embracing.*
Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with [me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave [me
Makes me forgetful.
Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

- - - - - - - - - -

Bru. O, Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better—Portia's [dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia!
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I crost you [so?
O, insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark [Antony
Have made themselves so strong: (for with her death
That tidings came) with this she fell distract,
And (her attendants absent) swallow'd fire.
Cas. And dy'd so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her; give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-swell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Opportunity

Opportunity to be seiz'd on all Affairs.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now a-float:
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

The Parting of Brutus and Cassius.

Bru. No, Cassius, no; think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March began:
And, whether we shall meet again, I know not;
Therefore our everlasting farewel take;
For ever, and for ever, farewel, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewel, Brutus!
If we do meet again we'll smile indeed:
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end;
And then the end is known.

Melancholy the Parent of Error.

O, hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? Error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Antony's Character of Brutus.

This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did, that they did, in envy of great Cæsar:
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

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§ 28. KING LEAR. Shakespeare.

An alienated Child.

LET it be so, thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood;
And as a stranger of my heart and me,
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Bastardy.

Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound; wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The courtesy of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of Nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?

A Father cursing his Child.

Hear, Nature!
Dear goddess, hear; and if thou dost intend
To make that creature fruitful, change thy purpose;
Pronounce upon her womb the barren curse,
That from her blasted body never spring
A babe to honour her; but if she must bring forth,
Defeat her joy with some distorted birth,
Or monstrous form, the prodigy o' th' time;
And so perverse of spirit, that it may live
Her torment as 'twas born, to fret her cheeks
With constant tears, and wrinkle her young brow.
Turn all her mother's pains to shame and scorn,
That she may curse her crime too late, and feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—

Ingratitude in a Child.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.

Flattering Sycophants.

That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty: such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Which are too intrince t' unloose: soothe ev'ry passion,
That in the nature of their lords rebels:
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods:
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters;
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

Plain, blunt Men.

This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he—
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth;
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves, I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and far corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly, ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Description of Bedlam Beggars.

While I may scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and the poorest shape,

That

That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast. My face I'll grime with
filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometimes with lunatic bans, sometimes with
Inforce their charity. [pray'rs,

The Faults of Infirmity pardonable.

Fiery! the fiery duke! tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet; may be, he is not well;
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we're not our- [selves,
When nature, being opprest, commands the
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear; [mind
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.——

Unkindness.

Thy sister's naught; oh, Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here.
[*Points to his heart.*

Offences mistaken.

All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Rising Passion.

I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel;
We'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet, thou art my flesh, my blood, my daugh-
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh, [ter,—
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a bile,
A plague-sore, or imbossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee.
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.

The Necessaries of Life, few.

O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest things superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beasts.

Lear on the Ingratitude of his Daughters.

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger:
O let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things:—
What they are, yet I know not! but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep:
No, I'll not weep. I have full cause of weeping:
This heart shall break into a thousand flaws,
Or e'er I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

Wilful Men.

O, Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their school-masters.

Description of Lear's Distress amidst the Storm.

Kent. Where's the king?
Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea;
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his
white hair,
(Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury;)
Strives in his little world of man t' out-scorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf [couch,
Keep their furr dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Lear's passionate Exclamations amidst the Tempest.

Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! rage!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout [blow!
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd
the cocks!
You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking
thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world;
Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at once
That make ingrateful man.
Rumble thy belly-full, spit fire, spout rain:
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure;—here I stand your slave;
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man!
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here? things that
love night,
Love not such nights as these: the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark, [man,
And make them keep their caves: since I was a
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring winds and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature can-
Th' affliction, nor the force. [not carry
Lear. Let the great gods
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody
hand!
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue,
That art incestuous! Caitiff, shake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient seeming,
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up
Rive your concealing continents, and ask [guilts,

These dreadful ſummoners grace.—I am a man
More ſinn'd againſt, than ſinning.
Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the tempeſt.
- - - - - - - -
Lear. Thou think'ſt 'tis much, that this contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the ſkin; ſo 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dſt ſhun a bear;
But if thy flight lay towards the roaring ſea,
Thou'dſt meet the bear i' th' mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate; the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as this mouth ſhould tear this hand
For lifting food to 't?—But I'll puniſh home;
No, I will weep no more—In ſuch a night,
To ſhut me out!—pour on, I will endure.
In ſuch a night as this! O, Regan, Goneril,
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all——
O, that way madneſs lies; let me ſhun that;
No more of that.——
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Pr'ythee go in thyſelf: ſeek thine own eaſe;
This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more—but I'll go in:
In, boy; go firſt. You houſeleſs poverty—
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep—
Poor naked wretches, whereſo'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe?—O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this: take phyſic, pomp;
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heavens more juſt.

Enter Edgar, diſguiſed like a Madman.

Lear. Didſt thou give all to thy daughters?
And art thou come to this? - - -
- - - Didſt thou give them all?
Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!
Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.
Lear. Death! traitor, nothing could have ſubdu'd nature
To ſuch a lowneſs, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the faſhion that diſcarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh?
Judicious puniſhment! 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe pelican daughters.

The Juſtice of Providence.

That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier: heavens deal ſo ſtill!
Let the ſuperfluous and luſt-dieted man,
That ſlaves your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he does not feel, feel your power quickly;
So diſtribution ſhould undo exceſs,
And each man have enough.

Patience and Sorrow.

Patience and ſorrow ſtrove [ſe
Which ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt: you ha
Sunſhine and rain at once: her ſmiles and tea
Were like a better day. Thoſe happieſt ſmil
That play'd on her ripe lip, ſeem'd not to kn
What gueſts were in her eyes; which par thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity moſt belov'd,
If all could ſo become it.

Deſcription of Lear diſtracted.

Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even no
As mad as the vext ſea; ſinging aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiterr, and furrow wee
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cucko flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining corn.

Deſcription of Dover-Cliff.

Come on, Sir, here's the place—ſtand ſti
How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to caſt one's eyes ſo low! [
The crows and choughs, that wing the midw
Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles. Half way do
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire; dread trade!
Methinks he ſeems no bigger than his head.
The fiſhermen, that walk upon the beech,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring ba
Diminiſh'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy,
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuri ſurge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,
Leſt my brain turn, and the deficient ſight
Topple down headlong.

Gloſter's Farewel to the World.

O, you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce; and in your ſigh
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppoſeleſs wills,
My ſnuff and loathed part of nature ſhould
Burn itſelf out. If Edgar live, O, bleſs hi

On the Abuſe of Power.

Thou raſcal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why doſt thou laſh that whore? ſtrip thine ow
Thou hotly luſt'ſt to uſe her in that kind, [back
For which thou whipp'ſt her. The uſurer han the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes ſmall vices do appe
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Place ſ with gold,
And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs break
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's ſtraw doth pierce i
None does offend, none, I ſay none; I'll a 'em;
Take that of me, my friend, who hath the pow
To ſeal th' accuſer's lips. Get thee glaſs eye
And, like a ſcurvy politician, ſeem
To ſee things thou doſt not.

Cordelia on the Ingratitude of her Sisters.

O, my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lip; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Had you not been their father, those white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep, dread bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? - - -
- - And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded all.

Scene between Lear and Cordelia.

Cord. How does my royal Lord? how fares your majesty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave.
Ha! is this too a world of cruelty?
I know my privilege: think not that I will
Be us'd like a wretched mortal. No,
No more of that.
Cord. Speak to me, Sir; who am I?
Lear. You are a soul in bliss: but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, which my own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
Cord. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a spirit, I know: where did you die?
Cord. Still, still, far wide.
Phys. Madam, he's scarce awake; he'll soon grow more compos'd.
Lear. Where have I been? where am I? Fair day-light!
I am mightily abus'd; I should even die with pity
To see another thus. I will not swear
These are my hands.
Cord. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hands in blessing over me; nay
You must kneel.
Lear. Pray do not mock me.
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward: and, to deal plainly with you,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Cord. Nay, then farewel to patience: witness for me,
Ye mighty pow'rs, I ne'er complain'd till now!
Lear. Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor do I know
Where I did sleep last night—Pray do not mock me;
For, as I am a man, I think that lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cord. O my dear, dear father!
Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith: pray do not weep,
I know I have giv'n thee cause, and am so humbled
With crosses since, that I cou'd ask
Forgiveness of thee, were it possible
That thou cou'dst grant it, but I'm well assur'd
Thou can'st not; therefore I do stand thy justice:
If thou hast poison for me I will drink it,
Bless thee, and die.
Cord. O pity, Sir, a bleeding heart, and cease
This killing language.
Lear. Tell me, friends, where am I?
Gent. In your own kingdom, Sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Gent. Be comforted, good madam, for the violence
Of his distemper's past: we'll lead him in,
Nor trouble him, till he is better settled.
Will 't please you, Sir, walk into freer air?
Lear. You must bear with me, I am old and foolish.

Lear to Cordelia, when taken Prisoners.

No, no, no, no! come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' th' cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses, and who wins: who's in, who's out:
And take upon 's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by th' moon.
Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense.

The Justice of the Gods.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

Edgar's Account of his discovering himself to his Father, &c.

Lift a brief tale,
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near (O, our lives sweetness!
That the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; t' assume a semblance,
The very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit
Met I my father, with his bleeding rings,
Their precious gems new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O, fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, tho' hoping of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to support,
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.
Bast. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good; but speak you on,
You look as you had something more to say.
Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in:
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.
Edg.——This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,

To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity!
Whilst I was big in clamour, there came a man,
Who having seen me in my worser state,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but now finding
Who 'twas had so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck; and bellow'd out,
As he had burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack—Twice then the trumpets sound-
And there I left him tranc'd.—— [ed,

Lear on the Death of Cordelia.

Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O you are men of stone;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heav'n's vault should crack:—she's gone for ever!
I know when one's dead and when one lives;
She's dead as earth! lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why then she lives.
This feather stirs, she lives! If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows,
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O, my good master.
Lear. Pr'ythee away.——
A plague upon you, murd'rous traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!
Cordelia! Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!——
What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low.

Lear dying.

And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life.
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never.——

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§ 29. MACBETH. SHAKESPEARE.

Witches described.

—WHAT are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips.—You should be women:
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macbeth's Temper.

Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play [false,
And yet would'st wrongly win.

Lady Macbeth, on the News of Duncan's Approach.

The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood;
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse:
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers!
Wherever in your sightless substances [night
You wait on nature's mischief—Come, thick
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor Heav'n peep thro' the blanket of th edark,
To cry, Hold, hold!——

Macbeth's Irresolution.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere
It were done quickly: if th' assassination [well
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With its surcease success: that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions; which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor. Even-handed justice
Returns th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed: then as his host,
Who should against his murd'rer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless coursers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye;
That tears shall drown the wind—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on th' other.

True Fortitude.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

The murdering Scene. Macbeth alone.

Is this a dagger which I see before me, [thee:
The handle tow'rd my hand? come, let me clutch
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight; or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heart-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw——

Thou

Thou marſhall'ſt me the way that I was going;
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other ſenſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt—I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not ſo before.—There's no ſuch thing—
It is the bloody buſineſs which informs [world
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked dreams abuſe
The curtain'd ſleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder
(Alarum'd by his ſentinel, the wolf, [pace,
Whoſe howl's his watch) thus with his ſtealthy
With Tarquin's raviſhing ſtrides, tow'ards his deſign [ſet earth,
Moves like a ghoſt.——Thou ſound and firm-
Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about;
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſuits with it.—Whilſt I threat, he lives— [*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold; [—Hark! peace!
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.
It was the owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night—he is about it—
The doors are open; and the ſurfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with ſnores. I've drugg'd their poſſets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what, ho!

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us—hark!——I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miſs 'em—Had he not reſembled
My father as he ſlept, I had done't——My huſband! [hear a noiſe?

Macb. I've done the deed——did'ſt thou not

Lady. I heard the owls ſcream, and the crickets
Did not you ſpeak? [cry.

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I deſcended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark! who lies i' th' ſecond chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a ſorry ſight. [*Looks on his hands.*

Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's ſleep, and one cry'd murder!
They wak'd each other; and I ſtood and heard them;
But they did ſay their prayers, and addreſs'd
Again to ſleep. [them

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, God bleſs us! and Amen, the other; [hands,
As they had ſeen me, with theſe hangman's
Liſtening their fear. I could not ſay Amen,
When they did ſay, God bleſs us!

Lady. Conſider it not ſo deeply. [Amen?

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
I had moſt need of bleſſing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought
After theſe ways; ſo, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder ſleep, the innocent ſleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd ſleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's ſecond courſe,
Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt.——

Lady. What do you mean? [the houſe;

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more! to all
Glamis hath murder'd ſleep, and therefore Cawdor [more!
Shall ſleep no more; Macbeth ſhall ſleep no

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd? Why, worthy Thane,
You do unbend your noble ſtrength, to think
So brain-ſickly of things: go, get ſome water,
And waſh this filthy witneſs from your hand.
Why did you bring theſe daggers from the place?
They muſt lie there. Go, carry them, and ſmear
The ſleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done!
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpoſe!
Give me the daggers; the ſleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their guilt. [*Exit.*

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? [*Starting.*
How is 't with me, when every noiſe appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean waſh this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will
Thy multitudinous ſea incarnadine, [rather
Making the green one red——

Re-enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame [*Knock.*
To wear a heart ſo white: I hear a knocking
At the ſouth entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How eaſy is it then! your conſtancy
Hath left you unattended—hark, more knocking! [*Knock.*
Get on your night-gown, leſt occaſion call us,
And ſhew us to be watchers; be not loſt
So poorly in your thoughts. [know myſelf.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere beſt not
Wake, Duncan, with this knocking! would thou could'ſt!

Macbeth's guilty Conſcience, and Fears of Banquo.

Enter Macbeth to his Lady.

Lady. How now, my lord, why do you keep alone,
Of ſorrieſt fancies your companions making,
Uſing thoſe thoughts, which ſhould indeed have died [remedy
With them they think on? Things without all
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.
Macb. We have ſcotch'd the ſnake, not kill'd it.
She'll cloſe, and be herſelf; whilſt our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let both worlds disjoint, and all things ſuffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible dreams
That ſhake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
(Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace)
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In reſtleſs extaſy.—Duncan is in his grave:
After life's fitful fever, he ſleeps well:
Treaſon has done his worſt; nor ſteel, nor poiſon,
Malice domeſtic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him farther!

\- - - - - - - - -

O full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'ſt, that Banquo and his Fleance lives. [nal.
Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eter-
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are aſſailable:
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloyſter'd flight, ere to black Hecate's ſummons
The ſhard-borne beetle with his drowſy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there ſhall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt chuck,
'Till thou applaud the deed: come, ſealing night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and inviſible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale; light thickens, and the
Makes wing to th' rocky wood: [crow
Good things of the day begin to drop and drowſe,
While night's black agents to their prey do rouſe.

Scene, a Room of State. Banquet prepared. Macbeth, Lady, Roſſe, Lenox. Lords, and Attendants.

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feaſt is ſold,
That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed, were beſt at home;
From thence, the ſauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
[*The Ghoſt of Banquo riſes, and ſits in Macbeth's Place.*]
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digeſtion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May 't pleaſe your highneſs ſit.
Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd, [ſent,—
Were the grac'd perſon of our Banquo pre-
(Whom may I rather challenge for unkindneſs,
Than pity for miſchance!)
Roſſe. His abſence, Sir, [highneſs
Lays blame upon his promiſe. Pleaſe 't your
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full! [*Starting.*
Len. Here's a place reſerved, Sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord.
What is 't that moves your highneſs?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord? [ſhake
Macb. Thou can'ſt not ſay I did it: never
Thy gory locks at me. [well.
Roſſe. Gentlemen, riſe; his highneſs is not
Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often thus, [ſeat,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep
The fit is momentary, upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You ſhall offend him, and extend his paſſion:
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
[*To Macb. aſide.*
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady. O proper ſtuff!
This is the very painting of your fear; [*aſide.*
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you ſaid,
Led you to Duncan. O theſe flaws and ſtarts,
Impoſtures to true fear, would well become
A woman's ſtory at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itſelf!—
Why do you make ſuch faces? When all's done,
You look but on a ſtool.
Macb. Pr'ythee ſee there!
Behold! look! lo! how ſay you?
[*Pointing to the ghoſt.*
Why, what care I! if thou can'ſt nod, ſpeak too——
If charnel-houſes and our graves muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*The ghoſt vaniſhes.*
Lady. What! quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him.——
Lady. Fie, for ſhame! [olden time,
Macb. Blood hath been ſhed ere now i' th'
Ere human ſtatute purg'd the gen'ral weal;
Ay, and ſince too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they riſe again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And puſh us from our ſtools: this is more ſtrange
Than ſuch a murder is.
Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget.——
Do not muſe at me, my moſt worthy friends,
I have a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing

To

To those that know me. Come, love and health to all! [full——
Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties and the pledge.

[*The ghost rises again.*

Mach. Avaunt, and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Mach. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tyger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! Why so,——being gone, [*The ghost vanishes.*
I am a man again: pray you sit still.

[*The lords rise.*

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke
With most admir'd disorder. [the good meeting

Mach. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange,
Ev'n to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night,
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady. Good night to all. [*Exeunt lords.*

Mach. It will have blood, (they say) blood will have blood: [speak;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to
Augurs, that understood relations, have
By magpies and by choughs, and rooks, brought
The secret'st man of blood. [forth

Witches, their Power.

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up; [down,
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope [treasure
Their heads to their foundations; though the
Of nature's germins tumble altogether,
Ev'n till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

Malcolm's Character of himself.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
Bounty, persev'rance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime, [should
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I a power, I
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak;
I'm as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. Oh, nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd!
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurst,
And does blaspheme his breed. Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet, [thee
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Oh! fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. Oh, my
Thy hope ends here. [breast!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples; reconcil'd my thoughts [Macbeth
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his pow'r: and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak my own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false-speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command.

An oppress'd Country.

Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell [seems
Is there scarce ask'd for whom: and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macduff, on the Murder of his Wife and Children.

Roſſe. Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like! but I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the deſart air,
Where hearing ſhould not catch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The gen'ral cauſe? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to ſome ſingle breaſt?
Roſſe. No mind, that's honeſt,
But in it ſhares ſome woe; tho' the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Roſſe. Let not your ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I gueſs at it. [babes
Roſſe. Your caſtle is ſurpriz'd, your wife and
Savagely ſlaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of theſe murder'd deer
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful Heav'n! [brows;
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your
Give ſorrow words; the grief that does not ſpeak [break.
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it
Macd. My children too! [be found.
Roſſe. Wife, children, ſervants, all that could
Macd. And I muſt be from thence! my wife
Roſſe. I've ſaid. [kill'd too!
Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief. [ones!
Mac. He has no children.—All my pretty
Did you ſay all? what, all? oh, hell-kite! all!
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell ſwoop?
Mal. Diſpute it like a man.
Macd. I ſhall do ſo:
But I muſt alſo feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember ſuch thing were, [on,
That were moſt precious to me: did Heav'n look
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all ſtruck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell ſlaughter on their ſouls. Heav'n reſt them now! [let grief
Mal. Be this the whetſtone of your ſword;
Convert to wrath: blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes, [Heav'n!
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myſelf;
Within my ſword's length ſet him, if he 'ſcape,
Then Heav'n forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly;
Come, go we to the king, our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the powers above
Put on their inſtruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.
[*Exeunt.*

Deſpiſed Old Age.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the ſear, the yellow leaf:
And that which ſhould accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I muſt not look to have: but, in their ſtead,
Curſes, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Diſeaſes of the Mind, incurable.

Can'ſt thou not miniſter to a mind diſeas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanſe the ſtuff'd boſom of that perilous ſtuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Reflections on Life.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time;
And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
The way to ſtudy death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking ſhadow, a poor player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more! it is a tale,
Told by an ideot, full of ſound and fury,
Signifying nothing!

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§ 30. OTHELLO. SHAKESPEARE.

Preferment.

'TIS the curſe of ſervice:
Preferment goes by letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood heir to th' firſt.

In diſpraiſe of Honeſty.

We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obſequious bondage,
Wears out his time much like his maſter's aſs,
For nought but provender, and when he's old, caſhier'd;
Whip me ſuch honeſt knaves. Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and viſages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themſelves;
And throwing but ſhows of ſervice on their lords,
Well thrive by them: and when they have lin'd their coats, [ſoul,
Do themſelves homage. Theſe folks have ſome
And ſuch a one do I profeſs myſelf. For, Sir,
It is as ſure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myſelf.
Heav'n is my judge, not I, for love and duty,
But ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward actions doth demonſtrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve,
For daws to peck at: I am not what I ſeem.

Love

Love the sole Motive of Othello's marrying.

For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the sea's worth.

Othello's Relation of his Courtship to the Senate.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love. What drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with. - - - -

Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travels' history.

- - - - - - - - - -

All these to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively; I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful——
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man:—she thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story;
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past,
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.

Perfect Content.

O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest comes such calms,
May the winds blow, till they have weaken'd death:
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! if I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

A Lover's Exclamation.

Excellent wretch! perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! And when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Othello's first Suspicion.

Think, my lord! Why, by Heaven thou echo'st me
As if there were some monster in my thought
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something;
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'st not that—
When Cassio left my wife. What did'st not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counsel,
Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, Indeed!
And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iag. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou do'st:
And for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false, disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Reputation.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Othello's Soliloquy, after having been work'd up to Jealousy by Iago.

This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And

And have not those soft parts of conversation,
That chamberers have; or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet that's not much—
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Must be to loath her. Oh, the curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others uses.

Jealousy.

Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong,
As proofs of holy writ.

The Tortures of Jealousy.

Enter Othello.

Iago. Look, where he comes! not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'd'st yesterday.

Oth. Ha! false to me!

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt, begone, thou hast set me on the rack:
I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my lord?

Oth. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free and merry,
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips;
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind. Farewel content;
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! Oh farewel,
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring-drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war:
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's great clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone.

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,
[*Catching hold on him.*
Or by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou had'st better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is 't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see 't, or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life.

Iago. My noble lord.

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing can'st thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O Heav'n forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?
God be wi' you: take mine office. O wretched fool,
That lives to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe!—
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—thou should'st be honest.—

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife is honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poison or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!

Othello's Story of the Handkerchief.

That Handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'Twou'd make her amiable, subdue my father
Entirely to her love: but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me,
And bid me, when my state would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on 't:
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To lose 't or give 't away, were such perdition
As nothing else could match.——
——There's magic in the web of it:
A Sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maiden hearts.

A Lover's Computation of Time.

What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight-score eight hours? and love's absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight-score times?
Oh weary reckoning!

Othello's Speech, after having received the Mandate when confirmed in his Suspicions.

Ay! you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again. And she can weep, Sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say—obedient;
Very obedient—proceed you in your tears—
Concerning this, Sir—Oh, well painted passion!—
I am commanded home—get you away,
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice—Hence, avaunt!
[*Ex. Def.*
Cassio

Cassio shall have my place. And, Sir, to-night
I do intreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus.—
Goats and monkies! [*Exit Othello.*

His pathetic Upbraiding of his Wife.

Def. Upon my knee, what doth your speech [import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not your words.

Oth. Why? what art thou?

Def. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal [wife.

Oth. Come, swear it: damn thyself; lest being like one
Of Heav'n, the devils themselves should fear to [seize thee,
Therefore be double-damn'd; swear thou art [honest.

Def. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows,
That thou art false as hell.

Def. To whom, my lord?
With whom? How am I false?

Oth. Ah Desdemona, away, away, away—

Def. Alas the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd Heav'n,
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;
I should have found in some place of my soul
A drop of patience. But, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at—
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up, to be discarded thence;
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in. Turn thy complexion [there.
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim,
Ay, there look grim as hell.

Def. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. Oh, ah, as summer-flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed!
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense akes at thee;
Would thou hadst ne'er been born!

Def. Alas! what ignorant sin have I com- [mitted?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? what, what committed!
Committed! Oh, thou public commoner,
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What, what committed!
Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear 't. What committed! Impudent strumpet!

Def. By Heaven, you do me wrong!

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Def. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul, unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Def. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is 't possible?

Def. Oh, Heav'n forgive us.

Oth. I cry you mercy then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.

Desdemona's Faithfulness.

Alas, Iago!
What shall I do to win my lord again? [heav'n,
Good friend, go to him; for by this light of
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel;
[*Kneeling.*
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Or in discourse or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them on any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me. Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

A Bed-chamber; Desdemona is discovered asleep in her Bed.

Enter Othello, with a Light and Sword.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul:
Let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars,
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster:
[*Lays down the Sword.*
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men:
Put out the light, and then—put out the light.
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light re-lumine.
[*Sets down the taper.*
When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs must wither.—I'll smell thee on the tree.
[*Kissing her.*
O balmy breath, thou dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword. One more, one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and that's the last;
So sweet, was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.

Othello's Confusion after having murdered his Wife.

Yes, 'tis Æmilia:—by and by—She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The

The noise was high. Ha, no more moving!
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? wer't good?
I think she stirs again—No—what's the best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife;
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
Oh insupportable! oh heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.—

His love for her.

Had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

His bitter Remorse.

Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh. I've seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I've made my way through more impediments,
Than twenty times your stop. But, oh vain boast!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear:
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires: Where should Othello go?
Now—how dost thou look now? Oh ill-starr'd
wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heav'n,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
E'en like thy chastity. O cursed slave!—
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight;
Blow me about in winds, roast me in sulphur,
Wash me in steep-down gulphs of liquid fire—
Oh Desdemona, Desdemona! dead, dead! oh, oh!

His last Speech.

Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know
it;
No more of that. I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am: nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you
speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well:
Of one, not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe: of one, whose eyes,
Albeit unusual to the melting mood,
Dropt tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this,
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him, thus.

[*Stabs himself.*

§ 31. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II. SHAKESPEARE.

Reputation.

THE purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.

Cowardice.

That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

Banishment, Consolation under it.

All places that the eye of Heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
There is no virtue like necessity,
And think not that the king did banish thee;
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exil'd thee. Or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou
com'st:
Suppose the singing-birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence-
floor;
The flow'rs, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance.
For gnarling sorrow hath less pow'r to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Thoughts, ineffectual to moderate Affliction.

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no, the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Popularity.

Ourself, and Bushy Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves.
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune:
As 'twere to banish their effects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench:
A brace of draymen bid, God speed him well!
And had the tribute of his supple knee:
With,—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving
friends.
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

England.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi Paradise,
This fortress built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;

This

This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or of a mote defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands.

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England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watry Neptune, is bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment-bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

Grief.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shew like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form.——

Hope, deceitful.

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death;
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger in extremity.

The Prognostics of War.

The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change:
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap.

Richard to England, on his Arrival.

As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous sense;
But let thy spiders which suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flow'r,
Guard it, I pr'ythee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
This earth shall have a feeling; and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall faulter under foul rebellious arms.

The Sun rising after a dark Night.

——Know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heav'n is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world;
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
In murders, and in outrage bloody here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole;
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.

On the Vanity of Power, and Misery of Kings.

No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth!
Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's;
And nothing can we call our own, but death,
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossess'd;
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd:
All murder'd.—For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp:
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks:
Infusing him with self and vain conceit;
As if this flesh which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable: and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle walls, and farewel king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live on bread like you; feel want like you;
Taste grief, want friends, like you: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

Melancholy Stories.

In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire,
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid:
And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell them the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

A Description of Bolingbroke's and Richard's Entry into London.

Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course:
While all tongues cry'd, God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows [spoke,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,
Jesu preserve thee! welcome Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespoke

Bespoke them thus: I thank you, countrymen;
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alas! poor Richard, where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Ev'n so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard: no man cry'd, God save him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted;
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

Violets.

Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

King Richard's Soliloquy in Prison.

I have been studying how to compare
This prison where I live, unto the world;
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer on't.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts.
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humour, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented——

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Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves
That they are not the first of Fortune's slaves,
And shall not be the last: (like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
That many have, and others must sit there)
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one prison, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I a king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar;
And so I am. Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again; and by and by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing.—But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.——

§ 32 THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III.

SHAKESPEARE.

Richard, on his own Deformity.

NOW are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments:
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stampt, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them:
Why I (in this meek piping time of peace)
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on my own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Richard's Love for Lady Anne.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
Not when my father York, and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear:
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy:
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

On his own Person, after his successful Address.

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marv'llous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.

Queen Margaret's Execration.

The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul;
Thy friends suspect for traitors, while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends:
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be when some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Thou

Thou elvish-markt, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that was seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour, thou detested—

High Birth.

I was born so high,
Our ai'ry buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Richard's Hypocrisy.

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil;
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Clarence's Dream.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.
Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower;
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Glo'ster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Glo'ster stumbled; and in falling
Struck me (that sought to stay him) overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon!
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels;
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems;
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awak'd you not with this sad agony?
Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life.
O then began the tempest to my soul:
I past, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferry-man which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cry'd aloud—What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A shadow like an angel with bright hair,
Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud—
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I, trembling, wak'd; and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impression made my dream.
Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you:
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
Clar. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done those things
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake: and, see, how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone;
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!

Sorrow.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes night morning, and the noon-tide night.

Greatness, its Cares.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
And outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of endless cares:
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Duchess of York on the Misfortunes of her Family.

Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown,
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
For me t' enjoy and weep their gain and loss.
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean overblown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves, blood against blood,
Self against self: O most preposterous
And frantic outrage! end thy damned spleen!
Or let me die to look on death no more.

Deceit.

Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice.

Submission to Heaven, our Duty.

In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to pay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus opposite to Heav'n;
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

The Vanity of Trust in Man.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Contemplation.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Description

Deſcription of the Murder of the two young Princes in the Tower.

The tyrannous and bloody act is done:
The moſt arch-deed of pitious maſſacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of!
Dighton and Forreſt, whom I did ſuborn
To do this piece of ruthleſs butchery,
Albeit they were fleſht villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderneſs and mild compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their death's ſad ſtory.
O thus (quoth Dighton) lay the gentle babes;—
Thus, thus, (quoth Forreſt) girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaſter arms;
Their lips were four red roſes on a ſtalk,
And in their ſummer beauty kiſs'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay, [mind:
Which once (quoth Forreſt) almoſt chang'd my
But, oh! the devil—there the villain ſtopt:
When Dighton thus told on—we ſmothered
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er ſhe fram'd—
Hence both are gone with conſcience and re-
morſe:
They could not ſpeak, and ſo I left them both,
To bear theſe tidings to the bloody king.

Expedition.

Come, I have learn'd, that fearful comment-
Is leaden ſervitor to dull delay: [ing
Delay leads impotent and ſnail-pac'd beggary.
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Queen Margaret's Exprobation.

I call'd thee then poor ſhadow, painted queen,
One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou waſt; a gariſh flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dangerous ſhot;
A ſign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jeſt, only to fill the ſcene. [thers?
Where is thy huſband now? where be thy bro-
Where be thy children? wherein doſt thou joy?
Who ſues and kneels, and ſays, God ſave the
queen?
Where be the bending peers, that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd
thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art.
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being ſued to, one that humbly ſues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For one that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the courſe of juſtice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

His Mother's Character of King Richard.

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy:
Thy ſchool-days frightful, deſp'rate, wild, and
furious: [turous:
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold and ven-
Thy age confirm'd, proud, ſubtle, ſly, and
bloody.

Hope.

True Hope is ſwift, and flies with ſwallows'
wings; [kings.
Kings it makes gods; and meaner creatures

A fine Evening.

The weary ſun hath made a golden ſet,
And, by the bright tract of his fiery car,
Gives ſignal of a goodly day to-morrow.

Day-Break.

The ſilent hours ſteal on,
And flaky darkneſs breaks within the eaſt.

Richmond's Prayer.

O thou, whoſe captain I account myſelf,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruiſing irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh down with a heavy fall
Th' uſurping helmets of our adverſaries!
Make us thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful ſoul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me ſtill!

Richard ſtarting out of his Dream.

Give me another horſe—bind up my wounds!
Have mercy, Jeſu—Soft! I did but dream.
O coward conſcience! how doſt thou afflict me!
The light burns blue—is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh.
What! do I fear myſelf?

Conſcience.

Conſcience is but a word that cowards uſe,
Deviſ'd at firſt to keep the ſtrong in awe.

Richard before the Battle.

A thouſand hearts are great within my boſom;
Advance our ſtandards, ſet upon our foes:
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inſpire us with the ſpleen of fiery dragons.
Upon them, victory ſits on our helms!

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Richard. A horſe! a horſe! my kingdom
for a horſe! [a horſe.
Cateſb. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to
K. Richard. Slave, I have ſet my life upon
And I will ſtand the hazard of the dye. [a caſt,
I think there be ſix Richmonds in the field;
Five have I ſlain to-day inſtead of him.—
A horſe! a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe!
[*Exeunt.*

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§ 33. ROMEO AND JULIET.

SHAKESPEARE.

Love.

LOVE is a ſmoke rais'd with the fume of ſighs;
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a ſea, nouriſh'd with lovers' tears;
What is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choaking gall, and a preſerving ſweet!

On Dreams.

O then I ſee queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fancy's midwife, and ſhe comes
In

In ſhape no bigger than an agate-ſtone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noſes as they lie aſleep:
Her waggon-ſpokes made of long-ſpinners legs;
The cover of the wings of graſhoppers;
The traces of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
The collars, of the moonſhine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the laſh of film;
Her waggoner, a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
Not half ſo big as a round little worm
Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner ſquirrel or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers:
And in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night,
Thro' lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtſies ſtraight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who ſtraight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who ſtraight on kiſſes dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breaths with ſweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a courtier's noſe,
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:
And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tythe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parſon as he lies aſleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, Spaniſh blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he ſtarts and wakes;
And being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horſes in the night,
And cakes the elf-locks in foul ſluttiſh hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This, this is ſhe———

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace:
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantaſy,
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the air,
And more unconſtant than the wind; who wooes
Ev'n now the frozen boſom of the north,
And being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping ſouth.

A Beauty deſcribed.

O, ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too dear!
So ſhews a ſnowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows ſhows.

The Courtſhip between Romeo and Juliet in the Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jeſts at ſcars that never felt a wound—
But ſoft, what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the eaſt, and Juliet is the ſun!
[*Juliet appears above at the window.*
Ariſe, fair ſun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than ſhe.
Be not her maid, ſince ſhe is envious:
Her veſtal livery is but ſick and green,
And none but fools do wear it, caſt it off——
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwer it——
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt ſtars of all the heav'n,
Having ſome buſineſs, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their ſpheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n,
Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were not night.
See how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand;
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She ſpeaks.
Oh ſpeak again, bright angel, for thou art
As glorious to this ſight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged meſſenger from heav'n,
Unto the white up-turn'd wand'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo,—wherefore art thou
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name: [Romeo!
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this? [*Aſide.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:—
- - - - - - - - -
What's in a name? that which we call a roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title; Romeo, quit thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myſelf.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus beſcreen'd in night,
So ſtumbleſt on my counſel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear ſaint, is hateful to myſelf,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair ſaint, if either thee diſpleaſe.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eye.
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes:
I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize.
Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night:
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke—but farewel compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, ay,
And I will take thy word—yet if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries
They say Jove laughs. Oh gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully?
Or if thou think I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo, but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discover'd.
Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—
Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Rom. What shall I swear by?
Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my true heart's love———
Jul. Well, do not swear—altho' I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say it lightens—sweet, good-night.
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet:
Good-night, good-night—as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.
Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfy'd?
Jul. What satisfaction can'st thou have to-night?
Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou did'st request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu.
[*Nurse calls within.*
Anon, good nurse—Sweet Montague, be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
Rom. O blessed, blessed night. I am afraid
All this is but a dream I hear and see;
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed:
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.
[*Within:* Madam!
I come anon——But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—[*Within:* Madam!] By and by I come——
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soul.
Jul. A thousand times good-night. [*Exit.*
Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again———
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo.
Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name:
How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My Sweet!
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Rom. By the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.——
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll still stay to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in its twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*

Love's Heralds.

Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Violent Delights, not lasting.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they meet consume.

Lovers, light of Foot.

O so light of foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the gossamour,
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

A Lover's Impatience.

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
To Phœbus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phæton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That th' run-aways eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.

Romeo, on his Banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say death!
For exile hath more terror in his look
Than death itself. Do not say banishment.
Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona's walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banish'd, is banish'd from the world.
And world-exil'd is death; that banished,
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin; O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture and not mercy: heaven is here
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
But Romeo may not, he is banished!
O father; hadst thou no strong poison mixt,
No sharp-ground knife, no present means of death,
But banishment to torture me withal?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin absolver, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word, banishment?
Fri. Fond madman, hear me speak.
Rom. O thou wilt speak again of banishment.
Fri. I'll give thee armour to bear off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
Rom. Yet banished! hang up philosophy:
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more——
Fri. O then I see that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished;
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Juliet's Chamber, looking to the Garden.

Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a window; a ladder of ropes set.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond' pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn.
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well;
It is some meteor which the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on the way to Mantua;
Then stay awhile, thou shalt not go so soon.
Rom. Let me then stay, let me be ta'en and die;
If thou wilt have it so, I am content.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;

I'll say it is the nightingale that beats
The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads,
And not the lark, the messenger of morn.
Come death, and welcome: Juliet wills it so.
How is't my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

Juliet's Resolution.

O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears, and savage lions roam;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house;
Or, cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud:
(Things that, to hear them nam'd, have made me tremble)
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Juliet's Soliloquy, on drinking the Potion.

Farewel—God knows when we shall meet again!
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me,
Nurse——what should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone:
Come, vial——what if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I of force be married to the Count?
No, no, this shall forbid it; lie thou there——
[*Pointing to a dagger.*
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd, to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.——
How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there be strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
(As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packt;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud: where, as they say,
At some hours in the night, spirits resort—)
Alas, alas! is it not like, that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
Oh! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
(Invironed with all these hideous fears,)
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?
O look, methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point!—Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come: this do I drink to thee.
[*She throws herself on the bed.*

Joy and Mirth turn'd to their Contraries.

All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad funeral feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a burial corse,
And all things change into their contraries.

Romeo's Description of, and Discourse with, the Apothecary.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night;
Let's see for means——O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thought of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples: meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuft, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,
And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death, in Mantua
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
Oh, this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holy-day, the beggar's shop is shut:
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?
Rom. Come hither, man; I see that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer,
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the strength
Of twenty men it would dispatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,

Doing

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none——
Farewel, buy food, and get thee into flesh.

Romeo and Paris.

Par. Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague:
Can vengeance be pursued farther than death?
Condemned villain! I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore come I hither.
—Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man.
Fly hence and leave me—think upon those gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Pull not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury—Oh, be gone!
By heav'n I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.

Par. I do defy thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [*They fight. Paris falls.*

Par. Oh, I am slain; if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

Rom. In faith I will: let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman! Noble Count Paris!
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode?—I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
Said he not so?—Or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so? O give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book.

Romeo's last Speech over Juliet in the Vault.

O, my love, my wife!
Death, that has suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd: beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
Oh, what more favour can I do to thee?
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thy enemy?
Forgive me, cousin.—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain,
With worms that are thy chambermaids: oh here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars [last!
From this world-weary'd flesh. Eyes, look your
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, oh you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct! come, unsav'ry guide!
Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks my sea-sick, weary bark:
Here's to my love! oh, true apothecary!
[*Drinks the poison.*
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.
[*Dies.*

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§ 34. TIMON OF ATHENS.

SHAKESPEARE.

Painting.

THE painting is almost the natural man:
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: pencil'd figures are
Ev'n such as they give out.

The Grace of a Cynic Philosopher.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf,
I pray for no man but myself.
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond:
Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen, Amen; so fall to't;
Great men sin, and I eat root.

A faithful Steward.

So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been opprest
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsie,
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

The Ingratitude of Timon's Friends.

They answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable—
But yet they could have wisht—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half caps, and cold moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods reward them!
I pr'ythee, man, look chearly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature as it grows again tow'rd earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

Against Duelling.

Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring man-slaughter into form, set quarreling
Upon the head of valour, which, indeed,
Is valour mis-begot, and came into the world,
When sects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides, wear them like his raiment, carelessly;

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

Without the Walls of Athens.

Timon's Execrations on the Athenians.

Let me look back upon thee, O, thou wall,
That girdleſt in thoſe wolves! dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incon-
tinent;
Obedience fail in children; ſlaves and fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled ſenate from the bench,
And miniſter in their ſteads: to general filths
Convert o' th' inſtant green virginity! [faſt;
Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your truſters' throats. Bound ſervants,
ſteal;
Large-handed robbers your grave maſters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy maſter's bed;
Thy miſtreſs is o' th' brothel. Son of ſixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping ſire,
And with it beat his brains out! Fear and piety,
Religion to the gods, peace, juſtice, truth,
Domeſtic awe, night-reſt, and neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, manners, myſteries, and trades,
Degrees, obſervances, cuſtoms, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries! [men,
And yet confuſion live!—Plagues, incident to
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for ſtroke! Thou cold ſciatica,
Cripple our ſenators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners. Luſt and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainſt the ſtream of virtue they may ſtrive,
And drown themſelves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all th' Athenian boſoms, and their crop
Be general leproſy: breath infect breath,
That their ſociety (as their friendſhip) may
Be merely poiſon. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedneſs, thou town deteſtable!

A Friend forſaken.

As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their falſe vows with him,
Like empty purſes pick'd: and his poor ſelf,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his diſeaſe of all-ſhunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.

On Gold.

What is here?
Gold! yellow, glittering precious gold!
No, gods, I am no idle votariſt. [will make
Roots, you clear heavens! thus much of this
Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
Baſe, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
You gods! why this? what this? you gods!
why, this [ſides:
Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your
Pluck ſtout men's pillows from below their heads.
This yellow ſlave
Will knit and break religions; bleſs th' accurs'd;
Make the hoar leproſy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation
With ſenators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the waped widow wed again;
She, whom the ſpittle-houſe and ulcerous ſores
Would caſt the gorge at, this embalms and ſpices
To th' April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'ſt
odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.

Timon to Alcibiades.

Go on, here's gold, go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air: let not thy ſword ſkip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an uſurer. Strike me the matron;
It is her habit only that is honeſt,
Herſelf's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword; for thoſe milk
paps, [eyes,
That through the window-lawn bore at men's
Are not within the leaf of pity writ; [babe,
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from fools extort their
Think it a baſtard, whom the oracle [mercy:
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe. Swear againſt ob-
jects,
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whoſe proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor
babes,
Nor ſight of prieſts in holy veſtment bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy
ſoldiers.
Make large confuſion; and, thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thyſelf! Speak not, begone.

To the Courtezans.

Conſumptions ſow
In hollow bones of man, ſtrike their ſharp ſhins,
And mar men's ſpurring. Crack the lawyer's
voice,
That he may never more falſe title plead,
Nor ſound his quillets ſhrilly. Hoar the Flamen
That ſcolds againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not believes himſelf. Down with the noſe,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that is particular to foreſee
Smells from the general weal. Make curl'd-
pate ruffians bald,
And let the unſcarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive ſome pain from you.

Timon's Reflections on the Earth.

That nature, being ſick of man's unkindneſs,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou
Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt
Teems and feeds all; oh, thou! whoſe ſelf-ſame
mettle [puff)
(Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeleſs venom'd worm;
With all th' abhorred births below criſp heaven,
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth ſhine;
Yield him who all thy human ſons doth hate,
From

From forth thy plenteous boſom, one poor root!
Enſear thy fertile and conceptious womb!
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves, and
bears, [face
Teem with new monſters, whom thy upward
Hath to the marble manſion all above
Never preſented—O, a root—dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, veins, and plough-torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man, with liq'riſh draughts,
And morſels unctuous, greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips.

Timon's Diſcourſe with Apemantus.

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, ſprung [place?
From change of fortune. Why this ſpade? this
This ſlave-like habit? and theſe looks of care?
Thy flatt'rers yet wear ſilk, drink wine, lie ſoft;
Hug their diſeas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not theſe weeds,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatt'rer now, and ſeek to thrive
By that which hath undone thee; hinge thy
knee,
And let this very breath whom thou'lt obſerve
Blow off thy cap, praiſe his moſt vicious ſtrain,
And call it excellent. Thou waſt told thus:
Thou gav'ſt thine ears, like tapſters, that bid
welcome
To knaves and all approachers: 'tis moſt juſt
That thou turn raſcal: hadſt thou wealth again,
Raſcals ſhould have't. Do not aſſume my like-
neſs. [ſelf.
Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my-
Apem. Thou'ſt caſt away thyſelf, being like
thyſelf, [thou
So long a madman, now a fool. What, think'ſt
That the bleak air, thy boiſterous chamberlain,
Will put thy ſhirt on warm? will theſe moſs'd
trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And ſkip when thou poin'ſt out? will the cold
brook,
Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taſte
To cure thy o'er-night's ſurfeit? Call the crea-
Whoſe naked natures live in all the ſpite [tures,
Of wreakful heaven, whoſe bare unhouſed
To the conflicting elements expos'd, [trunks,
Anſwer mere nature; bid them flatter thee:
Oh! Thou ſhalt find—— [der arm
Tim. Thou art a ſlave, whom fortune's ten-
With favour never claſp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadſt thou, like us, from our firſt ſwath pro-
ceeded [affords,
Through ſweet degrees that this brief world
To ſuch, as may the paſſive drugs of it [thyſelf
Freely command; thou would'ſt have plung'd
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of luſt, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of reſpect, but follow'd
The ſugar'd game before thee. But myſelf,
Who had the world as my confectionary, [men
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of
At duty more than I could frame employments;
That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's bruſh
Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every ſtorm that blows. I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is ſome burthen:
Thy nature did commence in ſuff'rance; time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhould'ſt thou
hate men? [giv'n?
They never flatter'd thee. What haſt thou
If thou wilt curſe thy father, that poor rag
Muſt be thy ſubject; who in ſpite put ſtuff
To ſome ſhe-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone——
If thou hadſt not been born the worſt of men,
Thou hadſt been knave and flatterer.

On Gold.

O, thou ſweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural ſon and ſire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's pureſt bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, freſh, lov'd, and delicate
wooer,
Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow,
That lies on Dian's lap! thou viſible god,
That ſouldreſt cloſe impoſſibilities, [tongue,
And mak'ſt them kiſs! that ſpeak'ſt with every
To every purpoſe! Oh, thou touch of hearts!
Think thy ſlave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beaſts
May have the world in empire.

Timon to the Thieves.

Why ſhould you want? Behold, the earth hath
roots;
Within this mile break forth an hundred ſprings:
The oaks bear maſts, the briers ſcarlet hips:
The bounteous houſwife Nature on each buſh
Lays her full meſs before you. Want! why
want? [water,
1 *Thief.* We cannot live on graſs, on berries,
As beaſts, and birds, and fiſhes [and fiſhes:
Tim. Nor on the beaſts themſelves, the birds
You muſt eat men. Yet thanks I muſt you con,
That you are thieves profeſt: that you work not
In holier ſhapes; for there is boundleſs theft
In limited profeſſions. Raſcals, thieves, [grape,
Here's gold. Go ſuck the ſubtle blood o' th'
Till the high fever ſeeth your blood to froth,
And ſo 'ſcape hanging. Truſt not the phyſician,
His antidotes are poiſon, and he ſlays [gether:
More than you rob; takes wealth and life to-
Do villainy, do, ſince you profeſs to do't,
Like workmen: I'll example you with thievery.
The ſun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vaſt ſea. The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire ſhe ſnatches from the ſun.
The ſea's a thief, whoſe liquid ſurge reſolves
The mounds into ſalt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtol'n
From gen'ral excrement: each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough
power [away,
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourſelves;
Rob one another; there's more gold; cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,

Break open ſhops, for nothing can you ſteal
But thieves do loſe it.

On his honeſt Steward.

Forgive my gen'ral and exceptleſs raſhneſs,
Perpetual-ſober gods! I do proclaim
One honeſt man! miſtake me not, but one:
No more, I pray; and he's a ſteward too.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'ſt thyſelf! but all, ſave thee,
I fell with curſes.
Methinks thou art more honeſt now than wiſe;
For by oppreſſing and betraying me,
Thou might'ſt have ſooner got another ſervice:
For many ſo arrive at ſecond maſters,
Upon their firſt lord's neck.

Wrong and Inſolence.

Now breathleſs wrong
Shall ſit and pant in your great chairs of eaſe;
And purſy inſolence ſhall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

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§ 35. TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SHAKESPEARE.

Mercy.

WILT thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Thanks.

Thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

An Invitation to Love.

The birds chant melody on every buſh,
The ſnake lies rolled in the chearful ſun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd ſhadow on the ground:
Under their ſweet ſhade, Aaron, let us ſit,
And whilſt the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once.
Let us ſit down, and mark their yelling noiſe;
And after conflict, ſuch as was ſuppos'd
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy ſtorm they were ſurpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counſel-keeping cave;
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
(Our paſtime done) poſſeſs a golden ſlumber;
Whilſt hounds and horns, and ſweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurſe's ſong,
Of lullaby to bring her babe aſleep.

Vale, a dark and melancholy one deſcrib'd.

A barren and deteſted vale, you ſee, it is.
The trees, tho' ſummer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moſs, and baleful miſſeltoe.
Here never ſhines the ſun: here nothing breeds,
Unleſs the nightly owl, or fatal raven;
And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the night,
A thouſand fiends, a thouſand hiſſing ſnakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make ſuch fearful and confuſed cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should ſtraight fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.

A Ring, in a dark Pit.

Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole;
Which, like a taper in ſome monument,
Doth ſhine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And ſhews the ragged entrails of this pit.

Young Lady playing on the Lute and ſinging.

Fair Philomela, ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious ſampler ſew'd her mind.
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus haſt thou met withal,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,
That could have better ſew'd than Philomel.
Oh, had the monſter ſeen thoſe lily hands
Tremble, like aſpen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſs them!
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that ſweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropt his knife, and fell aſleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

A Lady's Tongue cut out.

O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a ſweet melodious bird, it ſung
Sweet various notes, inchanting every ear!

A Perſon in Deſpair, compared to one on a Rock, &c.

For now I ſtand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderneſs of ſea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave;
Expecting ever when ſome envious ſurge
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.

Tears compared to Dew on a Lily.

When I did name her brothers, then freſh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almoſt wither'd.

Reflections on killing a Fly.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly!
Tit. But!—how if that fly had a father and mother?
How would they hang their ſlender, gilded wings,
And buz lamenting dolings in the air!
Poor harmleſs fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody
Came here to make us merry;
And thou haſt kill'd him.

Revenge.

Lo, by thy ſide where rape and murder ſtands;
Now give ſome ſurance that thou art Revenge:
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe;
Provide two proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon ſwift away,
And find out murders in their guilty caves.
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by thy waggon wheel
Trot like a ſervile footman all day long;

Even

Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfal in the sea.

§ 36. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. SHAKESPEARE.

Love in a brave young Soldier.

CALL here my varlet: I'll unarm again.
Why should I war without the walls of
That find such cruel battle here within? [Troy,
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field: Troilus, alas! hath none.

- - - - - - -

The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength, [valiant.
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpractis'd infancy.

- - - - - - - - - -

O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus——
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not, in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love. Thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart [voice;
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her
Handlest in thy discourse——O that! her hand!
In whose comparison all whites are ink, [zure
Writing their own reproach: to whose soft sei-
The cygnet's down is harsh, to th' spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'st me [her:
(As true thou tell'st me) when I say, I love
But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given
The knife that made it. [me

Success not equal to our Hopes.

The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below, [disasters
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and
Grow in the veins of action, highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his court of growth.

On Degree.

Take but degree away; untune that string,
And hark what discord follows; each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Would lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength would be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son would strike his father dead:
Force would be right; or rather, right and wrong,
(Between whose endless jar justice resides) [too.
Would lose their names, and so would justice
Then every thing includes itself in power;
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite (an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power)
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last, eat up itself.

Conduct in War superior to Action.

The still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight;
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work mapp'ry, closet war:
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Adversity the Trial of Man.

——Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works?
And think them shame, which are indeed nought
But the protractive trials of great Jove, [else
To find persistive constancy in man?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd, and kin;
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and pow'rful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass or matter by itself,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Achilles described by Ulysses.

The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the fore-hand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometimes, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting player, (whose conceit
Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage)
Such to-be-pitied, and o'er-wrested seeming,
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd, [dropt,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
The large Achilles, on his prest-bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause:
Cries, Excellent—'tis Agamemnon just!—
Now play me Nestor—hum, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being drest to some oration.
That's done—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife;
Yet good Achilles still cries, Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right! now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night-alarm:
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth, to cough and spit,
And with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet—and at this sport,

Sir Valour dies; cries, "O!—enough, Patroclus——
"Or give me ribs of ſteel, I ſhall ſplit all
"In pleaſure of my ſpleen." And in this
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes, [faſhion,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſs, or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two to make paradoxes.

Reſpect.

I aſk, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.

Doubt.

The wound of peace is ſurety,
Surety ſecure; but modeſt doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wiſe; the tent that ſearches
To th' bottom of the worſt.

Pleaſure and Revenge.

Pleaſure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
Of any true deciſion.

The Subtlety of Ulyſſes, and Stupidity of Ajax.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.
Neſt. Yet he loves himſelf: is 't not ſtrange?
Ulyſ. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.
Aga. What's his excuſe?
Ulyſ. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar, and in ſelf-admiſſion.
Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair requeſt,
Untent his perſon, and ſhare the air with us?
Ulyſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſt's ſake only,
He makes important: he's poſſeſt with greatneſs,
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelf-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoll'n and hot diſcourſe,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himſelf; what ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, No recovery.
Aga. Let Ajax go to him.
Dear lord, go you, and greet him in his tent;
'Tis ſaid, he holds you well, and will be led
At your requeſt a little from himſelf.
Ulyſ. O Agamemnon, let it be not ſo,
We'll conſecrate the ſteps that Ajax makes,
When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord,
That baſtes his arrogance with his own ſeam,
And never ſuffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, (ſave ſuch as do revolve
And ruminate himſelf) ſhall he be worſhipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord
Muſt not ſo ſtale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, aſſubjugate his merit
(As amply titled as Achilles is) by going t
Achilles:
That were t' inlard his pride, already fat,
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burn
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And ſay in thunder, Achilles go to him!
Neſt. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him
Dio. And how his ſilence drinks up this applauſe!
Ajax. If I go to him—with my armed fiſt
I'll paſh him o'er the face.
Aga. O no, you ſhall not go.
Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeſe his pride; let me go to him.
Ulyſ. Nor for the worth that hangs upon our [quarrel.
Ajax. A paltry, inſolent fellow——
Neſt. Now he deſcribes himſelf!
Ajax. Can he not be ſociable?
Ulyſ. The raven chides blackneſs.
Ajax. I'll let his humours blood. [patient.
Aga. He'll be the phyſician that ſhould be the
Ajax. An all men were o' my mind——
Ulyſ. Wit would be out of faſhion.
Ajax. He ſhould not bear it ſo, he ſhould eat ſwords firſt: ſhall pride carry it?
Neſt. An 't would, you'd carry half.
Ulyſ. He would have ten ſhares. [ple—
Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him ſup-
Neſt. He's not yet thorough warm; force him with praiſes, pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.
Ulyſ. My lord, you feed too much on this diſ-
Neſt. Our noble general, do not do ſo. [like.
Dio. You muſt prepare to fight without Achilles. [harm.
Ulyſ. Why, 'tis the naming of him doth him
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face—
I will be ſilent.
Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
Ulyſ. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreſon dog! that palters thus
Would he were a Trojan! [with us—
Neſt. What a vice were it in Ajax now——
Ulyſ. If he were proud.
Dio. Or covetous of praiſe.
Ulyſ. Ay, or ſurly borne.
Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelf-affected.
Ulyſ. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Praiſe him that got thee, her that gave thee ſuck:
Fam'd by thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that diſciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half; and for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yields
To ſinewy Ajax; I'll not praiſe thy wiſdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a ſhore, confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts. Here's Neſtor,
Inſtructed by the antiquary times;
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe:

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.
Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Ulyſ. Ay, my good son.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax. [Achilles,
Ulyſ. There is no tarrying here; the hart,
Keeps thicket; please it our general
To call together all his state of war; [friends,
Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow,
We must with all our main of pow'r stand fast,
And here's a lord, come knights from east to west,
And cull their flow'r, Ajax shall cope the best.
Aga. Go we to council, let Achilles sleep;
Light boats sail swift, tho' greater hulks draw
deep. [*Exeunt.*

An expecting Lover.

No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in thy lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O, gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulders pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid:
I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet,
That it inchants my sense: what will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my rude powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy. - - - - - -
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Constancy in Love protested.

Troilus. True swains in love shall in the
world to come [rhimes,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes: truth tried with iteration,
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center:
Yet after all comparisons of truth,
(As truths authentic author to be cited,)
As true as Troilus, shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.
Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless, are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said, as false
As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth;
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
Yea—let them say, to stick the heart of fals-
As false as Cressid. [hood,

Pride cures Pride.

Pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride: for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Greatness contemptible when it declines.

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with
fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath honour, but is honour'd by those honours
That are without him; as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit; [standers)
Which, when they fall, (as being slipp'ry
The love that lean'd on them, as slipp'ry too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.

Honour, continued Acts necessary to preserve its Lustre.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
(A great siz'd monster of ingratitudes) [vour'd
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are de-
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance keeps honour bright:
To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,
Like rusty mail in monumental mockery.
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast; keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or turn aside from the direct forth-right,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by,
And leave you hindermost; and there you lie,
Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
For pavement to the abject rear, o'er-run
And trampled on: then what they do in present,
Tho' less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours.
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
But with his arms out-stretch'd as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewel goes out sighing. O let not virtue
Remuneration for the thing it was; [seek
For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
That all, with one consent, praise new-born
gawds,
Tho' they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More land than they will give to gold o'er dusted:
The present eye praises the present object.

Love shook off by a Soldier.

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak, wan-
ton Cupid

Shall

Shall from your neck unloose his am'rous fold;
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Lovers parting in the Morning.

Troil. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cress. Night hath been too brief.

Troil. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wight she stays,
Tedious as hell! but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary swift than thought.

Lovers Farewel.

Injurious time, now with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewels as be stars in Heav'n,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up all in one loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Troilus's Character of the Grecian Youths.

The Grecian youths are full of subtle qualities,
They're loving, well composed, with gifts of nature
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise:
How novelties may move, and parts with person—
Alas! a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

A Trumpeter.

Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe;
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the cholic of puft Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector.

Diomedes's Manner of walking.

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait:
He rises on his toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Description of Cressida.

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay her foot speaks: her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motion of her body:
Oh, these encounters! so glib of tongue,
They give a coasting welcome ere it comes;
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader; set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.

The Character of Troilus.

The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Nor yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shews;
Yet gives he not 'till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects: but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.

Hector in Battle.

I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Thro' ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen thee
As hot as Perseus spur thy Phrygian steed,
Bravely despising forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword in th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declined:
That I have said unto my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks hath hemm'd thee in
Like an Olympian wrestling.

Achilles surveying Hector.

Tell me, ye heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him; whether there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!

Honour more dear than Life.

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man,
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.

Pity to be discarded in War.

For love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armour buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords!

Rash Vows.

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

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§ 37. CATO. ADDISON.

ACT I.

Enter Portius and Marcus.

Por. THE dawn is over-cast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome—our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havock does ambition make
Among your works!

Marc. Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortur'd e'en to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my view!—I see
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field,
Strew'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,

His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
O Portius! is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of Heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envy'd;
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness! [him;
His suff'rings shine, and spread a glory round
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell, but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and pow'r usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

Marc. Who knows not this? But what can Cato do
Against a world, a base degen'rate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms [Cæsar?
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By Heav'n, such virtues, join'd with such suc-
Distracts my very soul: our father's fortune [cess,
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Por. Remember what our father oft has told
The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate [us:
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Marc. These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
O Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou could'st not talk thus
Passion unpitied, and successless love, [coldly.
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind—

Por. Thou seest not that thy brother is thy rival; [*aside.*
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper.
Now, Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work ev'ry nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant, love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

Marc. Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death.
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulse;
I feel it here; my resolution melts—

Por. Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince,
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper,
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia; greatly loves her;
His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it;
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him;
When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour, and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir,
Reproach great Cato's son, and shew the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul!

Marc. Portius, no more! your words leave stings behind 'em.
Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, shew
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

Por. Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

Marc. A brother's suff'rings claim a brother's pity. [eyes

Por. Heav'n knows I pity thee. Behold my
Ev'n whilst I speak—do they not swim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

Marc. Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?

Por. O Marcus! did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marc. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!
Pardon a weak, distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions. But Sempronius comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me.
[*Ex. Marc.*

Enter Sempronius.

Sem. Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart.
[*Aside.*
Good-morrow, Portius; let us once embrace,
Once more embrace, while yet we both are free.
To-morrow, should we thus express our friend-
Each might receive a slave into his arms. [ship,
This sun, perhaps, this morning's sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

Por. My father has this morning call'd toge-
To this poor hall, his little Roman senate, [ther
(The leavings of Pharsalia) to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent [it,
That bears down Rome, and all her gods before
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

Sem. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome,
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make ev'n Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest. O my Portius,
Could I but call that wond'rous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows, I might be bless'd indeed!

Por.

Por. Alas, Sempronius! would'st thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger;
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal,
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.
Sem. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my Portius;
The world has all its eyes on Cato's son;
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shews thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.
Por. Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here
On this important hour—I'll straight away,
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate, to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage
With love of freedom, and contempt of life;
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it. [*Exit.*
Sem. Curse on the stripling! how he apes his sire!
Ambitiously sententious—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not: his Numidian genius
Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And ev'ry moment quicken'd to the course.
—Cato has us'd me ill: he has refus'd
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruin'd cause,
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim, in my reward, his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes———

Enter Syphax.

Sy. Sempronius, all is ready;
I've founded my Numidian's, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.
Sem. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;
Ev'n whilst we speak, our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war. In vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all; victorious in his march,
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him;
Through winds and waves, and storms, he works his way,
Impatient for the battle; one day more
Will set the victor thund'ring at our gates.
But, tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms.

Sy. Alas, he's lost!
He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues—But I'll try once more,
(For ev'ry instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith and honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.
Sem. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.
Sy. But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious;
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.
Sem. Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion, ('tis the surest way;)
I'll bellow out for Rome, and for my country,
And mouthe at Cæsar, 'till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: would'st thou be thought in earnest,
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!
Sy. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit.
Sem. Once more be sure to try thy skill on Juba;
Mean while I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, 'till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste:
Oh, think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots and their last fatal periods;
Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On ev'ry thought, 'till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. [*Exit.*
Sy. I'll try if I can yet reduce to reason
This headstrong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.
The time is short; Cæsar comes rushing on us—
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

Enter Juba.

Jub. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent.
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?
Sy. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart;
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.
Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms
Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,

Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?
Sy. Gods! where's the worth that sets these people up
Above her own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Laden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.
Jub. These all are virtues of a meaner rank;
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man:
To cultivate the wild licentious savage,
With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts;
The embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.
Sy. Patience, kind Heav'ns—excuse an old man's warmth.
What are these wond'rous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue:
In short, to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?
Jub. To strike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to Cato;
There may'st thou see to what a god-like height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man,
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat,
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.
Sy. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian desarts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night,
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock 'till morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.
Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense,
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heav'ns! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his suff'rings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!
Sy. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans call it Stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious:
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.
Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.
Sy. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!
Jub. What would'st thou have me do?
Sy. Abandon Cato.
Jub. Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.
Sy. Aye, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato:
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.
Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.
Sy. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewel?
Still must I cherish the dear sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim-full of tears) then sighing, cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son!——His grief
Swell'd up so high he could not utter more.
Jub. Alas! thy story melts away my soul;
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?
Sy. By laying up his counsels in your heart.
Jub. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.
Sy. Alas! my prince, I'd guide you to your safety.
Jub. I do believe thou would'st; but tell me how?
Sy. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.
Jub. My father scorn'd to do it.
Sy. And therefore dy'd.
Jub. Better to die ten thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.
Sy. Rather say your love.
Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Sy. Believe

Sy. Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force.
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks;
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.

Jub. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin that I admire:
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex:
True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners; Cato's soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtue.

Sy. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees I beg you would consider——

Jub. Hah! Syphax, is't not she?—She moves this way:
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I pr'ythee, Syphax, leave me.

Sy. Ten thousand curses fasten on 'em both!
Now will this woman, with a single glance,
Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while.
[*Exit Syphax.*

Enter Marcia and Lucia.

Jub. Hail, charming maid! how does thy beauty smooth
The face of war, and make e'en horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of Cæsar.

Mar. I should be griev'd, young prince, to think my presence
Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to arms,
While warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Jub. O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

Mar. My pray'rs and wishes always shall attend
And friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
The men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

Jub. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy god-like father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life,
His bright perfections, 'till I shine like him.

Mar. My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

Jub. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid! I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue,
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
And dreadful pomp; then will I think on thee,
O lovely maid! then will I think on thee.
And in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man, who hopes
For Marcia's love. [*Exit Juba.*

Luc. Marcia, you're too severe:
How could you chide the young good-natur'd prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air,
A prince that loves and doats on you to death?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

Mar. How, Lucia! would'st thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When ev'ry moment Cato's life's at stake?
Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head.
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

Luc. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force!
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me ev'n below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

Mar. Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress.
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

Mar. They both behold thee with their sister's eyes,
And often have reveal'd their passion to me.
But tell me, whose address thou fav'rest most?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it Marcia wishes for?

Mar. For neither——
And yet for both—The youths have equal share
In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:
But tell me which of them is Lucia's choice?

Luc. Marcia, they both are high in my esteem,
But in my love—Why wilt thou make me name him!
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what—

Mar. O Lucia, I'm perplex'd; Oh, tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother?

Luc. Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my choice?
——O Portius,

——O Portius, thou haſt ſtol'n away my ſoul!
With what a graceful tenderneſs he loves!
And breathes the ſofteſt, the ſincereſt vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly ſweetneſs,
Dwell ever on his tongue, and ſmooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints
Have ſo much earneſtneſs and paſſion in them,
I hear him with a ſecret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Mar. Alas, poor youth! how canſt thou throw him from thee? [thee!
Lucia, thou know'ſt not half the love he bears
Whene'er he ſpeaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He ſends out all his ſoul in ev'ry word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one tranſported.
Unhappy youth! How will thy coldneſs raiſe
Tempeſts and ſtorms in his afflicted boſom!
I dread the conſequence.

Luc. You ſeem to plead
Againſt your brother Portius.

Mar. Heav'n forbid!
Had Portius been the unſucceſsful lover,
The ſame compaſſion would have fall'n on him.

Luc. Was ever virgin love diſtreſt like mine!
Portius himſelf oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill ſucceſs,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor ſhew which way it turns. So much he fears
The ſad effects that it will have on Marcus.

Mar. He knows too well how eaſily he's fir'd,
And would not plunge his brother in deſpair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

Luc. Alas, too late I find myſelf involv'd
In endleſs griefs and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And ſow diſſention in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my ſoul.

Mar. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our ſorrows,
But to the gods ſubmit th' event of things.
Our lives, diſcolour'd with our preſent woes,
May ſtill grow bright, and ſmile with happier hours.
So the pure limpid ſtream, when foul with ſtains
Of ruſhing torrents, and deſcending rains,
Works itſelf clear, and as it runs, refines,
'Till, by degrees, the floating mirror ſhines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair boſom flows.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Senate.* *Lucius, Sempronius, and Senators.*

Sem. ROME ſtill ſurvives in this aſſembled ſenate!
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.

Luc. Cato will ſoon be here, and open to us
Th' occaſion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
[*A ſound of trumpets.*
May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter Cato.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council;
Cæſar's approach has ſummon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our reſolves.
How ſhall we treat this bold aſpiring man?
Succeſs ſtill follows him, and backs his crimes;
Pharſalia gave him Rome, Egypt has ſince
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæſar's.
Why ſhould I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning ſands
Still ſmoke with blood. 'Tis time we ſhould decree
What courſe to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Lybia's ſultry deſarts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they ſtill fix'd
To hold it out and fight it to the laſt;
Or are your hearts ſubdu'd at length, and wrought
By time and ill ſucceſs to a ſubmiſſion?
Sempronius, ſpeak.

Sem. My voice is ſtill for war.
Gods! can a Roman ſenate long debate
Which of the two to chooſe, ſlav'ry or death?
No, let us riſe at once, gird on your ſwords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps ſome arm, more lucky than the reſt,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage. [help;
Riſe, fathers, riſe! 'tis Rome demands your
Riſe, and revenge her ſlaughter'd citizens,
Or ſhare their fate! the corps of half her ſenate
Manure the fields of Theſſaly, while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
If we ſhould ſacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in ſervitude and chains.
Rouſe up, for ſhame! our brothers of Pharſalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's ſhade complains that we are ſlow; [us.
And Scipio's ghoſt walks unreveng'd amongſt

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Tranſport thee thus beyond the bounds of reaſon:
True fortitude is ſeen in great exploits
That juſtice warrants, and that wiſdom guides,
All elſe is tow'ring frenzy and diſtraction.
Are not the lives of thoſe who draw the ſword
In Rome's defence, intruſted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of ſlaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reaſon ſay,
We laviſh'd at our deaths the blood of thouſands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Luc. My thoughts, I muſt confeſs, are turn'd on peace.

Already

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S

Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans; Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheathe the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heav'n's determination.
Already have we shewn our love to Rome,
Now let us shew submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no farther use. Our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed. What men could do,
Is done already: Heav'n and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Sem. This smooth discourse, and mild behaviour, oft
Conceal a traitor——something whispers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius. [*Aside to Cato.*

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident;
Immod'rate valour swells into a fault;
And fear admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desp'rate; we have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
In Afric's heat, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope do not distrust the gods:
But wait at least 'till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Mar. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,
Lodg'd in my post, a herald is arriv'd
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato. By your permission, fathers——bid him enter. [*Exit Marcus.*
Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

Enter Decius.

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato—

Cato. Cou'd he send it
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato. Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Wou'd he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life, which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her gen'rals and her consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and deny'd his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar,
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more:
I must not think on life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life.
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

Cato. Nay, more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style, like this, becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style, like this, becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us hither;
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black

With

With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar shew the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man, you rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit Decius.*

Sem. Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice; thy soul breathes liberty.
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

Luc. The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives while he neglects his own.

Sem. Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
Oh, could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country!
By Heav'ns I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.

Luc. Others, perhaps,
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into such a rage.

Sem. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.

Cato. Come, no more, Sempronius,
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side
By our divisions.

Sem. Cato, my resentments
Are sacrific'd to Rome—I stand reprov'd.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.

Luc. Cato, we all go into your opinion:
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

Sem. We ought to hold it out 'till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drown'd amidst the senate's.

Cato. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That Heav'n may say it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewel—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels. [*Exeunt senators.*

Enter Juba.

Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.

Jub. The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when some days before his death
He order'd me to march for Utica,
(Alas! I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, My son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be Cato's friend; he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds; do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

Cato. Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But Heav'n thought otherwise.

Jub. My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul and fills my eyes with tears.

Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

Jub. My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun;
Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

Jub. I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Have we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends;
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

Cato. And can'st thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar!
Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric?

Jub. Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious; but my forward cares
Wou'd fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

Cato. Thy nobleneſs of ſoul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour ſoars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
Theſe are not ills; elſe would they never fall
On Heav'n's firſt fav'rites and the beſt of men.
The gods, in bounty, work up ſtorms about us,
That give mankind occaſion to exert
Their hidden ſtrength, and throw out into practice
Virtues which ſhun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the ſmooth ſeaſons and the calms of life.
Jub. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'ſt; I pant for virtue;
And all my ſoul endeavours at perfection.
Cato. Doſt thou love watchings, abſtinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? Learn them from Cato:
Succeſs and fortune muſt thou learn from Cæſar.
Jub. The beſt good fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole ſucceſs at which my heart aſpires,
Depends on Cato.
Cato. What does Juba ſay?
Thy words confound me.
Jub. I would fain retract them,
Give 'em me back again: they aim'd at nothing.
Cato. Tell me thy wiſh, young prince, make not my ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.
Jub. Oh! they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.
Cato. What can Juba aſk
That Cato will refuſe?
Jub. I fear to name it.
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.
Cato. What would'ſt thou ſay?
Jub. Cato, thou haſt a daughter.
Cato. Adieu, young prince; I would not hear a word
Should leſſen thee in my eſteem. Remember
The hand of fate is over us, and Heav'n
Exacts ſeverity from all our thoughts.
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conqueſt; liberty, or death.
[*Exit.*

Enter Syphax.

Sy. How's this, my prince! What, cover'd with confuſion?
You look as if yon ſtern philoſopher
Had juſt now chid you.
Jub. Syphax, I'm undone!
Sy. I know it well.
Jub. Cato thinks meanly of me.
Sy. And ſo will all mankind.
Jub. I've open'd to him
The weakneſs of my ſoul, my love for Marcia.
Sy. Cato's a proper perſon to intruſt
A love-tale with!
Jub. Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My fooliſh heart. Was ever wretch like Juba?
Sy. Alas, my prince, how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young Juba riſe before the ſun,
To beat the thicket where the tyger ſlept,
Or ſeek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When firſt you rous'd him to the chace! I've ſeen you,
Ev'n in the Lybian dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him cloſe, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and, ſtooping from your horſe,
Rivet the panting ſavage to the ground.
Jub. Pr'ythee, no more.
Sy. How would the old king ſmile
To ſee you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the ſhaggy ſpoils about your ſhoulders!
Jub. Syphax, this old man's talk (tho' honey flow'd
In ev'ry word) would now loſe all its ſweetneſs.
Cato's diſpleas'd, and Marcia loſt for ever.
Sy. Young prince, I yet could give you good advice,
Marcia might ſtill be yours.
Jub. What ſay'ſt thou, Syphax?
By Heav'ns, thou turn'ſt me all into attention.
Sy. Marcia might ſtill be yours.
Jub. As how, dear Syphax?
Sy. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on ſteeds unus'd to the reſtraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleeter than the winds.
Give but the word, we'll ſnatch this damſel up,
And bear her off.
Jub. Can ſuch diſhoneſt thoughts
Riſe up in man? Would'ſt thou ſeduce my youth
To do an act that would deſtroy my honour?
Sy. Gods, I could tear my hair to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men
To real miſchiefs, while they hunt a ſhadow.
Jub. Would'ſt thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?
Sy. The boaſted anceſtors of theſe great men,
Whoſe virtues you admire, were all ſuch ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heav'n, was founded on a rape;
Your Scipios, Cæſars, Pompeys, and your Catos,
(The gods on earth) are all the ſpurious brood
Of violated maids, of raviſh'd Sabines.
Jub. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.
Sy. Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world.
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throes and ſwellings of a Roman ſoul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.
Jub. If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!
Sy. Go, go; you're young.
Jub. Gods, muſt I tamely bear
This arrogance unanſwer'd! Thou'rt a traitor,
A falſe old traitor.

Sy. I have gone too far. [*Aside.*

Jub. Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

Sy. I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*

Young prince, behold these locks, that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

Jub. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

Sy. Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
—Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*

Jub. Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet whose head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?

Sy. Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
What are his aims? Why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brows? What is it he aspires to?
Is it not this—to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood in your defence?

Jub. Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk. [to Juba,

Sy. Not hear me talk! what when my faith
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb;
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

Jub. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart.
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

Sy. What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.

Jub. Was this thy motive? I've been too hasty.

Sy. And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.

Jub. Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call thee so.

Sy. You did, indeed, my prince, you call'd me traitor.
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?
That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay, more, his honour, in your service.

Jub. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me; but indeed
Thy zeal for Juba carry'd thee too far.
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

Sy. By Heav'ns,
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me!
Alas! I've hitherto been us'd to think
A blind officious zeal to serve my king
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people who preserve their honour
By the same duties that oblige their prince.

Jub. Syphax, thou now begin'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations,
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

Sy. Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep,
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

Jub. Syphax, thy hand; we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age;
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

Sy. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joy grows burdensome, I shan't support it.

Jub. Syphax, farewel. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers. [*Exit.*

Sy. Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both—A false old traitor!—
These words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine.

Enter Sempronius.

All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege before it yields.

Sem. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd
To Cato, by a messenger from Cæsar.
Shou'd they submit ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in the gen'ral undistinguish'd ruin.

Sy. But how stands Cato?

Sem. Thou hast seen mount Atlas:
Whilst storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height:
Such is that haughty man; his tow'ring soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.

Sy. But what's this messenger?

Sem. I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.

But

But let me now examine in my turn:
Is Juba fix'd?
Sy. Yes—but it is to Cato.
I've try'd the force of every reason on him,
Sooth'd and caress'd; been angry, sooth'd again;
Laid safety, life, and int'rest in his sight,
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.
Sem. Come, 'tis no matter; we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.
Sy. May she be thine as fast as thou would'st have her.
Sem. Syphax, I love that woman; tho' I curse
Her and myself, yet, spite of me, I love her.
Sy. Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?
Sem. All, all is ready,
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers;
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.
Sy. Meanwhile I'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend.
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise
Sees the dry desart all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Marcus and Portius.

Marc. THANKS to my stars, I have not rang'd about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her sacred force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit,
Till what was instinct, grew up into friendship.
Por. Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft
Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.
Marc. Portius, thou know'st my soul in a[ll]
its weakness,
Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side.
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.
Por. When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fa[ult]
to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and t[he]
wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress i[ts]
force,
Till better times may make it look more grac[e]ful.
[fe[el]
Marc. Alas! thou talk'st like one who nev[er]
Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul
That pants and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope an[d]
fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once
And with variety of pain distract me.
[help
Por. What can thy Portius do to give the[e]
Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fa[ir]
one's presence;
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her, thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loaths his food;
That youth, and health, and war, are joyless t[o]
him:
Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou see'st me suffer.
Por. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an offi[ce]
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st m[y]
temper.
[woe[s]
Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in m[y]
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?
Por. Marcus, thou can'st not ask what I'[d]
refuse,
But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons—
Marc. I know thou'lt say my passion's out o[f]
season,
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from m[y]
thoughts.
But what's all this to one that loves like me?
O Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou did'st but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then would'st thou pity and assist thy brother.
Por. What should I do! If I disclose m[y]
passion
Our friendship's at an end; if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend an[d]
brother.
[*Aside.*
Marc. But see where Lucia, at her wonte[d]
hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,

Enjoys

Enjoys the noon-day breeze! Observe her, [of beauty!
Portius:
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heav'n
Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

Por. She sees us, and advances——

Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue. [*Exit.*

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Did not I see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

Por. O Lucia, language is too faint to shew
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His passions and his virtues lie confus'd,
And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heavens! would one think 't were possible for
To make such ravage in a noble soul. [love
O Lucia! I'm distrest: my heart bleeds for him:
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smil'st upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock [Portius,
Of love and friendship? Think betimes, my
Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him. [think, my Lucia?

Por. Alas, poor youth! What dost thou
His gen'rous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him;
Then do not strike him dead with a denial;
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us——

Luc. No, Portius, no; I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves:
And, Portius, here I swear, to Heav'n I swear,
To Heav'n and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischiefs hang about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts as far—as I am able.

Por. What hast thou said! I'm thunder-struck—recall
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

Luc. Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in Heav'n.
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads o'erwhelm me, if I break it.

Por. Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
Like one just blasted by a stroke from Heav'n,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks; a monument of wrath!

Luc. At length I've acted my severest part,
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart; my tears will flow.
But oh, I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

Por. Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

Luc. Oh stop these sounds, [upon me?
Those killing sounds! Why dost thou frown
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves;
But oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live.

Por. Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its
I've been deluded, led into a dream [force.
Of fancy'd bliss. O Lucia, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick let us part. Perdition's in thy presence,
And horror dwells about thee!—Ha! she faints!
Wretch that I am, what has my rashness done!
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best
And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death—
But ah! she moves, life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.

Luc. O Portius, was this well—to frown on her
That lives upon thy smiles? To call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd?
—What do I say? my half-recover'd sense
Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us; we must part.

Por. Name not the word, my frighted thoughts run back,
And startle into madness at the sound.

Luc. What would'st thou have me do? Consider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think thou seest thy dying brother [blood,
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with
Storming at Heav'n and thee! Thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause,
That robs him of his son: poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and, frantic in her griefs,
Calls out on Lucia. What could Lucia answer,
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?

Por. To my confusion and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist that hung about my mind, clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
Loveliest of women! Heav'n is in thy soul;
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other: thou art all divine.

Luc. Portius, no more; thy words shoot thro' my heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? Why swells thy soul with sorrow?
It softens me too much.—Farewel, my Portius;
Farewel, tho' death is in the word—for ever.

Por. Stay, Lucia, ſtay! What doſt thou ſay? For ever? [ſucceſs

Luc. Have I not ſworn? If, Portius, thy
Muſt throw thy brother on his fate, farewel—
Oh, how ſhall I repeat the word! for ever. [flame

Por. Thus o'er the dying lamp, th' unſteady
Hangs quiv'ring on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit his hold.
—Thou muſt not go, my ſoul ſtill hovers o'er
And can't get looſe. [thee,

Luc. If the firm Portius ſhakes
To hear of parting, think what Lucia ſuffers!

Por. 'Tis true, unruffled and ſerene I've met
The common accidents of life, but here
Such an unlook'd-for ſtorm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my ſtrength. I cannot bear it.
We muſt not part.

Luc. What doſt thou ſay? Not part!
Haſt thou forgot the vow that I have made?
Are there not heav'ns, and gods, that thunder o'er us?
—But ſee, thy brother Marcus bends this way:
I ſicken at the ſight. Once more, farewel,
Farewel, and know thou wrong'ſt me, if thou think'ſt
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine.
[*Exit Lucia.*

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Portius, what hopes? How ſtands
To life or death? [the? Am I doom'd

Por. What would'ſt thou have me ſay?

Marc. What means this penſive poſture? Thou appear'ſt
Like one amaz'd and terrify'd.

Por. I've reaſon. [order'd thoughts,

Marc. Thy down-caſt looks, and thy diſ-
Tell me my fate. I aſk not the ſucceſs
My cauſe has found.

Por. I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Marc. What! does the barbarous maid inſult my heart,
My aching heart, and triumph in my pains!
That I could caſt her from my thoughts for ever! [griefs;

Por. Away, you're too ſuſpicious in your
Lucia, though ſworn never to think of love,
Compaſſionates your pains, and pities you.

Marc. Compaſſionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compaſſion, when 'tis void of love?
Fool that I was, to chooſe ſo cold a friend
To urge my cauſe——Compaſſionates my pains!
Pr'ythee what art, what rhet'ric didſt thou uſe
To gain this mighty boon!—She pities me!
To one that aſks the warm returns of love,
Compaſſion 's cruelty, 'tis ſcorn, 'tis death——

Por. Marcus, no more; have I deſerv'd this treatment? [forgive me;

Marc. What have I ſaid! O Portius, Oh!
A ſoul exaſperated in ills falls out
With ev'ry thing, its friend, itſelf—but ha!
What means that ſhout, big with the ſounds of
What new alarms? [war?

Por. A ſecond, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us. [in battle!

Marc. Oh, for ſome glorious cauſe to fall
Lucia, thou haſt undone me; thy diſdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death muſt give me eaſe. [Cato's life

Por. Quick, let us hence. Who knows if
Stands ſure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart [glory.
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sempronius, with the Leaders of the Mutiny.

Sem. At length the winds are raiſ'd, the ſtorm blows high,
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has ſpent itſelf on Cato's head. [ſeem
Meanwhile I'll herd among his friends, and
One of the number, that whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-ſoldiers may be ſafe.
[*Exit.*

1ſt Lead. We are all ſafe, Sempronius is our friend.
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.
But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be ſure you beat him down, and bind him faſt.
This day will end our toils, and give us reſt:
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

Re-enter Sempronius, with Cato, Lucius, Portius, and Marcus.

Cato. Where are theſe bold intrepid ſons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general ſend a brave defiance?

Sem. Curſe on their daſtard ſouls, they ſtand aſtoniſh'd. [*Aſide.*

Cato. Perfidious men! And will you thus diſhonour
Your paſt exploits, and ſully all your wars?
Do you confeſs, 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirſt of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to ſhare the ſpoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with ſuch motives, you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæſar's banners.
Why did I 'ſcape th' envenom'd aſpic's rage,
And all the fiery monſters of the deſart
To ſee this day? Why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt! Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my boſom naked to your ſwords,
And let the man that's injur'd ſtrike the blow.
Which of you all ſuſpects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he ſuffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I diſtinguiſh'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence!

Sem. By Heav'ns, they droop!
Confuſion to the villains! all is loſt. [*Aſide.*

Cato. Have you forgotten Lybia's burning waſte,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of ſand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poiſon?
Who was the firſt to explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in ev'ry ſtep?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,

When

When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?
Sem. If some penurious source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to Cato,
Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him?
Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust? Did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats?
Cato. Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to Cæsar,
You could not undergo the toil of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.
Luc. See, Cato, see the unhappy men; they weep!
Fear and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in ev'ry look, and plead for mercy.
Cato. Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.
Sem. Cato, commit these wretches to my care;
First let 'em each be broken on the rack,
Then with what life remains, impal'd and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake,
There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow traitors
Stuck on a fork, and black'ning in the sun.
Luc. Semproniu*s*, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?
Sem. How! would'st thou clear rebellion?
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.
Cato. Forbear, Sempronius!—see they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men;
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degen'rate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour:
This awes an impious, bold offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.
Sem. Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.
Cato. Meanwhile we'll sacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood:)
Oh, let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.
[*Exeunt Cato, &c.*
1st Leader. Sempronius, you have acted like yourself.
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.
Sem. Villain, stand off, base, grov'ling, worthless wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!
2d Leader. Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius;
Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.
Sem. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag 'em forth
To sudden death.
1st Lead. Nay, since it comes to this——
Sem. Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their tongues,
Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.
[*Exeunt Guards, with the Leaders.*
Enter Syphax.
Sy. Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive:
Still there remains an after-game to play.
My troops are mounted; their Numidian steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.
Sem. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose;
Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!
Sy. How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave?
Sem. Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.
Sy. Well said! that's spoken like thyself, Sempronius.
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force.
Sem. But how to gain admission? For access
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.
Sy. Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards,
The doors will open when Numidia's prince,
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.
Sem. Heav'ns, what a thought is there! Marcia's my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!
So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his sunshine and his skies.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. NOW tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman

To

To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?

Mar. O Lucia, Lucia, might my big swoln heart,
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow,
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

Luc. I know thou 'rt doom'd alike to be belov'd
By Juba, and thy father's friend Sempronius:
But which of these has power to charm like Portius!

Mar. Still I must beg thee not to name Sempronius,
Lucia, I like not that loud boist'rous man;
Juba to all the brav'ry of a hero,
Adds softest love and more than female sweetness;
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of womankind, but Marcia, happy.

Luc. And why not Marcia? Come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.

Mar. While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

Luc. But should this father give you to Sempronius?

Mar. I dare not think he will: but if he should—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! They march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger:
When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast)
The woman that deliberates is lost. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sempronius, dressed like Juba, with Numidian Guards.

Sem. The deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
——How will the young Numidian rave to see
His mistress lost! If aught could glad my soul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young, gay barbarian.
—But hark, what noise! Death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left——
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guards—Hah, dastards, do you tremble!——
Or act like men, or by yon azure Heaven——

Enter Juba.

Jub. What do I see? Who's this, that dares usurp
The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?

Sem. One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!

Jub. What can this mean? Sempronius!

Sem. My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

Jub. Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous man.

[*They fight. Sem. falls. His guards surrender.*

Sem. Curse on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand, disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!
Oh, for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and Heav'n, and Cato tremble! [*Dies.*

Jub. With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quiv'ring on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.
[*Exit Juba, with prisoners, &c.*

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amid'st its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and aches at every sound.
O Marcia, should thy brothers for my sake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.

Mar. See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Hah! a Numidian! Heav'n preserve the prince!
The face lies muffled up within the garment,
But, hah! death to my sight! a diadem,
And royal robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!

Luc. Now, Marcia, call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind;
Thou can'st not put it to a greater trial.

Mar. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience:
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted!

Luc. What can I think or say to give thee comfort!

Mar. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a sight that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter Juba listening.

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair;
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

Jub. What do I hear? And was the false Sempronius
That best of men? Oh, had I fall'n like him,
And cou'd have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy.

Luc. Here will I stand companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.

Mar. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.
This empty world, to me a joyless desart,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.

Jub. I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart?

Mar. Oh, he was made all up of love and charms!
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:

Delight of every eye; when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladden'd all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.
Jub. I shall run mad!——
Mar. O Juba! Juba! Juba! [*Aside.*
Jub. What means that voice? Did she not call on Juba? [dead!
Mar. Why do I think on what he was! he's
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amid'st his agonies, remember'd Marcia,
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!
Jub. Where am I? Do I live? or am indeed
What Marcia thinks? All is Elysium round me! [*Aside.*
Mar. Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid [men,
A last embrace, while thus——
Jub. See, Marcia, see
[*Throwing himself before her.*
The happy Juba lives! He lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.
Mar. With pleasure and amaze I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?
Jub. A wretch,
Disguis'd like Juba on a curst design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out:
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee;
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am rapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.
Mar. I've been surpriz'd in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back; the love that lay [all
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre.
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.
Jub. I'm lost in extasy: and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid——
Mar. And dost thou live to ask it?
Jub. This, this is life indeed! life worth pre-
Such life as Juba never felt 'till now! [serving,
Mar. Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.
Jub. O fortunate mistake!
Mar. O happy Marcia!
Jub. My joy, my best belov'd, my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!
Mar. Lucia, thy arm. Oh, let me rest upon
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart, [it!
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.——
O prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour.
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.
[*Exeunt Mar. and Luc.*
Jub. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness: I absolve my stars.
What tho' Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph,
Juba will never at his fate repine:
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine.
[*Exit.*

A march at a distance.

Enter Cato and Lucius.

Luc. I stand astonish'd! What, the bold Sempronius, [triots,
That still broke foremost thro' the crowd of pa-
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous even to madness——
Cato. Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produced such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpriz'd at nothing.
——O Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter Portius.

But see where Portius comes: what means this
Why are thy looks thus chang'd? [haste?
Por. My heart is griev'd,
I bring such news as will afflict my father.
Cato. Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?
Por. Not so.
The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercis'd his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch;
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain:
He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.
Cato Perfidious man! But haste, my son, and see [*Exit Por.*
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.
——Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is Cæsar's! Cato has no business in it.
Luc. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.
Cato. Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?
Luc. The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.
Cato. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treason——
But see young Juba; the good youth appears
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects!
Luc. Alas, poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter

Enter Juba.

Jub. I blush and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.
Cato. What's thy crime?
Jub. I'm a Numidian.
Cato. And a brave one, too. Thou hast a Roman soul.
Jub. Hast thou not heard of my false countrymen?
Cato. Alas, young prince! falshood and fraud shoot up in ev'ry soil,
The product of all climes—Rome has its Cæsars.
Jub. 'Tis generous thus to comfort the distress'd.
Cato. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd:
Thy virtue, prince, hast stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes on more bright, and brings forth all its weight.
Jub. What shall I answer thee? My ravish'd heart
O'erflows with secret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato, than Numidia's empire.

Enter Portius.

Por. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus——
Cato. Ha! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? Has he giv'n way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?
Por. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,
Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Opprest with multitudes, he greatly fell.
Cato. I'm satisfy'd.
Por. Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of Syphax.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.
Cato. Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty.
—Portius, when I am dead, be sure you place
His urn near mine.
Por. Long may they keep asunder!
Luc. O Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato, meeting the corpse.

Cato. Welcome, my son! Here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I shou'd have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.
—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.
Jub. Was ever man like this! [*Aside.*
Cato. Alas, my friends,
Why mourn you thus! let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears,
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!
Jub. Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead son. [*Aside.*
Cato. Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdu'd,
The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Cæsar's;
For him the self-devoted Decii dy'd,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd;
Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæsar. O my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire, fall'n! O curst ambition!
Fall'n into Cæsar's hands! our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.
Jub. While Cato lives Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslav'd, and be asham'd of empire.
Cato. Cæsar asham'd! Has he not seen Pharsalia!
Luc. Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.
Cato. Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger,
Heav'n will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say he conquered Cato.
But O my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul. How shall I save my friends?
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.
Luc. Cæsar has mercy if we ask it of him.
Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
That I myself, with tears, request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Shou'd I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?
Jub. If I forsake thee
Whilst I have life, may Heav'n abandon Juba!
Cato. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near: my son, thou oft hast seen
Thy fire engag'd in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou see'st me
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field.
Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were bless'd
In humble virtues, and a rural life;

There

There live retir'd, pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

Por. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius that he scorns himself.

Cato. Farewel, my friends! If there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know there are ships prepar'd by my command,
(Their sails already op'ning to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more, farewel!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead son.*
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Tho' still by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Cato *solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.*

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter
And intimates eternity to man:
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud,
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or where—this world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harrass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An off'ring fit for Heav'n. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indiff'rent in his choice to sleep or die.

Enter Portius.

But, ha! how's this, my son? Why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?

Por. Alas, my father!
What means this sword, this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence.

Cato. Rash youth, forbear!

Por. Oh, let the pray'rs, th' intreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you!

Cato. Would'st thou betray me? Would'st thou give me up,
A slave, a captive into Cæsar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!——

Por. Look not thus sternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue; thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up ev'ry port;
Cato shall open himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes——

Por. O Sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him, O my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeas'd,
Oh, be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul?

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.
[*Embracing him.*
Weep not my son, all will be well again;
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

Por. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

Cato. Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct;
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embark'd,
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep. [*Exit.*

Por. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.

Enter Marcia.

O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.

He

He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me hence
With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers. [*Exit.*

Mar. O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues!
And shew mankind that goodness is your care.

Enter Lucia.

Lucia. Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?
Mar. Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.
Luc. Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato;
In every view, in every thought, I tremble!
Cato is stern and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.
Mar. Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father I have ever found him,
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.
Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us bless'd.
Marcia, we are both equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplex'd, distress.
The cruel hand of fate that has destroy'd
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—
Mar. And ever shall lament, unhappy youth!
Luc. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determin'd of thyself?
Mar. Let him but live, commit the rest to Heav'n.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O Marcia, I have seen thy god-like father;
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He smil'd and cry'd, Cæsar, thou can'st not hurt me.
Mar. His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.
Luc. Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrows?
Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us.

Enter Juba.

Jub. Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
The number, strength and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march;
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar, the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.
Luc. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father.
Cæsar is still dispos'd to give us terms,
And waits at distance 'till he hears from Cato.

Enter Portius.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? Methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thine eyes.
Por. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arriv'd
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But, hark! what means that groan! Oh, give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence. [*Exit.*
Luc. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country. Ha! a second groan—
Heav'n guard us all!—
Mar. Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps; 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound.—

Re-enter Portius.

Por. O sight of woe!
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fall'n upon his sword.—
Luc. O Portius,
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.
Por. I've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his chair, where pale and faint,
He gasps for breath, and as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his order, bear him hither.
Mar. O Heav'n assist me in this dreadful hour,
To pay the last sad duties to my father.
Jub. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar!
Luc. Now is Rome fall'n indeed!
[*Cato brought on in a chair.*
Cato. Here set me down—
Portius, come near me—Are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.
—O Lucius, art thou here?—thou art too good—
Let this our friendship live between our children;
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas! poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—
Oh, bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king;
But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction:

Whoe'er

Whoe'er is brave and virtuous is a Roman——
——I'm ſick to death—Oh, when ſhall I get looſe
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and ſorrow!
And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in
On my departing ſoul. Alas, I fear
I've been too haſty. O ye pow'rs, that ſearch
The heart of man, and weigh his inmoſt thoughts,
If I have done amiſs, impute it not!——
The beſt may err, but you are good, and—Oh! [*Dies.*

Luc. There fled the greateſt ſoul that ever warm'd
A Roman breaſt; O Cato! O my friend!
Thy will ſhall be religiouſly obſerv'd.
But let us bear this awful corpſe to Cæſar,
And lay it in his ſight, that it may ſtand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, though dead, ſhall ſtill protect his friends.
From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil diſcord flow.
'Tis this that ſhakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and ſtrife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

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§ 48. PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS. SMITH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Cratander and Lycon.

Lycon. 'TIS ſtrange, Cratander, that the royal Phædra
Should ſtill continue reſolute in grief,
And obſtinately wretched:
That one ſo gay, ſo beautiful and young,
Of godlike virtue and imperial power,
Should fly inviting joys, and court deſtruction.

Crat. Is there not cauſe, when lately join'd in marriage,
To have the king her huſband call'd to war?
Then for three tedious moons to mourn his abſence,
Nor know his fate?

Lyc. The king may cauſe her ſorrow,
But not by abſence: oft I've ſeen him hang
With greedy eyes and languiſh o'er her beauties,
She from his wide, deceiv'd deſiring arms,
Flew taſteleſs, loathing; whilſt dejected Theſeus,
With mournful loving eyes purſu'd her flight,
And dropt a ſilent tear.

Crat. Ha! this is hatred,
This is averſion, horror, deteſtation:
Why did the queen, who might have cull'd mankind,
Why did ſhe give her perſon and her throne
To one ſhe loath'd?

Lyc. Perhaps ſhe thought it juſt
That he ſhould wear the crown his valour ſav'd.

Crat. Could ſhe not glut his hopes with wealth and honour,
Reward his valour, yet reject his love?
Why, when a happy mother, queen and widow,
Why did ſhe wed old Theſeus? while his ſon,
The brave Hippolitus, with equal youth
And equal beauty, might have fill'd her arms.

Lyc. Hippolitus (in diſtant Scythia born,
The warlike Amazon, Camilla's ſon)
'Till our queen's marriage, was unknown to Crete;
And ſure the queen could wiſh him ſtill unknown:
She loaths, deteſts him, flies his hated preſence,
And ſhrinks and trembles at his very name.

Crat. Well may ſhe hate the prince ſhe needs muſt fear;
He may diſpute the crown with Phædra's ſon.
He's brave, he's fiery, youthful and belov'd;
His courage charms the men, his form the women;
His very ſports are war.

Lyc. Oh! he's all hero, ſcorns th' inglorious eaſe
Of lazy Crete, delights to ſhine in arms,
To wield the ſword, and launch the pointed ſpear;
To tame the gen'rous horſe, that nobly wild
Neighs on the hills, and dares the angry lion;
To join the ſtruggling courſers to his chariot,
To make their ſtubborn necks the rein obey,
To turn, or ſtop, or ſtretch along the plain.
Now the queen's ſick, there's danger in his courage—
He muſt be watch'd.
Be ready with your guards—I fear Hippolitus.
[*Exit Crat.*
Fear him! for what? poor ſilly virtuous wretch!
Affecting glory, and contemning power:
Warm without pride, without ambition brave;
A ſenſeleſs hero, fit to be a tool
To thoſe whoſe godlike ſouls are turn'd for empire.
An open honeſt fool, that loves and hates,
And yet more fool to own it. He hates flatterers,
He hates me too; weak boy, to make a foe
Where he might have a ſlave. I hate him too,
But cringe, and flatter, fawn, adore, yet hate him.
Let the queen live or die, the prince muſt fall.

Enter Iſmena.

What ſtill attending on the queen, Iſmena?
O charming virgin! O exalted virtue!
Can ſtill your goodneſs conquer all your wrongs?
Are you not robb'd of your Athenian crown?
Was not your royal father Pallas ſlain,
And all his wretched race, by conqu'ring Theſeus?
And do you ſtill watch o'er his conſort Phædra?
And ſtill repay ſuch cruelty with love?

Iſm. Let them be cruel that delight in miſchief;
I'm of a ſofter mould; poor Phædra's ſorrows
Pierce thro' my yielding heart, and wound my ſoul.

Lyc. Now thrice the riſing ſun has cheer'd the world,
Since ſhe renew'd her ſtrength with due refreſhment;
Thrice has the night brought eaſe to man, to beaſt,
Since wretched Phædra clos'd her ſtreaming eyes:
She flies all reſt, all neceſſary food,
Reſolv'd to die, nor capable to live.

Iſm. But now her grief has wrought her into phrenzy;

The images her troubled fancy forms
Are incoherent, wild; her words disjointed:
Sometimes she raves for musick, light, and air;
Nor air, nor light, nor musick, calm her pains;
Then with extatic strength she springs aloft,
And moves, and bounds with vigour not her own.
Lyc. Then life is on the wing; then most she
sinks [water,
When most she seems reviv'd. Like boiling
That foams and hisses o'er the crackling wood,
And bubbles to the brim; ev'n then most wast-
When most it swells. [ing,
Ism. My lord, now try your art;
Her wild disorder may disclose the secret
Her cooler sense conceal'd; the Pythian goddess
Is dumb and sullen, 'till with fury fill'd
She spreads, she rises, growing to the sight,
She stares, she foams, she raves; the awful se-
crets [tur'd maid.
Burst from her trembling lips, and ease the tor-
But Phædra comes, ye gods, how pale, how weak!

Enter Phædra and Attendants.

Phæd. Stay, virgins, stay; I'll rest my weary
steps:
My strength forsakes me, and my dazzled eyes
Ake with the flashing light; my loosen'd knees
Sink under their dull weight. Support me,
Lycon,
Alas! I faint.
Lyc. Afford her ease, kind Heav'n!
Phæd. Why blaze these jewels round my
wretched head?
Why all this labour'd elegance of dress?
Why flow these wanton curls in artful rings?
Take, snatch 'em hence. Alas! you all conspire
To heap new sorrows on my tortur'd soul:
All; all conspire to make your queen unhappy.
Lady. This you requir'd, and to the pleasing
task
Call'd your officious maids, and urg'd their art;
You bid 'em lead you from yon hideous darkness
To the glad chearing day, yet now avoid it,
And hate the light you sought.
Phæd. O my Lycon!
Oh! how I long to lay my weary head
On tender flow'ry beds and springing grass,
To stretch my limbs beneath the spreading shades
Of venerable oaks, to slake my thirst
With the cool nectar of refreshing springs.
Lyc. I'll soothe her phrenzy. Come, Phædra,
let's away; [streams.
Let's to the woods and lawns, and limpid
Phæd. Come, let's away; and thou most
bright Diana,
Goddess of woods, immortal, chaste Diana,
Goddess presiding o'er the rapid race,
Place me, O place me in the dusty ring,
Where youthful charioteers contend for glory;
See how they mount and shake the flowing reins,
See from the gaol the fiery coursers bound;
Now they strain panting up the steepy hill,
Now sweep along its top, now neigh along the
vale;
How the car rattles, how its kindling wheels
Smoak in the whirl! the circling sand ascends,
And in the noble dust the chariot's lost.
Lyc. What, madam!
Phæd. Ah, my Lycon! ah, what said I?
Where was I hurry'd by my roving fancy?
My languid eyes are wet with sudden tears,
And on my cheeks unbidden blushes glow.
Lyc. Then blush, but blush for your destruc-
tive silence, [death,
That tears your soul, and weighs you down to
Oh! should you die (ye pow'rs! forbid her death)
Who then should shield from wrongs your help-
less orphans? [wander,
He then might wander, Phædra's son might
A naked suppliant thro' the world for aid;
Then he may cry, invoke his mother's name:
He may be doom'd to chains, to shame, to death,
While proud Hippolitus shall mount his throne.
Phæd. O Heav'ns!
Lyc. Ha! Phædra, are you touch'd at this?
Phæd. Unhappy wretch! what name was that
you spoke? [sentiments?
Lyc. And does his name provoke your just re-
Then let it raise your fear as well as wrath:
Think how you wrong'd him, to his father
wrong'd him; [exile
Think how you drove him hence a wand'ring
To distant climes; then think what certain ven-
geance
His rage may wreak on your unhappy orphan.
For his sake then renew your drooping spirits;
Feed with new oil the wasting lamp of life,
That winks and trembles, now, just now ex-
Make haste, preserve your life, [piring:
Phæd. Alas! too long,
Too long have I preserv'd that guilty life.
Lyc. Guilty! what guilt? has blood, has
Imbru'd your hands? [horrid murder
Phæd. Alas! my hands are guiltless,
But oh! my heart's defil'd.
I've said too much; forbear the rest, my Lycon,
And let me die to save the black confession.
Lyc. Die then, but not alone; old faithful
Lycon
Shall be a victim to your cruel silence.
Will you not tell? O lovely wretched queen!
By all the cares of your first infant years,
By all the love, and faith, and zeal I've shew'd
you,
Tell me your griefs, unfold your hidden sorrows,
And teach your Lycon how to bring you com-
fort.
Phæd. What shall I say, malicious cruel
pow'rs?
O where shall I begin? O cruel Venus!
How fatal love has been to all our race!
Lyc. Forget it, madam; let it die in silence.
Phæd. O Ariadne! O unhappy sister!
Lyc. Cease to record your sister's grief and
shame. [requires it,
Phæd. And since the cruel god of love re-
I fall the last, and most undone of all.
Lyc. Do you then love?
Phæd. Alas! I groan beneath
The pain, the guilt, the shame of impious love.

Lyc.

Lyc. Forbid it, Heav'n!
Phæd. Do not upbraid me, Lycon:
I love.——Alas! I shudder at the name;
My blood runs backward, and my fault'ring tongue
Sticks at the sound—I love—O righteous Heav'n!
Why was I born with such a sense of virtue;
So great abhorrence of the smallest crime,
And yet a slave to such impetuous guilt?
Rain on me, gods, your plagues, your sharpest tortures,
Afflict his soul with any thing but guilt,
And yet that guilt is mine.——I'll think no more;
I'll to the woods among the happier brutes.
Come let's away; hark, the shrill horn resounds,
The jolly huntsmen's cries rend the wide heav'ns.
Come, o'er the hills pursue the bounding stag;
Come, chase the lion and the foamy boar;
Come, rouse up all the monsters of the wood,
For there, ev'n there, Hippolitus will guard me.
Lyc. Hippolitus!
Phæd. Who's he that names Hippolitus?
Ah! I'm betray'd, and all my guilt discover'd.
Oh! give me poison, swords, I'll not live, nor bear it;
I'll stop my breath.
Ism. I'm lost, but what's that loss?
Hippolitus is lost, or lost to me:
Yet should her charms prevail upon his soul,
Should he be false, I would not wish him ill;
With my last parting breath I'd bless my lord:
Then in some lonely desart place expire,
Whence my unhappy death shall never reach him,
Lest it should wound his peace, or damp his joys. [*Aside.*
Lyc. Think still the secret in your royal breast;
For by the awful majesty of Jove,
By the all-seeing sun, by righteous Minos,
By all your kindred gods we swear, O Phædra,
Safe as our lives we'll keep the fatal secret.
Ism. &c. We swear, all swear to keep it ever secret.
Phæd. Keep it! from whom? why it's already known.
The tale, the whisper of the babling vulgar:
Oh! can you keep it from yourselves, unknow it?
Or do you think I'm so far gone in guilt,
That I can see, can bear the looks, the eyes
Of one who knows my black detested crimes,
Of one who knows that Phædra loves her son?
Lyc. Unhappy queen! august, unhappy race!
Oh! why did Theseus touch this fatal shore?
Why did he save us from Nicander's arms,
To bring worse ruin on us by his love?
Phæd. His love indeed; for that unhappy hour
In which the priests join'd Theseus' hand to mine,
Shew'd the young Scythian to my dazzled eyes.
Gods! how I shook! what boiling heat inflam'd
My panting breast! how from the touch of Theseus
My slack hand dropt, and all the idle pomp,
Priests, altars, victims, swam before my sight!
The god of love, ev'n the whole god, possest me.
Lyc. At once, at first possest you?
Phæd. Yes, at first.
That fatal ev'ning we pursu'd the chase,
When from behind the wood, with rustling sound,
A monstrous boar rusht forth: his baleful eyes
Shot glaring fire, and his stiff-pointed bristles
Rose high upon his back: at me he made,
Whetting his tusks, and churning hideous foam:
Then, then Hippolitus flew in to aid me:
Collecting all himself, and rising to the blow,
He launch'd the whistling spear; the well-aim'd jav'lin
Pierc'd his tough hide, and quiver'd in his heart;
The monster fell, and gnashing with huge tusks,
Plow'd up the crimson earth. But then Hippolitus!
Gods! how he mov'd and look'd when he approach'd me!
When hot and panting from the savage conquest,
Dreadful as Mars, and as his Venus lovely,
His crimson cheeks with purple beauties glow'd,
His lovely sparkling eyes shot martial fires.
O godlike form! O extasy and transport!
My breath grew short, my beating heart sprung upward,
And leap'd and bounded in my heaving bosom.
Alas! I'm pleas'd; the horrid story charms me.——
No more—That night with fear and love I sicken'd.
Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming visits;
Then would he talk with such an heav'nly grace,
Look with such dear compassion on my pains,
That I could wish to be so sick for ever.
My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirsty soul,
Drank gorging in the dear delicious poison,
'Till I was lost, quite lost in impious love.
And shall I drag an execrable life?
And shall I hoard up guilt, and treasure vengeance?
Lyc. No; labour, strive, subdue that guilt, and live.
Phæd. Did I not labour, strive, all-seeing pow'rs!
Did I not weep and pray, implore your aid?
Burn clouds of incense on your loaded altars?
Oh! I call'd heav'n and earth to my assistance,
All the ambitious thirst of fame and empire,
And all the honest pride of conscious virtue:
I struggled, rav'd; the new-born passion reign'd
Almighty in its birth.
Lyc. Did you e'er try to gain his love?
Phæd. Avert such crimes, ye pow'rs!
No; to avoid his love I sought his hatred:
I wrong'd him, shunn'd him, banish'd him from Crete:
I sent him, drove him from my longing sight:
In vain I drove him, for his tyrant form
Reign'd in my heart, and dwelt before my eyes.
If to the gods I pray'd, the very vows
I made to Heav'n were by my erring tongue
Spoke to Hippolitus. If I try'd to sleep,
Straight to my drowsy eyes my restless fancy
Brought back his fatal form, and curst my slumber.

Lyc. First let me try to melt him into love.

Phæd. No; let his hapless passion equal mine,
I would refuse the bliss I most desir'd,
Consult my fame, and sacrifice my life.
Yes, I would die, heaven knows, this very moment,
Rather than wrong my lord, my husband Theseus.

Lyc. Perhaps that lord, that husband is no more;
He went from Crete in haste, his army thin,
To meet the numerous troops of fierce Molossians;
Yet tho' he lives, while ebbing life decays,
Think on your son.

Phæd. Alas! that shocks me.
O let me see my young one, let me snatch
A hasty farewel, a last dying kiss.
Yet stay; his sight will melt my just resolves:
But oh! I beg with my last failying breath,
Cherish my babe.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Madam, I grieve to tell you
What you must know: your royal husband's dead.

Phæd. Dead! O ye pow'rs!

Lyc. O fortunate event!
Then earth-born Lycon may ascend the throne,
Leave to his happy son the crown of Jove,
And be ador'd like him. Be hush'd my joys. [*Aside.*
Mourn, mourn, ye Cretans;
Since he is dead whose valour sav'd your isle;
Whose prudent care with flowing plenty crown'd
His peaceful subjects; as your tow'ring Ida,
With spreading oaks, and with descending streams,
Shades and enriches all the plains below.
Say how he dy'd.

Mess. He dy'd as Theseus ought,
In battle dy'd: Philotas, now a prisoner,
That rushing on fought next his royal person,
That saw his thund'ring arm beat squadrons down,
Saw the great rival of Alcides fall.
These eyes beheld his well-known steed, beheld
A proud barbarian glitt'ring in his arms,
Encumber'd with the spoil. [*Exit.*

Phæd. Is he then dead?
Is my much-injur'd lord, my Theseus, dead?
And don't I shed one tear upon his urn?
What! not a sigh, a groan, a soft complaint?
Ah! these are tributes due from pious brides,
From a chaste matron, and a virtuous wife:
But savage love, the tyrant of my heart,
Claims all my sorrows, and usurps my grief.

Lyc. Dismiss that grief, and give a loose to joy;
He's dead, the bar of all your bliss, is dead;
Live then, my queen, forget the wrinkled Theseus,
And take the youthful hero to your arms.

Phæd. I dare not now admit of such a thought,
And bless'd be heav'n that steel'd my stubborn heart;
That made me shun the bridal bed of Theseus,
And give him empire, but refuse him love.

Lyc. Then may his happier son be blest with both;
Then rouze your soul, and muster all your charms;
Soothe his ambitious mind with thirst of empire,
And all his tender thoughts with soft allurements.

Phæd. But should the youth refuse my proffer'd love,
O should he throw me from his loathing arms!
I fear the trial; for I know Hippolitus
Fierce in the right, and obstinately good:
When round beset, his virtue, like a flood,
Breaks with resistless force th' opposing dams,
And bears the mounds along; they're hurry'd on,
And swell the torrent they were rais'd to stop.
I dare not yet resolve; I'll try to live,
And to the awful gods I'll leave the rest.

Lyc. Madam, your signet, that your slav[e] may order
What's most expedient for your royal service.

Phæd. Take it, and with it take the fate of Phædra.
And thou, O Venus, aid a suppliant queen,
That owns thy triumphs, and adores thy pow'r;
O spare thy captives, and subdue thy foes.
On this cold Scythian let thy pow'r be known,
And in a lover's cause assert thy own:
Then Crete as Paphos shall adore thy shrine;
This nurse of Jove with grateful fires shall shine,
And with thy father's flames shall worship thine. [*Exit Phæd.*

Lycon solus.

If she proposes love, why then as surely
His haughty soul refuses it with scorn.—
Say I confine him!—If she dies, he's safe;
And if she lives, I'll work her raging mind.
A woman scorn'd with ease I'll work to vengeance;
With humble, wise, obsequious fawning arts,
I'll rule the whirl and transport of her soul;
That when her reason hates, her rage may ad[ore].

When barks glide slowly thro' the lazy ma[in]
The baffled pilots turn the helms in vain;
When driv'n by winds they cut the foam[y] way,
The rudders govern, and the ships obey. [*Ex[it.]*

ACT II.

Enter Phædra and Lycon. [*Enter Messeng[er.]*

Mess. MADAM, the prince Hippolitus a[t]tends.

Phæd. Admit him. Where, where, Phædra's now thy soul!
What—shall I speak? And shall my g[uilty] tongue
Let this insulting victor know his pow'r?
Or shall I still confine within thy breast
My restless passions and devouring flames?

But see, he comes, the lovely tyrant comes,—
He rushes on me like a blaze of light;
I cannot bear the transport of his presence,
But sink oppress'd with woe. [*Swoons.*

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. Immortal gods! What have I done to raise such strange abhorrence? What have I done to shake her shrinking nature With my approach, and kill her with my sight?

Lyc. Alas! another grief devours her soul, And only your assistance can relieve her.

Hip. Ha! make it known, that I may fly and aid her.

Lyc. But promise first, my lord, to keep it secret.

Hip. Promise! I swear, on this good sword I swear,
This sword, which first gain'd youthful Theseus honour!
Which oft has punish'd perjury and falsehood;
By thund'ring Jove, by Grecian Hercules,
By the majestic form of godlike heroes,
That shine around, and consecrate the steel;
No racks, no shame, shall ever force it from me.

Phæd. Hippolitus.

Hip. Yes 'tis that wretch, who begs you to dismiss
That hated object from your eyes for ever.
Begs leave to march against the foes of Theseus,
And to revenge or share his father's fate.

Phæd. O Hippolitus!
I own I've wrong'd you, most unjustly wrong'd you;
Drove you from court, from Crete, and from your father:
The court, all Crete, deplor'd their suffering hero,
And I (the sad occasion) most of all.
Yet could you know relenting Phædra's soul!
Oh, could you think with what reluctant grief
I wrong'd the hero whom I wish'd to cherish!
Oh! you'd confess me wretched, not unkind,
And own those ills did most deserve your pity,
Which most procur'd your hate.

Hip. My hate to Phædra!
Ha! cou'd I hate the royal spouse of Theseus,
My queen, my mother?

Phæd. Why your queen and mother?
More humble ties would suit my lost condition.
Alas! the iron hand of death is on me,
And I have only time t' implore your pardon.
Ah! would my lord forget injurious Phædra,
And with compassion view her helpless orphan!
Would he receive him to his dear protection,
Defend his youth from all encroaching foes!

Hip. Oh, I'll defend him! with my life defend him!
Heav'n dart your judgment on this faithless head,
If I don't pay him all a slave's obedience,
And all a father's love.

Phæd. A father's love!
Oh, doubtful sounds! oh, vain deceitful hopes!
My grief's much eas'd by this transcending goodness,
And Theseus' death sits lighter on my soul.
Death! he's not dead; he lives, he breathes, he speaks;
He lives in you, he's present to my eyes;
I see him, speak to him.——My heart! I rave,
And all my folly's known.

Hip. Oh, glorious folly!
See, Theseus, see, how much your Phædra lov'd you.

Phæd. Love him, indeed! doat, languish, die for him,
Forsake my food, my sleep, all joys for Theseus;
(But not that hoary venerable Theseus)
But Theseus, as he was when mantling blood
Glow'd in his lovely cheeks; when his bright eyes
Sparkled with youthful fires; when ev'ry grace
Shone in the father, which now crowns the son;
When Theseus was Hippolitus.

Hip. Ha! amazement strikes me:
Where will this end?

Lyc. Is't difficult to guess?
Does not her flying paleness, that but now
Sat cold and languid in her fading cheek,
(Where now succeeds a momentary lustre)
Does not her beating heart, her trembling limbs,
Her wishing looks, her speech, her present silence,
All, all proclaim imperial Phædra loves you?

Hip. What do I hear? what, does no lightning flash,
No thunder bellow, when such monstrous crimes
Are own'd, avow'd, confest? All-seeing sun!
Hide, hide in shameful night thy beamy head,
And cease to view the horrors of thy race.
Alas! I share th' amazing guilt; these eyes,
That first inspir'd the black incestuous flame,
These ears, that heard the tale of impious love,
Are all accurs'd, and all deserve your thunder.

Phæd. Alas, my lord! believe me not so vile.
No; by thy goddess, by the chaste Diana,
None but my first, my much-lov'd lord Arsamnes,
Was e'er receiv'd in these unhappy arms.
No; for the love of thee, of those dear charms,
Which now I see are doom'd to be my ruin,
I still deny'd my lord, my husband Theseus,
The chaste, the modest joys of spotless marriage;
That drove him hence to war, to stormy seas,
To rocks and waves, less cruel than his Phædra.

Hip. If that drove Theseus hence, then that kill'd Theseus,
And cruel Phædra kill'd her husband Theseus.

Phæd. Forbear, rash youth, nor dare to rouse my vengeance;
Provoke me not: nor tempt my swelling rage
With black reproaches, scorn, and provocation,
To do a deed my reason would abhor.
Long has the secret struggled in my breast,
Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd bosom;
But now 'tis out. Shame, rage, confusion, tear
And drive me on to act unheard-of crimes;
To murder thee, myself, and all that know it.
As when convulsions cleave the lab'ring earth,
Before the dismal yawn appears, the ground
Trembles and heaves, the nodding houses crash;

He's safe who from the dreadful warning flies,
But he that sees its opening bosom dies. [*Exit.*

Hip. Then let me take the warning and retire;
I'd rather trust the rough Ionian waves,
Than woman's fiercer rage.
[*Ismena shews herself, listening.*

Lyc. Alas, my lord!
You must not leave the queen to her despair.–

Hip. Must not! from thee? from that vile upstart Lycon?

Lyc. Yes; from that Lycon who derives his greatness [life.
From Phædra's race, and now would guard her
Then, Sir, forbear; view here this royal signet,
And in her faithful slave obey the queen.
[*Enter guards and Cratander.*
Guards, watch the prince, but at that awful distance,
With that respect, it may not seem confinement,
But only meant for honour.

Hip. So, confinement is
The honour Crete bestows on Theseus' son,
Am I confin'd? and is't so soon forgot,
When fierce Procrustes' arms o'er-ran your kingdom?
When your streets echo'd with the cries of orphans,
Your shrieking maids clung round the hallow'd shrines,
When all your palaces and lofty tow'rs
Smoak'd on the earth, when the red sky around
Glow'd with your city's flames (a dreadful lustre):
Then, then my father flew to your assistance;
Then Theseus sav'd your lives, estates, and honours.
And do you thus reward the hero's toil?
And do you now confine the hero's son?

Lyc. Take not an easy short confinement ill,
Which your own safety and the queen requires,
Nor harbour fear of one that joys to serve you.

Hip. Oh, I disdain thee, traitor, but not fear thee;
Nor will I hear of services from Lycon.
Thy very looks are lies; eternal falsehood
Smiles in thy looks, and flatters in thy eyes;
Ev'n in thy humble face I read my ruin,
In ev'ry cringing bow and fawning smile.
Why else d'ye whisper out your dark suspicions?
Why with malignant elogies increase
The people's fears, and praise me to my ruin?
Why thro' the the troubled streets of frighted Gnossus
Do bucklers, helms, and polish'd armour blaze?
Why sounds the dreadful din of instant war,
Whilst still the foe's unknown?

Lyc. Then quit thy arts;
Put off the statesman and resume the judge.
[*Aside.*
Thou, Proteus, shift thy various forms no more,
But boldly own the god.——That foe's too near.
[*To Hip.*
The queen's disease, and your aspiring mind,
Disturb all Crete, and give a loose to war.

Hip. Gods! dares he speak thus to a monarch's son, [Crete?
And must this earth-born slave command in
Was it for this my godlike father fought?
Did Theseus bleed for Lycon? O ye Cretans,
See there your king, the successor of Minos,
And heir of Jove.

Lyc. You may as well provoke
That Jove you worship, as this slave you scorn,
Go seize Almæon, Nicias, and all
The black abettors of this impious treason.
[*Exit a soldier.*
Now o'er thy head th' avenging thunder rolls;
For know on me depends thy instant doom.
Then learn, proud prince, to bend thy haughty soul,
And, if thou think'st of life, obey the queen.

Hip. Then, free from fear or guilt, I'll wait my doom.
Whate'er's my fault, no stain shall blot my glory,
I'll guard my honour, you dispose my life.

Lyc. Be it so: Cratander follow me.
[*Ex. Lyc. and Crat.*

Hip. Since he dares brave my rage, the danger's near.
The timorous hounds that hunt the generous lion
Bay afar off, and tremble in pursuit;
But when he struggles in th' entangling toils,
Insult the dying prey.——
Enter Ismena and Lady.
'Tis kindly done, Ismena,
With all your charms to visit my distress;
Soften my chains, and make confinement easy.
O Ismena, is it then giv'n me to behold thy beauties!
Those blushing sweets, those lovely loving eyes!
To press, to strain thee to my beating heart,
And grow thus to my love! What's liberty to this?
What's fame or greatness? take 'em, take 'em, Phædra,
Freedom and fame, and in the dear confinement
Enclose me thus for ever.

Ism. O Hippolitus!
Oh, I could ever dwell in this confinement!
Nor wish for aught while I behold my lord:
But yet that wish, that only wish is vain,
When my hard fate thus forces me to beg you,
Drive from your godlike soul a wretched maid:
Take to your arms (assist me, Heav'n to speak it)
Take to your arms imperial Phædra,
And think of me no more.

Hip. Not think of thee?
What! part, for ever part? unkind Ismena!
Oh! can you think that death is half so dreadful,
As it would be to live, and live without thee?
Say, should I quit thee, should I turn to Phædra,
Say, could'st thou bear it? could thy tender soul
Endure the torment of despairing love,
And see me settled in a rival's arms?

Ism. Think not of me: Perhaps my equal mind
May learn to bear the fate the gods allot me.

Yet would you hear me; could your lov'd Ismena
With all her charms o'er-rule your fullen honour,
You yet might live, nor leave the poor Ismena.
Hip. Speak: if I can, I'm ready to obey.
Ism. Gives the queen hopes?
Hip. No more—my soul disdains it.
No; should I try, my haughty soul would swell,
Sharpen each word, and threaten in my eyes.
Oh, should I stoop to cringe, to lie, forswear?
Deserve the ruin which I strive to shun?
Ism. Oh, I can't bear this cold contempt of death!
This rigid virtue, that prefers your glory
To liberty or life. O cruel man!
By these sad sighs, by these poor streaming eyes,
By that dear love that makes us now unhappy,
By the dear danger of that precious life,
Heav'n knows I value much above my own.—
What! not yet mov'd? are you resolv'd on death?
Then, ere 'tis night, I swear by all the pow'rs,
This steel shall end my fears and life together.
Hip. You shan't be trusted with a life so precious.
No; to the court I'll publish your design;
Ev'n bloody Lycon will prevent your fate;
Lycon shall wrench the dagger from your bosom,
And raving Phædra will preserve Ismena.
Ism. Phædra! come on, I'll lead you on to Phædra:
I'll tell her all the secrets of our love;
Give to her rage her close destructive rival:
Her rival sure will fall; her love may save you.
Come, see me labour in the pangs of death,
My agonizing limbs, my dying eyes,
Dying, yet fixt in death on my Hippolitus.
Hip. What's your design? ye pow'rs! what means my love?
Ism. She means to lead you in the road of fate;
She means to die with one she can't preserve.
Yet when you see me pale upon the earth,
This once-lov'd form grown horrible in death,
Sure your relenting soul would wish you'd sav'd me.
Hip. Oh! I'll do all, do any thing to save you;
Give up my fame, and all my darling honour:
I'll run, I'll fly; what you'll command I'll say.
I yield, Ismena. What would you have me do?
Ism. Say what occasion, chance, or Heav'n inspires;
Say that you love her, that you lov'd her long;
Say that you'll wed her, say that you'll comply;
Say, to preserve your life, say any thing.
Bless him, ye pow'rs! and if it be a crime,
[*Exit Hip.*
Oh! if the pious fraud offend your justice,
Aim all your vengeance on Ismena's head;
Punish Ismena, but forgive Hippolitus.
He's gone, and now my brave resolves are stagger'd,
Now I repent, like some despairing wretch
That boldly plunges in the frightful deep,
That pants, and struggles with the whirling waves,
And catches ev'ry slender reed to save him.
Lady. But should he do what your commands enjoin'd him,
Say, should he wed her?
Ism. Should he wed the queen?
Oh! I'd remember that 'twas my request,
And die well pleas'd I made the hero happy.
Lady. Die! does Ismena then resolve to die?
Ism. Can I then live? can I, who lov'd so well,
To part with all my bliss to save my lover?
Oh! can I drag a wretched life without him,
And see another revel in his arms?
Oh, 'tis in death alone I can have comfort!

Enter Lycon.

Lyc. What a reverse is this! perfidious boy,
Is this thy truth? Is this thy boasted honour?
Then all are rogues alike: I never thought
But one man honest, and that one deceives me.
[*Aside.*
Ismena here!———
Ism. Now, my lord, is the queen's rage abated?
How is the prince dispos'd?
Lyc. Happily,
All's chang'd to love and harmony, my fair.
'Tis all agreed, and now the prince is safe
From the sure vengeance of despairing love;
Now Phædra's rage is chang'd to soft endearments:
She doats, she dies: and few, but tedious days,
With endless joys will crown the happy pair.
Ism. Does he then wed the queen?
Lyc. At least I think so.
I, when the prince approach'd, not far retir'd,
Pale with my doubts: he spoke: th' attentive queen?
Dwelt on his accents, and her gloomy eyes
Sparkled with gentler fires; he blushing bow'd,
She, trembling, lost in love, with soft confusion
Receiv'd his passion, and return'd her own.
Then smiling turn'd to me, and bade me order
The pompous rites of her ensuing nuptials,
Which I must now pursue. Farewel, Ismena.
[*Exit.*
Ism. Then I'll retire, and not disturb their joys.
Lady. Stay and learn more.
Ism. Ah! wherefore should I stay?
What! shall I stay to rave, t' upbraid, to hold him?
To snatch the struggling charmer from her arms?
For could you think that open gen'rous youth
Could with feign'd love deceive a jealous woman?
Could he so soon grow artful in dissembling?
Ah! without doubt his thoughts inspir'd his tongue,
And all his soul receiv'd a real love.
Perhaps new graces darted from her eyes,
Perhaps soft pity charm'd his yielding soul,
Perhaps her love, perhaps her kingdom charm'd him;
Perhaps—alas! how many things might charm him!

Lady. Wait the success: it is not yet decided.
Ism. Not yet decided! did not Lycon tell us
How he protested, sigh'd, and look'd, and vow'd?
How the soft passion languish'd in his eyes?
Ay, no, he loves, he doats on Phædra's charms.
Now, now he clasps her to his panting breast,
Now he devours her with his eager eyes,
Now grasps her hands, and now he looks, and vows
The dear false things that charm'd the the poor Ismena.
He comes; be still, my heart; the tyrant comes,
Charming, tho' false, and lovely in his guilt.

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. Why hangs that cloudy sorrow on your brow?
Why do you sigh? why flow your swelling eyes?
Those eyes that us'd with joy to view Hippolitus.
Ism. My lord, my soul is charm'd with your success.
You know, my lord, my fears are but for you,
For your dear life; and since my death alone
Can make you safe, that soon shall make you happy.
Yet had you brought less love to Phædra's arms,
My soul had parted with a less regret,
Blest if surviving in your dear remembrance.
Hip. Your death! my love! my marriage! and to Phædra!
Hear me, Ismena.
Ism. No, I dare not hear you.
But tho' you've been thus cruelly unkind,
Tho' you have left me for the royal Phædra,
Yet still my soul o'er-runs with fondness tow'rds you;
Yet still I die with joy to save Hippolitus.
Hip. Die to save me! could I outlive Ismena?
Ism. Yes, you'd outlive her in your Phædra's arms,
And may you there find ev'ry blooming pleasure!
Oh, may the gods show'r blessings on thy head!
May the gods crown thy glorious arms with conquest,
And all thy peaceful days with sure repose!
May'st thou be blest with lovely Phædra's charms,
And for thy ease forget the lost Ismena!
Farewel, Hippolitus.
Hip. Ismena, stay,
Stay, hear me speak; or by th' infernal powers
I'll not survive the minute you depart.
Ism. What would you say? ah! don't deceive my weakness.
Hip. Deceive thee! why, Ismena, do you wrong me?
Why doubt my faith? O lovely, cruel maid!
Why wound my tender soul with harsh suspicion?
Oh, by those charming eyes, by thy dear love,
I neither thought nor spoke, design'd nor promis'd,
To love, or wed the queen.
Ism. Speak on, my lord,
My honest soul inclines me to believe thee;
And much I fear, and much I hope I've wrong'd thee.
Hip. Then thus. I came and spake, but scarce of love;
The easy queen receiv'd my faint address
With eager hope and unsuspicious faith.
Lycon with seeming joy dismiss'd my guards;
My gen'rous soul disdain'd the mean deceit,
But still deceiv'd her to obey Ismena.
Ism. Art thou then true? thou art. Oh, pardon me!
Pardon the errors of a silly maid,
Wild with her fears, and mad with jealousy;
For still that fear, that jealousy was love.
Haste then, my lord, and save yourself by flight;
And when you're absent, when your godlike form
Shall cease to chear forlorn Ismena's eyes,
Then let each day, each hour, each minute, bring
Some kind remembrance of your constant love;
Speak of your health, your fortune, and your friends,
(For sure those friends shall have my tender'st wishes)
Speak much of all; but of thy dear, dear love,
Speak much, speak very much, but still speak on.
Hip. Oh! thy dear love shall ever be my theme;
Of that alone I'll talk the live-long day;
But thus I'll talk, thus dwelling in thy eyes,
Tasting the odours of thy fragrant bosom.
Come then, to crown me with immortal joys,
Come, be the kind companion of my flight,
Come, haste with me to leave this fatal shore.
The bark before prepar'd for my departure
Expects its freight; and hundred lusty rowers
Have wav'd their sinewy arms, and call Hippolitus;
The loosen'd canvas trembles with the wind,
And the sea whitens with auspicious gales.
Ism. Fly then, my lord, and may the gods protect thee!
Fly, ere insidious Lycon work thy ruin;
Fly, ere my fondness talk thy life away;
Fly from the queen.
Hip. But not from my Ismena.
Why do you force me from your heav'nly sight,
With those dear arms that ought to clasp me to thee?
Ism. Oh, I could rave for ever at my fate!
And with alternate love and fear possess'd,
Now force thee from my arms, now snatch thee to my breast,
And tremble till you go, but die till you return.
Nay, I could go. Ye gods, if I should go,
What would fame say? if I should fly alone
With a young lovely prince that charm'd my soul?
Hip. Say you did well to fly a certain ruin,
To fly the fury of a queen incens'd,
To crown with endless joys the youth that lov'd you.
Oh! by the joys our mutual loves have brought,
By the blest hours I've languish'd at your feet,
By all the love you ever bore Hippolitus,
Come fly from hence, and make him ever happy.
Ism. Hide me, ye pow'rs! I never shall resist.
Hip. Will you refuse me? can I leave behind me
All that inspires my soul, and chears my eyes?
Will you not go? then here I'll wait my doom,
Come, raving Phædra; bloody Lycon, come!
I offer

I offer to your rage this worthleſs life,
Since 'tis no longer my Iſmena's care.
Iſm. Oh! haſte away, my lord; I go, I fly
Thro' all the dangers of the boiſt'rous deep.
When the wind whiſtles thro' the crackling maſts,
When thro' the yawning ſhip the foaming ſea
Rowls bubbling in; then, then I'll claſp thee faſt,
And in tranſporting love forget my fear.
Oh! I will wander thro' the Scythian gloom,
O'er ice, and hills of everlaſting ſnow; [us,
There, when the horrid darkneſs ſhall incloſe
When the bleak wind ſhall chill my ſhiv'ring limbs,
Thou ſhalt alone ſupply the diſtant ſun,
And chear my gazing eyes, and warm my heart.
Hip. Come, let's away, and, like another Jaſon,
I'll bear my beauteous conqueſt thro' the ſeas:
A greater treaſure, and a nobler prize
Than he from Colchos bore. Sleep, ſleep in peace,
Ye monſters of the woods, on Ida's top
Securely roam; no more my early horn
Shall wake the lazy day. Tranſporting love
Reigns in my heart, and makes me all its own.
So, when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
The bleſt Adonis languiſh'd in her arms;
His idle horn on fragrant myrtles hung,
His arrows ſcatter'd, and his bow unſtrung:
Obſcure in coverts lie his dreaming hounds,
And bay the fancy'd boar with feeble ſounds;
For nobler ſports he quits the ſavage fields,
And all the hero to the lover yields. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Lycon and Guards.

Lyc. HEAV'N is at laſt appeas'd: the pitying gods
Have heard our wiſhes, and auſpicious Jove
Smiles on his native iſle; for Phædra lives,
Reſtor'd to Crete, and to herſelf, ſhe lives:
Joy with freſh ſtrength inſpires her drooping limbs,
Revives her charms, and o'er her faded cheeks
Spreads a freſh roſy bloom: as kindly ſprings
With genial heat renew the frozen earth,
And paint its ſmiling face with gaudy flow'rs.
But ſee ſhe comes, the beauteous Phædra comes.

Enter Phædra and four Ladies.

How her eyes ſparkle! how their radiant beams
Confeſs their ſhining anceſtor the ſun!
Your charms to-day will wound deſpairing crowds, [litus,
And give the pains you ſuffer'd: nay, Hippo-
The fierce, the brave, th' inſenſible Hippolitus,
Shall pay a willing homage to your beauty,
And in his turn adore.——
Phæd. 'Tis flatt'ry all. [pleaſing;
Yet when you name the prince, that flatt'ry 's
You wiſh it ſo, poor good old man, you wiſh it.
The fertile province of Cydonia 's thine:
Is there aught elſe? has happy Phædra aught
In the wide circle of her far-ſtretch'd empire?
Aſk, take, my friend, ſecure of no repulſe.
Let ſpacious Crete thro' all her hundred cities
Reſound her Phædra's joy. Let altars ſmoak,
And richeſt gums, and ſpice, and incenſe roll
Their fragrant wreaths to Heav'n, to pitying Heav'n,
Which gives Hippolitus to Phædra's arms.
Set all at large, and bid the loathſome dungeons
Give up the meagre ſlaves that pine in darkneſs
And waſte in grief, as did deſpairing Phædra:
Let them be chear'd, let the ſtarv'd priſoners riot, [ceaſe.
And glow with gen'rous wine.—Let ſorrow
Let none be wretched, none, ſince Phædra's happy.
But now he comes, and with an equal paſſion
Rewards my flame, and ſprings into my arms!

Enter Meſſenger.

Say where's the prince?
Meſſ. He 's no where to be found.
Phæd. Perhaps he hunts.
Meſſ. He hunted not to-day.
Phæd. Ha! have you ſearch'd the walks, the courts, the temples?
Meſſ. Search'd all in vain.
Phæd. Did he not hunt to-day?
Alas! you told me once before he did not:
[*Exit Meſſ.*
My heart miſgives me.
Lyc. So indeed doth mine. Then my fears were true. [like youth
Phæd. Could he deceive me? Could that god-
Deſign the ruin of a queen that loves?
Oh! he 's all truth; his words, his looks, his eyes,
Open to view his inmoſt thoughts.—He comes.
Ha! who art thou? whence com'ſt thou? where's Hippolitus?

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Madam, Hippolitus, with fair Iſmena,
Drove tow'rd the port.——
Phæd. With fair Iſmena!
Curſt be her cruel beauty, curſt her charms,
Curſt all her ſoothing, fatal, falſe endearments.
That heav'nly virgin, that exalted goodneſs,
Could ſee me tortur'd with deſpairing love,
With artful tears could mourn my monſtrous ſuff'rings,
While her baſe malice plotted my deſtruction.
Lyc. A thouſand reaſons crowd upon my ſoul
That evidence their love.
Phæd. Yes, yes, they love;
Why elſe ſhould he refuſe my proffer'd bed?
Why ſhould one warm'd with youth, and thirſt of glory,
Diſdain a ſoul, a form, a crown like mine?
Lyc. Where, Lycon, where was then thy boaſted cunning?
Dull, thoughtleſs wretch!

Phæd. O pains unfelt before!
The grief, despair, the agonies, and pangs,
All the wild fury of distracted love,
Are nought to this——Say, famous politician,
Where, when, and how did their first passion rise?
Where did they breathe their sighs? what shady groves,
What gloomy woods, conceal'd their hidden loves?
Alas! they hid it not; the well-pleas'd sun
With all his beams survey'd their guiltless flame;
Glad zephyrs wafted their untainted sighs,
And Ida echo'd their endearing accents.
While I, the shame of nature, hid in darkness,
Far from the balmy air and chearing light,
Prest down my sighs, and dry'd my falling tears,
Search'd a retreat to mourn, and watch'd to grieve.
Lyc. Now cease that grief, and let your injur'd love
Contrive due vengeance; let majestic Phædra,
That lov'd the hero, sacrifice the villain.
Then haste, send forth your ministers of vengeance,
To snatch the traitor from your rival's arms,
And force him trembling to your awful presence.
Phæd. O rightly thought——Dispatch th' attending guards;
Bid them bring forth their instruments of death;
Darts, engines, flames, and launch into the deep,
And hurl swift vengeance on the perjur'd slave. [*Exit Messenger.*
Where am I, gods? what is 't my rage commands?
Ev'n now he 's gone; ev'n now the well-tim'd oars
With sounding strokes divide the sparkling waves,
And happy gales assist their speedy flight.
Now they embrace, and ardent love enflames
Their flushing cheeks, and trembles in their eyes.
Now they expose my weakness and my crimes;
Now to the sporting crowd they tell my follies.

Enter Cratander.

Crat. Sir, as I went to seize the persons order'd,
I met the prince, and with him fair Ismena;
I seiz'd the prince, who now attends without.
Phæd. Haste, bring him in.
Lyc. Be quick, and seize Ismena. [*Exit Cratander.*

Enter Hippolitus, with two Guards.

Phæd. Could'st thou deceive me? could a son of Theseus
Stoop to so mean, so base a vice as fraud?
Nay, act such monstrous perfidy, yet start
From promis'd love?
Hip. My soul disdain'd a promise.
Phæd. But yet your false equivocating tongue,
Your looks, your eyes, your ev'ry motion promis'd.
But you are ripe in frauds, and learn'd in falsehoods.
Look down, O Theseus, and behold thy son,
As Sciron faithless, as Procrustes cruel.
Behold the crimes, the tyrants, all the monsters,
From which thy valour purg'd the groaning earth,
Behold them all in thy own son reviv'd.
Hip. Touch not my glory, lest you stain your own.
I still have strove to make my glorious father
Blush, yet rejoice to see himself outdone;
To mix my parents in my lineal virtues,
As Theseus just, and as Camilla chaste.
Phæd. The godlike Theseus never was thy parent.
No, 'twas some monthly Cappadocian drudge,
Obedient to the scourge, and beaten to her arms,
Begot thee, traitor, on the chaste Camilla.
Camilla chaste! an amazon, and chaste!
That quits her sex, and yet retains her virtue.
See the chaste matron mount the neighing steed;
In strict embraces lock the struggling warrior,
And choose the lover in the sturdy foe.

Enter Messenger, and seems to talk earnestly with Lycon.

Hip. No; she refus'd the vows of godlike Theseus,
And chose to stand his arms, not meet his love;
And doubtful was the fight. The wide Thermodoon
Heard the huge strokes resound; its frighted waves
Convey'd the rattling din to distant shores,
While she alone supported all his war;
Nor till she sunk beneath his thund'ring arm,
Beneath which warlike nations bow'd, would yield
To honest wish'd-for love.
Phæd. Not so her son;
Who boldly ventures on forbidden flames,
On one descended from the cruel Pallas,
Foe to thy father's person and his blood;
Hated by him, of kindred yet more hated,
The last of all the wicked race he ruin'd.
In vain a fierce successive hatred reign'd
Between your sires; in vain, like Cadmus' race,
With mingled blood they dy'd the blushing earth.
Hip. In vain indeed, since now the war is o'er:
We, like the Theban race, agree to love,
And by our mutual flames and future offspring,
Atone for slaughter past.
Phæd. Your future offspring!
Heavens! what a medley's this? what dark confusion
Of blood and death, of murder and relation!
What joy 't had been to old disabled Theseus,
When he should take the offspring in his arms?
Ev'n in his arms to hold an infant Pallas,
And be upbraided with his grandsire's fate.
O barbarous youth!
Lyc. Too barbarous, I fear. [*Distant shout.*
Perhaps e'en now his faction 's up in arms,
Since waving crowds roll onwards tow'rds the palace,
And rend the city with tumultuous clamours!
Perhaps to murder Phædra and her son,
And give the crown to him and his Ismena:
But I'll prevent it. [*Exit.*

Ismena.

Ismena brought in by two Gentlemen.

Phæd. What! the kind Ismena,
That nurs'd me, watch'd my sickness! oh, she watch'd me,
As rav'nous vultures watch the dying lion,
To tear his heart, and riot in his blood.
Hark, hark, my little infant cries for justice!
Oh! be appeas'd, my babe, thou shalt have justice.
Now all the spirits of my godlike race
Enflame my soul, and urge me on to vengeance.
Arsamnes, Minos, Jove, th' avenging sun,
Inspire my fury, and demand my justice.
Oh! you shall have it; thou, Minos, shalt applaud it;
Yes, thou shalt copy it in their pains below.
God of revenge, arise.——He comes, he comes;
And shoots himself thro' all my kindling blood.
I have it here.——Now, base perfidious wretch,
Now sigh, and weep, and tremble in thy turn.
Yes, your Ismena shall appease my vengeance.
Ismena dies; and thou her pitying lover
Doom'd her to death.——Thou too shalt see her bleed, [groans:
See her convulsive pangs, and hear her dying
Go, glut thy eyes with thy ador'd Ismena,
And laugh at dying Phædra.

Hip. O Ismena!

Ism. Alas! my tender soul would shrink at [death,
Shake with its fears, and sinks beneath its pains,
In any cause but this.——But now I'm steel'd,
And the near danger lessens to my sight.
Now, if I live, 'tis only for Hippolitus,
And with an equal joy I'll die to save him.
Yes, for his sake I'll go a willing shade,
And wait his coming in th' Elysian fields;
And there enquire of each descending ghost
Of my lov'd hero's welfare, life, and honour:
That dear remembrance will improve the bliss,
Add to th' Elysian joys, and make that Heav'n more happy.

Hip. O heav'nly virgin! [*Aside.*] O imperial Phædra,
Let your rage fall on this devoted head;
But spare, oh! spare a guiltless virgin's life:
Think of her youth, her innocence, her virtue;
Think with what warm compassion she bemoan'd you; [sickness;
Think how she serv'd and watch'd you in your
How ev'ry rising and descending sun
Saw kind Ismena watching o'er the queen.
I only promis'd, I alone deceiv'd you;
And I, and only I, should feel your justice.

Ism. Oh! by those pow'rs to whom I soon must answer
For all my faults; by that bright arch of heav'n
I now last see, I wrought him by my wiles,
By tears, by threats, by ev'ry female art,
Wrought his disdaining soul to false compliance.
The son of Theseus could not think of fraud;
'Twas woman all:

Phæd. I see 'twas woman all:
And woman's fraud should meet with woman's vengeance.
But yet thy courage, truth, and virtue shock me;
A love so warm, so firm, so like my own.
Oh! had the gods so pleas'd, had bounteous heav'n
Bestow'd Hippolitus on Phædra's arms,
So had I stood the shock of angry fate;
So had I giv'n my life with joy to save him.

Hip. And can you doom her death? can Minos' daughter
Condemn the virtue which her soul admires?
Are not you Phædra? once the boast of fame,
Shame of our sex, and pattern of your own.

Phæd. Am I that Phædra? no; another soul,
Informs my alter'd frame. Could else Ismena
Provoke my hatred, yet deserve my love?
Aid me, ye gods, support my sinking glory,
Restore my reason, and confirm my virtue.
Yet, is my rage unjust? then, why was Phædra
Rescu'd for torment, and preserv'd for pain?
Why did you raise me to the height of joy,
Above the wreck of clouds and storms below,
To dash and break me on the ground for ever?

Ism. Was it not time to urge him to compliance,
At least to feign it, when perfidious Lycon
Confin'd his person, and conspir'd his death?

Phæd. Confin'd and doom'd to death!——O cruel Lycon! [eyes,
Could I have doom'd thy death! could these sad
That lov'd thee living, e'er behold thee dead?
Yet thou could'st see me die without concern,
Rather than save a wretched queen from ruin.
Else could you choose to trust the warring winds,
The swelling waves, the rocks, the faithless sands,
And all the raging monsters of the deep?
Oh! think you see me on the naked shore;
Think how I scream and tear my scatter'd hair;
Break from th' embraces of my shrieking maids,
And harrow on the sand my bleeding bosom;
Then catch with wide-stretch'd arms the empty billows,
And headlong plunge into the gaping deep.

Hip. O dismal state! my bleeding heart relents,
And all my thoughts dissolve in tender'st pity.

Phæd. If you can pity, oh! refuse not love;
But stoop to rule in Crete, the seat of heroes,
And nursery of gods. A hundred cities
Court thee for lord, where the rich busy crowds
Struggle for passage thro' the spacious streets;
Where thousand ships o'ershade the less'ning main, [tions
And tire the lab'ring wind. The suppliant na-
Bow to its ensigns, and with lower'd sails
Confess the ocean's queen. For thee alone
The winds shall blow, and the vast ocean roll.
For thee alone, the fam'd Cydonian warriors
From twanging yews shall send their fatal shafts.

Hip. Then let me march their leader, not their prince;
And at the head of your renown'd Cydonians
Brandish this far-fam'd sword of conqu'ring Theseus;
That I may shake th' Egyptian tyrant's yoke
From Asia's neck, and fix it on his own;

That

That willing nations may obey your laws,
And your bright ancestor, the sun, may shine
On nought but Phædra's empire.
Phæd. Why not thine?
Dost thou so far detest my proffer'd bed,
As to refuse my crown?——O cruel youth!
By all the pain that wrings my tortur'd soul,
By all the dear deceitful hopes you gave me,
O ease, at least once more delude, my sorrows.
For your dear sake I've lost my darling honour;
For you but now I gave my soul to death;
For you I'd quit my crown and stoop beneath
The happy bondage of an humble wife;
With thee I'd climb the steepy Ida's summit,
And in the scorching heat and chilling dews,
O'er hills, o'er vales, pursue the shaggy lion.
Careless of danger, and of wasting toil,
Of pinching hunger, and impatient thirst,
I'll find all joys in thee.
Hip. Why stoops the queen
To ask, intreat, to supplicate and pray
To prostitute her crown and sex's honour,
To one whose humble thoughts can only rise
To be your slave, not lord?
Phæd. And is that all?
See if he deign to force an artful groan,
Or call a tear from his unwilling eyes?
Hard as his native rocks, cold as his sword,
Fierce as the wolves that howl'd around his birth!
He hates the tyrant, and the suppliant scorns.
O heav'n! O Minos! O imperial Jove!
Do ye not blush at my degenerate weakness?
Hence, lazy, mean, ignoble passions fly!
Hence from my soul——'Tis gone, 'tis fled for ever,
And Heav'n inspires my thoughts with righteous vengeance.
Thou shalt no more despise my offer'd love;
No more Ismena shall upbraid my weakness.
[*Catches Hip. sword to stab herself.*
Now, all ye kindred gods, look down and see
How I'll revenge you, and myself, on Phædra.

Enter Lycon, and snatches away the sword.

Lyc. Horror on horror! Theseus is return'd.
Phæd. Theseus! then what have I to do with life?
May I be snatch'd with winds, by earth o'erwhelm'd,
Rather than view the face of injur'd Theseus.
Now wider still my growing horrors spread,
My fame, my virtue, nay my phrenzy's fled:
Then view thy wretched race, imperial Jove,
If crimes enrage you, or misfortunes move;
On me your flames, on me your bolts employ,
Me if your anger spares, your pity should destroy. [*Runs off.*
Lyc. This may do service yet.
[*Exit Lycon, carries off the sword.*
Hip. Is he return'd? thanks to the pitying gods!
Shall I again behold his awful eyes?
Again be folded in his loving arms?
Yet in the midst of joy I fear for Phædra;
I fear his warmth and unrelenting justice.
Oh! should her raging passion reach his ears,
His tender love, by anger fir'd, would turn
To burning rage; [*trumpets sound*] as soft Cydonian oil,
Whose balmy juice glides o'er th' untasting tongue,
Yet touch'd with fire, with hottest flames will blaze.
But oh, ye pow'rs! I see his godlike form.
O extasy of joy; he comes! he comes!

Enter Theseus, Officer, and Guards.

Is it my lord? my father! ho! 'tis he:
I see him, touch him, feel his own embraces;
See all the father in his joyful eyes.
Where have you been, my lord? what angry dæmon
Hid you from Crete? from me? what god has sav'd you?
Did not Philotas see you fall? Oh, answer me;
And then I'll ask a thousand questions more.
Thes. No; but to save my life I feign'd my death;
My horse and well-known arms confirm'd the tale,
And hinder'd farther search. This honest Greek
Conceal'd me in his house, and cur'd my wounds;
Procur'd a vessel, and, to bless me more,
Accompanied my flight————
But this at leisure. Let me now indulge
A father's fondness; let me snatch thee thus,
Thus fold thee in my arms. Such, such, was I
[*Embraces Hippolitus.*
When first I saw thy mother, chaste Camilla;
And much she lov'd me. Oh! did Phædra view me
With half that fondness!——But she's still unkind,
Else hasty joy had brought her to these arms,
To welcome me to liberty, to life,
And make that life a blessing. Come, my son,
Let us to Phædra.
Hip. Pardon me, my lord.
Thes. Forget her former treatment; she's too good
Still to persist in hatred to my son.
Hip. Oh! let me fly from Crete,—from you, [*Aside.*] and Phædra.
Thes. My son, what means this turn? this sudden start?
Why would you fly from Crete, and from your father?
Hip. Not from my father, but from lazy Crete;
To follow danger, and acquire renown;
To quell the monsters that escap'd your sword,
And make the world confess me Theseus' son.
Thes. What can this coldness mean?—Retire, my son, [*Exit Hippolitus.*
While I attend the queen.——What shock is this?
Why tremble thus my limbs? why faints my heart?
Why am I thrill'd with fear, 'till now unknown?
Where's now the joy, the extasy and transport,
That warm'd my soul, and urg'd me on to Phædra?
Oh, had I never lov'd her, I'd been blest.

Sorrow and joy in love alternate reign;
Sweet is the bliss, distracting is the pain.
So when the Nile its fruitful deluge spreads,
And genial heat informs its slimy beds;

Here

Here yellow harvests crown the fertile plain,
There monstrous serpents fright the lab'ring swain:
A various product fills the fatten'd sand,
And the same floods enrich and curse the land.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter Lycon solus.

Lyc. THIS may gain time 'till all my wealth's embark'd,
To ward my foe's revenge, and finish mine,
To shake that empire which I can't possess.
But then the queen—she dies—why let her die;
Let wide destruction seize on all together,
So Lycon live——A safe triumphant exile,
Great in disgrace, and envied in his fall.
The queen! then try thy art, and work her passions.

Enter Phædra and Ladies.

Draw her to act what most her soul abhors,
Possess her whole, and speak thyself in Phædra.
Phæd. Off, let me loose; why, cruel, barb'rous maids,
Why am I barr'd from death, the common refuge,
That spreads its hospitable arms for all?
Why must I drag the insufferable load
Of foul dishonour, and despairing love?
Of length of pain! am I so often dying,
And yet not dead? feel I so oft death's pangs,
Nor once can find its ease?
Lyc. Would you now die?
Now quit the field to your insulting foe?
Then shall he triumph o'er your blasted name;
Ages to come, the universe shall learn
The wide immortal infamy of Phædra:
And the poor babe, the idol of your soul,
The lovely image of your dear dead lord,
Shall be upbraided with his mother's crimes;
Shall bear your shame, shall sink beneath your faults,
Inherit your disgrace, but not your crown.
Phæd. Must he too fall, involv'd in my destruction,
And only live to curse the name of Phædra?
O dear, unhappy babe! must I bequeath thee
Only a sad inheritance of woe?
Gods! cruel gods! can't all my pains atone,
Unless they reach my infant's guiltless head?
O lost estate! when life's so sharp a torment,
And death itself can't ease? Assist me, Lycon;
Advise, speak comfort to my troubled soul.
Lyc. 'Tis you must drive that trouble from your soul;
As streams when damm'd forget their ancient current,
And, wand'ring o'er their banks, in other channels flow;
'Tis you must bend your thoughts from hopeless love,
And turn their course to Theseus' happy bosom,
And crown his eager hopes with wish'd enjoyment;
Then with fresh charms adorn your troubled looks,
Display the beauties first inspir'd his soul,
Sooth with your voice, and woo him with your eyes.
Phæd. Impossible! what, woo him with these eyes,
Still wet with tears that flow'd—but not for Theseus?
This tongue so us'd to sound another name?
What, take him to my arms? O awful Juno!
Touch, love, caress him, while my wand'ring fancy
On other objects strays? a lewd adult'ress
In the chaste bed? and in the father's arms,
(O horrid thought! O execrable incest!)
Ev'n in the father's arms, embrace the son?
Lyc. Yet you must see him, lest impatient love
Should urge his temper to too nice a search,
And ill-tim'd absence should disclose your crime.
Phæd. Could I, when present to his awful eyes,
Conceal the wild disorders of my soul?
Would not my groans, my looks, my speech betray me?
Betray thee, Phædra! then thou'rt not betray'd.
Live, live secure, adoring Crete conceals thee;
Thy pious love, and most endearing goodness
Will charm the kind Hippolitus to silence.
O wretched Phædra! O ill-guarded secret!
To foes alone disclos'd!
Lyc. I needs must fear them,
Spite of their vows, their oaths, their imprecations.
Phæd. Do imprecations, oaths, or vows avail?
I too have sworn, ev'n at the altar sworn,
Eternal love and endless faith to Theseus;
And yet am false, forsworn; the hallow'd shrine
That heard me swear, is witness to my falsehood.
The youth, the very author of my crimes,
Ev'n he shall tell the fault himself inspir'd;
The fatal eloquence that charm'd my soul
Shall lavish all its arts to my destruction.
Lyc. Hippolitus, Oh, he will tell it all——
Destruction seize him!
With seeming grief, and aggravating pity,
And more to blacken, will excuse your folly;
False tears shall wet his unrelenting eyes,
And his glad heart with artful sighs shall heave;
Then Theseus——How will indignation swell
His mighty heart! how his majestic frame
Will shake with rage too fierce, too swift for vent!
While the proud Scythian————
How he'll expose you to the public scorn,
And loathing crowds shall murmur out their horror!
Then the fierce Scythian—now methinks I see
His fiery eyes with sullen pleasures glow,
Survey your tortures, and insult your pangs;
I see him, smiling on the pleas'd Ismena,
Point out with scorn the once-proud tyrant Phædra.
Phæd. Curst be his name! may infamy attend him!
May swift destruction fall upon his head,
Hurl'd by the hand of those he most adores.
Lyc. By Heav'n, prophetic truth inspires your tongue:

He shall endure the shame he means to give;
For all the torments which he heaps on you,
With just revenge, shall Theseus turn on him.
Phæd. Is't possible? O Lycon! O my refuge!
O good old man! thou oracle of wisdom!
Declare the means, that Phædra may adore thee.
Lyc. Accuse him first.
Phæd. O Heav'ns! accuse the guiltless?
Lyc. Then be accus'd; let Theseus know your crime:
Let lasting infamy o'erwhelm your glory;
Let your foe triumph, and your infant fall——
Shake off this idle lethargy of pity;
With ready war prevent th' invading foe,
Preserve your glory, and secure your vengeance:
Be yours the fruit; security, and ease,
The guilt, the danger, and the labour mine.
Phæd. Heav'ns! Theseus comes.
Lyc. Declare your last resolves.
Phæd. Do you resolve, for Phædra can do nothing. [*Exit Phædra.*
Lyc. Now, Lycon, heighten his impatient love,
Now raise his pity, now enflame his rage,
Quicken his hopes, then quash 'em with despair;
Work his tumultuous passions into phrenzy;
Unite them all, then turn them on the foe.

Enter Theseus.

Thes. Was that my queen, my wife, my idol Phædra?
Does she still shun me? O injurious Heaven!
Why did you give me back again to life?
Why did you save me from the rage of battle,
To let me fall by her more fatal hatred?
Lyc. Her hatred! no; she loves you with such fondness
As none but that of Theseus e'er could equal:
Yet so the gods have doom'd, so Heaven will have it,
She ne'er must view her much-lov'd Theseus [more.
Thes. Not see her! by my suff'rings but I will,
Tho' troops embattled should oppose my pas-[sage,
And ready death shall guard the fatal way.
Not see her! oh! I'll clasp her in these arms,
Break thro' the idle bands that yet have held me,
And seize the joys my honest love may claim.
Lyc. Is this a time for joy, when Phædra's grief—
Thes. Is this a time for grief? is this my [welcome
To air, to life, to liberty, and Crete?
Not this I hop'd, when, urg'd by ardent love,
I wing'd my eager way to Phædra's arms;
Then, to my thoughts, relenting Phædra flew,
With open arm to welcome my return;
With kind endearing blame condemn'd my rashness,
And made me swear to venture out no more.
Oh! my warm soul, my boiling fancy glow'd
With charming hopes of yet untasted joys;
New pleasures fill'd my mind, all dangers, pains,
Wars, wounds, defeats, in that dear hope were [lost.
And does she now avoid my eager love?
Pursue me still with unrelenting hatred?
Invent new pains? detest, loath, shun my sight?
Fly my return, and sorrow for my safety?
Lyc. Oh, think not so! for, by th' unerring gods,
When first I told her of your wish'd return,
When the lov'd sound of Theseus reach'd her ears,
At that dear name she rear'd her drooping head,
Her feeble hands, and wat'ry eyes to Heav'n,
To bless the bounteous gods: at that dear name
The raging tempest of her grief was calm'd;
Her sighs were hush'd, and tears forgot to flow.
Thes. Did my return bring comfort for her sorrow?
Then haste, conduct me to the lovely mourner.
Oh, I will kiss the pearly drops away;
Suck from her rosy lips the fragrant sighs;
With other sighs her panting breast shall heave,
With other dews her swimming eyes shall melt,
With other pangs her throbbing heart shall beat,
And all her sorrows shall be lost in love.
Lyc. Does Theseus burn with such unheard-of passion, [him;
And shall not she with out-stretch'd arms receive
And with an equal ardor meet his vows?
The vows of one so dear! O righteous gods!
Why must the bleeding heart of Theseus bear
Such tort'ring pangs? while Phædra, dead to [love,
Now with accusing eyes on angry Heav'n
Stedfastly gazes, and upbraids the gods!
Now with dumb piercing grief and humble [shame,
Fixes her gloomy watry orbs to earth;
Now burst with swelling anguish, rends the skies
With loud complaints of her outrageous wrongs.
Thes. Wrongs? is she wrong'd? and lives he yet who wrong'd her?
Lyc. He lives, so great, so happy, so belov'd,
That Phædra scarce can hope, scarce wish revenge. [Phædra!
Thes. Shall Theseus live, and not revenge his
Gods! shall this arm, renown'd for righteous vengeance,
For quelling tyrants, and redressing wrongs,
Now fail? now first, when Phædra's injur'd.
"O let us haste."
Speak, Lycon, haste, declare the secret villain,
The wretch so meanly base to injure Phædra,
So rashly brave to dare the sword of Theseus.
Lyc. I dare not speak, but sure her wrongs are mighty.
The pale cold hue that deadens all her charms,
Her sighs, her hollow groans, her flowing tears,
Make me suspect her monstrous grief will end her. [mankind;
Thes. End her! end Theseus first, and all
But most that villain, that detested slave,
That brutal coward, that dark lurking wretch.
Lyc. Oh, noble heat of unexampled love!
This Phædra hop'd, when, in the midst of grief,
In the wild torrent of o'erwhelming sorrows,
She groaning, still invok'd, still call'd on Theseus. [ing clamour
Thes. Did she then name me? did she weep-
Invoke my name, and call for aid on Theseus?
Oh! that lov'd voice upbraided my delay.

Why

Why then this stay? I come, I fly, O Phædra!
Lead on.——Now, dark disturber of my peace,
If now thou'rt known, what luxury of ven-
Haste, lead, conduct me. [geance—
Lyc. Oh! I beg you stay.
Thes. What, stay when Phædra calls?
Lyc. Oh! on my knees,
By all the gods, my lord, I beg you stay;
"Oh! I conjure you stay,"
As you respect your peace, your life, your glory;
As Phædra's days are precious to your soul;
By all your love, by Phædra's sorrows stay.
Thes. Where lies the danger? wherefore should I stay? [soul,
Lyc. Your sudden presence would surprize her
Renew the galling image of her wrongs,
Revive her sorrow, indignation, shame;
And all your son would strike her from your eyes.
Thes. My son!——But, he's too good, too brave to wrong her——
Whence then that shocking change, that strong surprize, [dra?
That fright that seiz'd him at the name of Phæ-
Lyc. Was he surpriz'd? that shew'd at least remorse. [troubled thoughts
Thes. Remorse! for what? by Heav'ns, my
Presage some dire attempts.—Say, what remorse?
Lyc. I would not—yet I must: this you command;
This Phædra orders; thrice her faultering tongue
Bade me unfold the guilty scene of Theseus;
Thrice with loud cries recall'd me on my way,
And blam'd my speed, and chid my rash obedience, [peace.
Left the unwelcome tale should wound your
At last, with looks serenely sad, she cried,
Go tell it all; but in such artful words,
Such tender accents, and such melting sounds,
As may appease his rage, and move his pity;
As may incline him to forgive his son
A grievous fault, but still a fault of love.
Thes. Of love! what strange suspicions rack my soul!
As you regard my peace, declare what love.
Lyc. Thus urg'd, I must declare. Yet pitying Heav'n!
Why must I speak? why must unwilling Lycon
Accuse the prince of impious love to Phædra?
Thes. Love to his mother! to the wife of Theseus! [eyes,
Lyc. Yes; at the moment first he view'd her
Ev'n at the altar, when you join'd your hands,
His easy heart receiv'd the guilty flame,
And from that time he prest her with his passion.
Thes. Then 'twas for this she banish'd him from Crete;
I thought it hatred all. O righteous hatred!
Forgive me, Heav'n, forgive me, injur'd Phædra,
That I in secret have condemn'd thy justice.
Oh! 'twas all just, and Theseus shall revenge,
Ev'n on his son, revenge his Phædra's wrongs.
Lyc. What easy tools are these blunt honest heroes,
Who with keen hunger gorge the naked hook,
Prevent the bait the statesman's art prepares,
And post to ruin—Go, believing fool,
Go act thy far-fam'd justice on thy son,
Next on thyself, and both make way for Lycon. [*Aside.*
Thes. Ha! am I sure she's wrong'd? perhaps 'tis malice. [tion,
Slave, make it clear, make good your accusa-
Or treble fury shall revenge my son.
Lyc. Am I then doubted? can Phædra or your Lycon
Be thought to forge such execrable falshoods?
Gods! when the queen unwillingly complains,
Can you suspect her truth? O godlike Theseus!
Is this the love you bear unhappy Phædra?
Is this her hop'd-for aid? Go, wretched matron,
Sigh to the winds, and rend th' unpitying heav'ns
With thy vain sorrows; since relentless Theseus,
Thy hope, thy refuge, Theseus will not hear thee.
Thes. Not hear my Phædra! not revenge her wrongs!
Speak, make thy proofs, and then his doom's as fixt
As when Jove nods, and high Olympus shakes,
And fate his voice obeys.
Lyc. Yet stay: bear witness, Heav'n!
[*Fetches a sword.*
With what reluctance I produce this sword,
This fatal proof against th' unhappy prince,
Lest it should work your justice to his ruin,
And prove he aim'd at force as well as incest.
Thes. Gods; 'tis illusion all! Is this the sword
By which Procrastes, Scyron, Pallas fell?
Is this the weapon which my darling son
Swore to employ in nought but acts of honour?
Now, faithful youth, thou nobly hast fulfill'd
Thy gen'rous promise. Oh, most injur'd Phædra!
Why did I trust to his deceitful form?
Why blame thy justice, or suspect thy truth?
Lyc. Had you this morn beheld his ardent eyes,
Seen his arm lock'd in her dishevell'd hair,
That weapon glitt'ring o'er her trembling bosom,
Whilst she with screams refus'd his impious love,
Entreating death, and rising to the wound!
Oh! had you seen her when th' affrighted youth
Retir'd at your approach; had you then seen her,
In the chaste transports of becoming fury,
Seize on the sword to pierce her guiltless bosom;
Had you seen this, you could not doubt her truth.
Thes. O, impious monster! oh, forgive me, Phædra!
And may the gods inspire my injur'd soul
With equal vengeance that may suit his crimes.
Lyc. For Phædra's sake forbear to talk of vengeance;
That with new pains would wound her tender breast.
Send him away from Crete, and by his absence
Give Phædra quiet, and afford him mercy.
Thes. Mercy! for what? oh! well has he rewarded [tor!
Poor Phædra's mercy.——O most barb'rous trai-

To

To wrong ſuch beauty and inſult ſuch goodneſs.
Mercy! what's that? a virtue coin'd by villains,
Who praiſe the weakneſs which ſupport their crimes.
Be mute, and fly, leſt when my rage is rous'd,
Thou for thyſelf in vain implore my mercy.

Lyc. Dull fool, I laugh at mercy more than thou doſt,
More than I do the juſtice thou'rt ſo fond of.
Now come, young hero, to thy father's arms,
Receive the due reward of haughty virtue;
Now boaſt thy race, and laugh at earth-born Lycon. [*Aſide, and exit.*

Enter Hippolitus.

Theſ. Yet can it be?—Is this th' inceſtuous villain?
How great his preſence, how erect his look,
How ev'ry grace, how all his virtuous mother
Shines in his face, and charms me from his eyes!
O Neptune! O great founder of our race!
Why was he fram'd with ſuch a godlike look?
Why wears he not ſome moſt deteſted form,
Baleful to ſight, as horrible to thought;
That I might act my juſtice without grief,
Puniſh the villain, not regret the ſon?

Hip. May I preſume to aſk, what ſecret care
Broods in your breaſt, and clouds your royal brow?
Why dart your awful eyes thoſe angry beams;
And fright Hippolitus they us'd to chear?

Theſ. Anſwer me firſt. When call'd to wait on Phædra,
What ſudden fear ſurpriz'd your troubled ſoul?
Why did your ebbing blood forſake your cheeks?
Why did you haſten from your father's arms,
To ſhun the queen your duty bids you pleaſe?

Hip. My lord, to pleaſe the queen I'm forc'd to ſhun her,
And keep this hated object from her ſight.

Theſ. Say, what's the cauſe of her invet'rate hatred?

Hip. My lord, as yet I never gave her cauſe.

Theſ. O were it ſo! [*Aſide.*] When laſt did you attend her?

Hip. When laſt attend her!—O unhappy queen!
Your error's known, yet I diſdain to wrong you,
Or to betray a fault myſelf have cauſ'd. [*Aſide.*
When laſt attend her!

Theſ. Anſwer me directly;
Nor dare to trifle with your father's rage.

Hip. My lord, this very morn I ſaw the queen.

Theſ. What paſt?

Hip. I aſk'd permiſſion to retire.

Theſ. And was that all?

Hip. My lord, I humbly beg,
With the moſt low ſubmiſſions, aſk no more.

Theſ. Yet you don't anſwer with your low ſubmiſſions.
Anſwer, or never hope to ſee me more.

Hip. Too much he knows, I fear, without my telling;
And the poor queen's betray'd, and loſt for ever. [*Aſide.*

Theſ. He changes, gods! and faulters at the queſtion.
His fears, his words, his looks declare him guilty. [*Aſide.*

Hip. Why do you frown, my lord? why turn away?
As from ſome loathſome monſter, not your ſon.

Theſ. Thou art that monſter, and no more my ſon.
Not one of thoſe of the moſt horrid form,
Of which my hand has eas'd the burthen'd earth,
Was half ſo ſhocking to my ſight as thou.

Hip. Where am I, gods? is that my father Theſeus?
Am I awake? am I Hippolitus?

Theſ. Thou art that fiend.—Thou art Hippolitus,
Thou art.—O fall! O fatal ſtain to honour!
How had my vain imagination form'd thee
Brave as Alcides, and as Minos juſt.
Sometimes it led me thro' the maze of war;
There it ſurvey'd thee ranging thro' the field,
Mowing down troops, and dealing out deſtruction.
Sometimes with wholeſome laws reforming ſtates,
Crowning their happy joys with peace and plenty,
While you———

Hip. With all my father's ſoul inſpir'd,
Burnt with impatient thirſt of early honour,
To hunt thro' bloody fields the chaſe of glory,
And bleſs your age with trophies like your own.
Gods! how that warm'd me! how my throbbing heart
Leapt to the image of my father's joy,
When you ſhould ſtrain me in your folding arms,
And with kind raptures, and with ſobbing joys,
Commend my valour, and confeſs your ſon!
How did I think my glorious toil o'erpaid!
Then great indeed, and in my father's love,
With more than conqueſt crown'd!
Cry, Go on, Hippolitus.
Go tread the rugged paths of daring honour;
Practiſe the ſtricteſt and auſtereſt virtue,
And all the rigid laws of righteous Minos;
Theſeus, thy father Theſeus will reward thee.

Theſ. Reward thee!—Yes; as Minos would reward thee.
Was Minos then thy pattern? and did Minos,
The great, the good, the juſt, the righteous Minos,
The judge of hell, and oracle of earth,
Did he inſpire adultery, force, and inceſt?

Iſmena appears.

Iſm. Ha! what's this? [*Aſide.*

Hip. Amazement! Inceſt!

Theſ. Inceſt with Phædra, with thy mother Phædra.

Hip. This charge ſo unexpected, ſo amazing,
So new, ſo ſtrange, impoſſible to thought,
Stuns my aſtoniſh'd ſoul, and ties my voice.

Theſ. Then let this wake thee, this once glorious ſword,
With which thy father arm'd thy infant hand,

No

Not for this purpoſe. O abandon'd ſlave!
O early villain! moſt deteſted coward!
With this my inſtrument of youthful glory!
With this t' invade the ſpotleſs Phædra's honour!
Phædra, my life, my better half, my queen!
That very Phædra, for whoſe juſt defence
The gods would claim thy ſword.

Hip. Amazement! death! [Theſeus
Heav'ns! durſt I raiſe the far-fam'd ſword of
Againſt his queen, againſt my mother's boſom?

Theſ. If not, declare when, where, and how you loſt it? [ſilent.
How Phædra gain'd it?—O all ye gods! he's
Why was it bar'd? whoſe boſom was it aim'd at? [cheeks,
What meant thy arm advanc'd, thy glowing
Thy hand, heart, eyes? O villain! monſtrous villain! [light,

Hip. Is there no way, no thought, no beam of
No clue to guide me thro' this gloomy maze
To clear my honour, yet preſerve my faith?
None, none, ye powers! and muſt I groan be-
This execrable load of foul diſhonour? [neath
Muſt Theſeus ſuffer ſuch unheard-of torture?
Theſeus, my father! No. I'll break thro' all;
All oaths, all vows, all idle imprecations
I'll give them to the winds. Hear me, my lord;
Hear your wrong'd ſon. The ſword—O fatal vow! fool,
Enſnaring oaths, and thou, raſh thoughtleſs
To bind thyſelf in voluntary chains;
Yet to thy fatal truſt continue firm!
Beneath diſgrace, tho' infamous, yet honeſt.
Yet hear me, father: May the righteous gods
Show'r all their curſes on this wretched head;
Oh, may they doom me——

Theſ. Yes, the gods will doom thee.
The ſword, the ſword!—Now ſwear, and call to witneſs
Heav'n, hell, and earth; I mark it not from one
That breathes beneath ſuch complicated guilt.

Hip. Was that like guilt, when with expanded arms
I ſprang to meet you at your wiſh'd return?
Does this appear like guilt, when thus ſerene,
With eyes erect, and viſage unappall'd,
Fix'd on that awful face, I ſtand the charge,
Amaz'd, not fearing? Say, if I am guilty,
Where are the conſcious looks, the face now pale,
Now fluſhing red, the down-caſt haggar'd eyes,
Or fix'd on earth, or ſlowly rais'd to catch
A fearful view, then ſunk again with horror?

Theſ. This is for raw, untaught, unfiniſh'd villains.
Thou in thy bloom haſt reach'd th' abhorr'd perfection;
Thy even looks could wear a peaceful calm,
The beauteous ſtamp (O Heav'ns!) of faultleſs virtue,
While thy foul heart contriv'd this horrid deed!
O harden'd fiend! I'll hear no more!
Diſturb thy ſoul, or ruffle thy ſmooth brow!
What, no remorſe! no qualms! no pricking pangs!
No feeble ſtruggle of rebelling honour!
Oh! 'twas thy joy, thy ſecret hoard of bliſs,
To dream, to ponder, act it o'er in thought;
To doat, to dwell on; as rejoicing miſers
Brood o'er their precious ſtores of ſecret gold.

Hip. Muſt I not ſpeak? Then ſay, unerring Heav'n,
Why was I born with ſuch a thirſt of glory?
Why did this morning dawn to my diſhonour?
Why did not pitying fate with ready death
Prevent the guilty day?

Theſ. Guilty indeed.
Ev'n at the time you heard your father's death,
And ſuch a father (O immortal gods!)
As held thee dearer than his life and glory!
When thou ſhould'ſt rend the ſkies with clam'rous grief,
Beat thy ſad breaſt, and tear thy ſtarting hair;
Then to my bed to force your impious way;
With horrid luſt t' inſult my yet warm urn;
Make me the ſcorn of hell, and ſport for fiends!
Theſe are the fun'ral honours paid to Theſeus,
Theſe are the ſorrows, theſe the hallow'd rites,
To which you'd call your father's hov'ring ſpirit.

Enter Iſmena.

Iſm. Hear me, my lord, ere yet you fix his doom: [*Turning to Theſeus.*
Hear one that comes to ſhield his injur'd honour,
And guard his life with hazard of her own.

Theſ. Tho' thou'rt the daughter of my hated foe,
Tho' ev'n thy beauty's loathſome to my eyes,
Yet juſtice bids me hear thee.

Iſm. Thus I thank thee. [*Kneels.*
Then know, miſtaken prince, his honeſt ſoul
Could ne'er be ſway'd by impious love to Phædra,
Since I before engag'd his early vows;
With all my wiles ſubdu'd his ſtruggling heart;
For long his duty ſtruggled with his love.

Theſ. Speak, is this true? on thy obedience, ſpeak. [I own,

Hip. So charg'd, I own the dang'rous truth;
Againſt her will, I lov'd the fair Iſmena.

Theſ. Can'ſt thou be only clear'd by diſobedience,
And juſtified by crimes? What, love my foe!
Love one deſcended from a race of tyrants,
Whoſe blood yet reeks on my avenging ſword!
I'm curſt each moment I delay thy fate.
Haſte to the ſhades, and tell the happy Pallas
Iſmena's flames, and let 'em taſte ſuch joys
As thou giv'ſt me; go tell applauding Minos
The pious love you bore his daughter Phædra;
Tell it the chatt'ring ghoſts, and hiſſing furies,
Tell it the grinning fiends, till hell ſound nothing
To thy pleas'd ears but Phædra, thy mother [Phædra!
Here guards.

 Enter

Enter Cratander and Guards.

Seize him, Cratander; take this guilty ſword,
Let his own hand avenge the crimes it acted,
And bid him die, at leaſt, like Theſeus' ſon.
Take him away, and execute my orders.

Hip. Heav'ns! how that ſtrikes me! how it wounds my ſoul
To think of your unutterable ſorrows,
When you ſhall find Hippolitus was guiltleſs!
Yet when you know the innocence you doom'd,
When you ſhall mourn your ſon's unhappy fate,
Oh, I beſeech you by the love you bore me,
With my laſt words (my words will then prevail)
Oh, for my ſake forbear to touch your life,
Nor wound again Hippolitus in Theſeus.
Let all my virtues, all my joys ſurvive
Freſh in your breaſt, but be my woes forgot;
The woes which fate, and not my father, wrought.
Oh, let me dwell for ever in your thoughts,
Let me be honour'd ſtill, but not deplor'd.

Theſ. Then thy chief care is for thy father's life.
O blooming hypocrite! O young diſſembler!
Well haſt thou ſhewn the care thou tak'ſt of Theſeus.
O all ye gods! how this enflames my fury.
I ſcarce can hold my rage; my eager hands
Tremble to reach thee. No, diſhonour'd Theſeus,
Blot not thy fame with ſuch a monſter's blood.
Snatch him away.

Hip. Lead on. Farewel, Iſmena.
[*Exit, guarded.*

Iſm. Oh! take me with him, let me ſhare his fate.
O awful Theſeus! yet revoke his doom.
See, ſee the very miniſters of death,
Tho' bred to blood, yet ſhrink, and wiſh to ſave [him.

Theſ. Slaves, villains, drag her away.

Iſm. Oh, tear me, cut me, till my fever'd limbs
Grow to my lord, and ſhare the pains he ſuffers.

Theſ. Villains, away!

Iſm. O Theſeus! hear me, hear me.

Theſ. Away, nor taint me with thy loath-
Off, woman. [ſome touch.

Iſm. Oh let me ſtay! I'll tell you all.
[*Exit Theſeus.*
Already gone. Tell it, ye conſcious walls;
Bear it, ye winds, upon your pitying wings;
Reſound it, Fame, with all your hundred tongues.
O hapleſs youth! all Heaven conſpires againſt [you.
The conſcious walls conceal the fatal ſecret;
Th' untainted winds refuſe th' infecting load,
And Fame itſelf is mute. Nay, ev'n Iſmena,
Thy own Iſmena 's ſworn to thy deſtruction.
But ſtill whate'er the cruel gods deſign,
In the ſame fate our equal ſtars combine,
And he who dooms thy death, pronounces mine.

Theſ. Too well I know the truth;
What cou'd ſhe tell me but fictitious art,
By woman's art deriv'd to turn the courſe
Of juſtice from a wretch, whoſe death both [gods
And men demand of Theſeus.

ACT V.

Enter Phædra and Lycon.

Lyc. ACCUSE yourſelf! On my knees I beg you,
By all the gods, recal the fatal meſſage.
Heav'ns! will you ſtand the dreaded rage of Theſeus?
And brand your fame, and work your own de- [ſtruction?

Phæd. By thee I'm branded, and by thee deſtroy'd;
Thou boſom ſerpent, thou alluring fiend!
Yet ſhan't you boaſt the miſeries you cauſe,
Nor 'ſcape the ruin you have brought on all.

Lyc. Was it not your command? has faithful Lycon
E'er ſpoke, e'er thought, deſign'd, contriv'd or [acted,
Has he done aught without the queen's conſent? [firſt inſpir'd?

Phæd. Plead'ſt thou conſent to what thou
Was that conſent? O ſenſeleſs politician!
When adverſe paſſions ſtruggle in my breaſt,
When anger, fear, love, ſorrow, guilt, deſpair,
Drove out my reaſon, and uſurp'd my ſoul.
Yet this conſent you plead, O faithleſs Lycon!
Oh, only zealous for the fame of Phædra!
With this you blot my name and clear your own;
And what's my phrenzy ſhall be call'd my [crime.
What then is thine? thou cool, deliberate villain,
Thou wiſe, fore-thinking, weighing politician!

Lyc. Oh! 'twas ſo black a charge, my tongue recoil'd
At its own ſound, and horror ſhook my ſoul.
Yet ſtill, tho' pierc'd with ſuch amazing anguiſh,
Such was my zeal, ſo much I lov'd my queen,
I broke thro' all to ſave the life of Phædra.

Phæd. What's life? O all ye gods! can life atone
For all the monſtrous crimes by which it's bought?
O can I live, when thou, O ſoul of honour!
O early hero! by my crimes are ruin'd?
Perhaps ev'n now the great unhappy youth
Falls by the ſordid hands of butchering villains;
Now, now he bleeds, he dies.——O perjur'd traitor!
See, his rich blood in purple torrents flows,
And nature ſallies in unbidden groans;
Now mortal pangs diſtort his lovely form,
His roſy beauties fade, his ſtarry eyes
Now darkling ſwim, and fix their cloſing beams;
Now in ſhort graſps his lab'ring ſpirit heaves,
And weakly flutters on his fault'ring tongue,
And ſtruggles into ſound. Hear, monſter, hear,
With his laſt breath he curſes perjur'd Phædra;
He ſummons Phædra to the bar of Minos;
Thou too ſhalt there appear; to torture thee
Whoſe hell ſhall be employ'd, and ſuff'ring Phædra

Shall find ſome eaſe, to ſee thee ſtill more wretched.
Lyc. O all ye pow'rs! O Phædra! hear me, hear me.
By all my zeal, by all my anxious cares,
By thoſe unhappy crimes I wrought to ſerve you,
By thoſe old wither'd limbs, and hoary hairs,
By all my tears—O Heav'ns! ſhe minds me not;
She hears not my complaints. O wretched Lycon!
To what art thou reſerv'd?
Phæd. Reſerv'd to all
The ſharpeſt, ſloweſt pains that earth can furniſh,
To all I wiſh——On, Phædra——Guards, ſecure him.

Enter Guards. Lycon carried off.

Ha, Theſeus!——Gods! my freezing blood congeals,
And all my thoughts, deſigns, and words are loſt.

Enter Theſeus.

Theſ. Doſt thou at laſt repent? O lovely Phædra!
At laſt with equal ardour meet my vows?
O dear-bought bleſſing!—Yet I'll not complain,
Since now my ſharpeſt grief is all o'erpaid,
And only heightens joy.——Then haſte, my charmer,
Let's feaſt our famiſh'd ſoul with amorous riot,
With fierceſt bliſs atone for our delay,
And in a moment love the age we've loſt.
Phæd. Stand off; approach me, touch me not; fly hence,
Far as the diſtant ſkies or deepeſt centre.
Theſ. Amazement! death! Ye gods who guide the world,
What can this mean? So fierce a deteſtation,
So ſtrong abhorrence!—Speak, exquiſite tormentor!
Was it for this your ſummons fill'd my ſoul
With eager raptures, and tumultuous tranſports?
Ev'n painful joys, and agonies of bliſs.
Did I for this obey my Phædra's call,
And fly with trembling haſte to meet her arms?
And am I thus receiv'd? O cruel Phædra!
Was it for this you rouz'd my drowzy ſoul
From the dull lethargy of hopeleſs love?
And doſt thou only ſhew thoſe beauteous eyes
To wake deſpair, and blaſt me with their beams?
Phæd. Oh, were that all to which the gods have doom'd me!
But angry Heav'n has laid in ſtore for Theſeus
Such perfect miſchief, ſuch tranſcendent woe,
That the black image ſhocks my frighted ſoul,
And the words die on my reluctant tongue.
Theſ. Fear not to ſpeak it; that harmonious voice
Will make the ſaddeſt tale of ſorrow pleaſing,
And charm the grief it brings. Thus let me hear it,
Thus in thy ſight; thus gazing on thoſe eyes
I can ſupport the utmoſt ſpite of fate,
And ſtand the rage of Heav'n.—Approach, my fair.
Phæd. Off, or I fly for ever from thy ſight.
Shall I embrace the father of Hippolitus?
Theſ. Forget the villain; drive him from your ſoul.
Phæd. Can I forget, or drive him from my ſoul?
Oh! he will ſtill be preſent to my eyes;
His words will ever echo in my ears;
Still will he be the torture of my days,
Bane of my life, and ruin of my glory.
Theſ. And mine and all. O moſt abandon'd villain!
O laſting ſcandal to our godlike race!
That could contrive a crime ſo foul as inceſt.
Phæd. Inceſt! Oh, name it not!
The very mention ſhakes my inmoſt ſoul;
The gods are ſtartled in their peaceful manſions,
And nature ſickens at the ſhocking ſound.
Thou brutal wretch, thou execrable monſter!
To break thro' all the laws that early flow
From untaught reaſon, and diſtinguiſh man;
Mix like the ſenſeleſs herd with beſtial luſt,
Mother and ſon prepoſterouſly wicked;
To baniſh from thy ſoul the rev'rence due
To honour, nature, and the genial bed,
And injure one ſo great, ſo good as Theſeus!
Theſ. To injure one ſo great, ſo good as Phædra.
O ſlave! to wrong ſuch purity as thine;
Such dazzling brightneſs, ſuch exalted virtue!
Phæd. Virtue! all-ſeeing gods, ye know my virtue.
Muſt I ſupport all this? O righteous Heav'n!
Can't I yet ſpeak? Reproach I could have borne,
Pointed his ſatire's ſtings, and edg'd his rage;
But to be prais'd——Now, Minos, I defy thee;
Ev'n all thy dreadful magazines of pains,
Stones, furies, wheels, are ſlight to what I ſuffer,
And hell itſelf's relief.
Theſ. What's hell to thee?
What crimes could'ſt thou commit? or what reproaches
Could innocence ſo pure as Phædra's fear?
Oh! thou 'rt the chaſteſt matron of thy ſex,
The faireſt pattern of excelling virtue.
Our lateſt annals ſhall record thy glory,
The maid's example, and the matron's theme.
Each ſkilful artiſt ſhall expreſs thy form
In animated gold. The threat'ning ſword
Shall hang for ever o'er thy ſnowy boſom;
Such heav'nly beauty on thy face ſhall bloom
As ſhall almoſt excuſe the villain's crime;
But yet that firmneſs, that unſhaken virtue,
As ſtill ſhall make the monſter more deteſted.
Where-e'er you paſs, the crowded way ſhall ſound
With joyful cries, and endleſs acclamations.
And when aſpiring bards in daring ſtrains
Shall raiſe ſome heav'nly matron to the pow'rs,
They'll ſay, She's great, ſhe's true, ſhe's chaſte as Phædra.
Phæd. This might have been—But now, O cruel ſtars!
Now, as I paſs, the crowded way ſhall ſound
With hiſſing ſcorn, and murm'ring deteſtation.
The lateſt annals ſhall record my ſhame;
And when th' avenging Muſe with pointed rage
Would ſink ſome impious woman down to hell,

She'll say, She's false, she's base, she's foul as Phædra.
Thes. Hadst thou been foul, had horrid violation
Cast any stains on purity like thine,
They're wash'd already in the villain's blood:
The very sword, his instrument of horror,
Ere this time drench'd in his incestuous heart,
Hath done thee justice, and aveng'd the crimes
He us'd it to perform.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Alas! my lord,
Ere this the prince is dead. I saw Cratander
Give him a sword; I saw him boldly take it,
Rear it on high, and point it to his breast
With steady hands, and with disdainful looks,
As one that fear'd not death, but scorn'd to die,
And not in battle.—A loud clamour follow'd;
And the surrounding soldiers hid from sight,
But all pronounc'd him dead.
Phæd. Is he then dead?
Thes. Yes, yes, he's dead; and dead by my command.
And in this dreadful act of mournful justice
I'm more renown'd than in my dear-bought laurels.
Phæd. Then thou 'rt renown'd indeed.——O happy Theseus!
Oh, only worthy of the love of Phædra!
Haste then, let's join our well-met hands together,
Unite for ever, and defy the gods
To shew a pair so eminently wretched.
Thes. Wretched! for what? for what the world must praise me;
For what the nations shall adore my justice;
A villain's death.
Phæd. Hippolitus a villain!
Oh, he was all his godlike sire could wish,
The pride of Theseus, and the hopes of Crete.
Nor did the bravest of his godlike race
Tread with such early hopes the paths of honour.
Thes. What can this mean? declare, ambiguous Phædra,
Say, whence these shifting gusts of clashing rage?
Why are thy doubted speeches dark and troubled,
As Cretan seas when vext by warring winds?
Why is a villain, with alternate passion,
Accus'd and prais'd, detested and deplor'd?
Phæd. Canst thou not guess?
Canst thou not read it in my furious passions?
In all the wild disorders of my soul?
Could'st thou not see it in the noble warmth
That urg'd the darling youth to acts of honour?
Could'st thou not find it in the gen'rous truth
Which sparkled in his eyes, and open'd in his face?
Could'st not perceive it in the chaste reserve,
In every word and look, each godlike act;
Could'st thou not see Hippolitus was guiltless?
Thes. Guiltless! O all ye gods! what can this mean?
Phæd. Mean; that the guilt is mine, that virtuous Phædra,
The maid's example, and the matron's theme,
With bestial passion woo'd your loathing son;
And when deny'd, with impious accusation
Sullied the lustre of his shining honour;
Of my own crimes accus'd the faultless youth,
And with ensnaring wiles destroy'd that virtue
I try'd in vain to shake.
Thes. Is he then guiltless?
Guiltless? then what art thou? and oh! just Heav'n!
What a detested parricide is Theseus!
Phæd. What am I? what indeed, but one more black
Than earth or hell e'er bore! O horrid mixture
Of crimes and woes, of parricide and incest,
Perjury, murder, to arm the erring father
Against the guiltless son. O impious Lycon,
In what a hell of woes thy arts have plung'd me!
Thes. Lycon!——Here, guards.——O most abandoned villain!
Secure him, seize him, drag him piece-meal hither.

Enter Guards.

Gua. Who has, my lord, incurr'd your high displeasure?
Thes. Who can it be, ye gods, but perjur'd Lycon?
Who can inspire such storms of rage, but Lycon?
Where has my sword left one so black, but Lycon?
Where, wretched Theseus, is thy bed and heart?
The very darling of my soul and eyes.
O beauteous fiend! But trust not to thy form.
You too, my son, was fair; your manly beauties
Charm'd ev'ry heart, (O Heav'ns) to your destruction;
You too were good, your virtuous soul abhorr'd
The crimes for which you died. O impious Phædra!
Incestuous fury! execrable murd'ress!
Is there revenge on earth, or pain in hell,
Can art invent, or boiling rage suggest,
Ev'n endless torture, which thou shalt not suffer?
Phæd. And is there aught on earth I would not suffer?
Oh, were there vengeance equal to my crimes,
Thou needs not claim it, most unhappy youth,
From any hands but mine; t'avenge thy fate
I'd court the fiercest pains, and sue for tortures,
And Phædra's suff'rings should atone for thine;
Ev'n now I fall a victim to thy wrongs;
Ev'n now a fatal draught works out my soul;
Ev'n now it curdles in my shrinking veins
The lazy blood, and freezes at my heart.

Lycon brought in.

Thes. Hast thou escap'd my wrath? Yet, impious Lycon,
On thee I'll empty all my hoard of vengeance,
And glut my boundless rage.
Lyc. O mercy, mercy!
Thes. Such thou shalt find as thy best deeds deserve;
Such as thy guilty soul can hope from Theseus;
Such as thou shewd'st to poor Hippolitus.
Lyc. Oh! chain me; whip me; let me be the scorn

Of

Of ſordid rabbles, and inſulting crowds;
Give me but life and make that life moſt wretched.

Phæd. Art thou ſo baſe, ſo ſpiritleſs a ſlave?
Not ſo the lovely youth thy arts have ruin'd,
Not ſo he bore the fate to which you doom'd him.

Theſ. O abject villain!—Yet it gives me joy,
To ſee the fears that ſhake thy guilty ſoul,
Enhance thy crimes, and antedate thy woes.
Oh, how thou'lt howl thy fearful ſoul away!
While laughing crowds ſhall echo to thy cries,
And make thy pains their ſport. Haſte, hence, away with him.
Drag him to all the torments earth can furniſh;
Let him be rack'd and gaſh'd, impal'd alive;
Then let the mangled monſter, fixt on high,
Grin o'er the ſhouting crowds, and glut their vengeance.
Hence! away! [*Lycon borne off.*
And is this all? and art thou not appeas'd?
Will this atone for poor Hippolitus?
O ungorg'd appetite! O rav'nous thirſt
Of a ſon's blood! what not a day, a moment?

Phæd. A day, a moment! oh, thou ſhould'ſt have ſtaid
Years, ages, all the round of circling time,
Ere touch the life of that conſummate youth.

Theſ. And yet with joy I flew to his deſtruction,
Boaſted his fate and triumph'd in his ruin.
Not this I promis'd to his dying mother,
When in her mortal pangs ſhe ſighing gave me
The laſt cold kiſſes from her trembling lips,
Her laſt words now fault'ring from her tongue,
And reach'd her feeble wand'ring hands to mine;
When her laſt breath now quiv'ring at her mouth,
Implor'd my goodneſs to her lovely ſon,
To her Hippolitus. He, alas! deſcends
An early victim to the lazy ſhades,
(O heav'n and earth!) by Theſeus doom'd, deſcends.

Phæd. He's doom'd by Theſeus, but accus'd by Phædra,
By Phædra's madneſs, and by Lycon's hatred.
Yet with my life I expiate my phrenzy,
And die for thee my headlong rage deſtroy'd.
Thee I purſue, (O great ill-fated youth!)
Purſue thee ſtill, but now with chaſte deſires;
Thee thro' the diſmal waſte of gloomy death,
Thee thro' the glimm'ring dawn, and purer day,
Thro' all the Elyſian plains———O righteous Minos!
Elyſian plains! There he and his Iſmena
Shall ſport for ever, ſhall for ever drink
Immortal love; while I far off ſhall howl
In lonely plains; while all the blackeſt ghoſts
Shrink from the baleful ſight of one more monſtrous,
And more accurſt than they.

Theſ. I too muſt die;
I too muſt once more ſee the burning ſhore
Of livid Acheron and black Cocytus,
Whence no Alcides will releaſe me now.

Phæd. Then why this ſtay? Come on, let's plunge together.
See, hell ſets wide its adamantine gates:
See, through the ſable gates the black Cocytus
In ſmoaky circles rowls its fiery waves;
Hear, hear the ſtunning harmonies of woe,
The din of rattling chains, of claſhing whips,
Of groans, or loud complaints, of piercing ſhrieks,
That wide thro' all its gloomy world reſound.
How huge Mægara ſtalks! what ſtreaming fires
Blaze from her glaring eyes! what ſerpents curl
In horrid wreaths, and hiſs around her head!
Now, now ſhe drags me to the bar of Minos:
See how the awful judges of the dead
Look ſtedfaſt hate, and horrible diſmay!
See, Minos turns away his loathing eyes;
Rage chokes his ſtruggling words; the fatal urn
Drops from his trembling hand. O all ye gods!
What, Lycon here? O execrable villain!
Then am I ſtill on earth? By hell I am,
A fury now, a ſcourge preſerv'd for Lycon.
See, the juſt beings offer to my vengeance
That impious ſlave. Now, Lycon, for revenge:
Thanks, Heaven, 'tis here. I'll ſtrike it to his heart.
[*Miſtaking Theſeus for Lycon, offers to ſtab him.*

Gua. Heav'ns! 'tis your lord.

Phæd. My lord! O equal Heav'n!
Muſt each portentous moment riſe in crimes,
And ſallying life go off in parricide?
This glimpſe of reaſon ſome indulgent god
Hath granted me to cloſe the ſcene of guilt.
Then truſt not thy ſlow drugs—Thus, ſure of death,
Compleat thy horrors.—And if this ſuffice not,
Thou, Minos, do the reſt. [*Stabs herſelf.*

Theſ. Deſp'rate to the laſt—in ev'ry paſſion furious.

Phæd. I aſk not,
Nor do I hope from thee forgiveneſs, Theſeus;
But yet amidſt my crimes remember ſtill,
That my offence was not my nature's fault.
The wrath of Venus, which purſues our race,
Firſt kindled in my breaſt thoſe guilty fires.
Reſiſtleſs goddeſs, I confeſs thy pow'r,
To thee I make libation of my blood.
Venus, avert thy hate—may wretched Phædra
Prove the laſt victim of her fated line.
[*Dies.*

Theſ. At length ſhe's quiet, ſhe's dead;
And now earth bears not ſuch a wretch as Theſeus.
Yet I'll obey Hippolitus, and live:
Then to the wars; and, as the Corybantines,
With claſhing ſhields and braying trumpets, drown'd
The cries of infant Jove, I'll ſtifle conſcience,
And Nature's murmurs in the din of arms.
But what are arms to me? is he not dead
For whom I fought? for whom my hoary age
Glow'd with the boiling heat of youth in battle?
How then to drag a wretched life beneath
An endleſs round of ſtill-returning woes,
And all the gnawing pangs of vain remorſe?
What torment's this!—Therefore, O greatly thought!
Therefore do juſtice on thyſelf and live;

Live above all, most infinitely wretched.
Ismena too——Nay then, avenging Heav'n

Ismena enters.

Has vented all its rage.——O wretched maid!
Why dost thou come to swell my raging grief?
Why add to sorrows, and embitter woes?
Why do thy mournful eyes upbraid my guilt?
Why thus recal to my afflicted soul
The sad remembrance of my godlike son,
Of that dear youth my cruelty has murder'd?
O gods, your reddest bolts of fire
Had dealt less torment to my suff'ring frame
Than that destructive word hath giv'n my heart.
Life yields beneath the sound.

Ism. Ruin'd! O all ye pow'rs! O awful Theseus!
Say, where's my lord? say, where has fate dispos'd him?
O speak! the fear distracts me.

Thes. Gods! can I speak?
Can I declare his fate to his Ismena!
O lovely maid! could'st thou admit of comfort,
Thou should'st for ever be my only care,
Work of my life, and labour of my soul.
For thee alone my sorrows, lull'd, shall cease,
Cease for a while to mourn my murder'd son;
For thee alone my sword once more shall rage,
Restore the crown of which it robb'd your race.
Then let your grief give way to thoughts of empire;
At thy own Athens reign. The happy crowd,
Beneath the easy yoke with pleasure bow,
And think in thee their own Minerva reigns.

Ism. Must I then reign, nay, must I live without him?
Not so, O godlike youth! you lov'd Ismena:
You, for her sake, refus'd the Cretan empire,
And yet a nobler gift, the royal Phædra.
Shall I then take a crown, a guilty crown,
From the relentless hand that doom'd thy death?
Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have ease,
And thus I find it. [*Offers to stab herself.*

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. O forbear Ismena!
Forbear, chaste maid, to wound thy tender bosom.
O heav'n and earth! should she resolve to die,
And snatch all beauty from the widow'd earth?
Was it for me, ye gods, she'd fall a victim?
Was it for me she'd die? O heav'nly virgin!
Revive, Ismena,
Return to light, to happiness and love;
See, see thy own Hippolitus, who lives,
And hopes to live for thee.

Ism. Hippolitus!
Am I alive or dead? is this Elysium?
'Tis he, 'tis all Hippolitus. Art well?
Art thou not wounded?

Thes. O unhop'd-for joy!
Stand off, and let me fly into his arms.
Speak, say, what god, what miracle preserv'd thee?
Didst thou not strike thy father's cruel present,
My sword, into thy breast?

Hip. I aim'd it there,
But turn'd it from myself, and slew Cratander;
The guards, not trusted with his fatal orders,
Granted my wish, and brought me to the king.
I fear'd not death, but could not bear the thought
Of Theseus' sorrow, and Ismena's loss;
Therefore I hasten'd to your royal presence,
Here to receive my doom.

Thes. Be this thy doom,
To live for ever in Ismena's arms.
Go, heav'nly pair, and with your dazzling virtues,
Your courage, truth, your innocence and love,
Amaze and charm mankind; and rule that empire,
For which in vain your rival fathers fought.

Ism. O killing joy!

Hip. O extasy of bliss!
Am I possess'd at last of my Ismena?
Of that celestial maid, O pitying gods!
How shall I thank your bounties for my suff'rings,
For all my pains, and all the pangs I've borne;
Since 'twas to them I owe divine Ismena,
To them I owe the dear consent of Theseus?
Yet there's a pain lies heavy on my heart,
For the disastrous fate of hapless Phædra!

Thes. Deep was her anguish for the wrongs she did you.
She chose to die, and in her death deplor'd
Your fate, and not her own.

Hip. I've heard it all. Unhappy Phædra!
Oh! had not passion sully'd her renown,
None e'er on earth had shone with equal lustre,
So glorious liv'd, or so lamented died!
Her faults were only faults of raging love,
Her virtues all her own.

Ism. Unhappy Phædra!
Was there no other way, ye pitying pow'rs,
No other way to crown Ismena's love?
Then must I ever mourn her cruel fate,
And in the midst of my triumphant joy,
Ev'n in my hero's arms, confess some sorrow.

Thes. O tender maid! forbear with ill-tim'd grief
To damp our blessings, and incense the gods;
But let's away, and pay kind Heav'n our thanks
For all the wonders in our favour wrought;
That Heav'n, whose mercy rescu'd erring Theseus
From execrable crimes, and endless woes.
Then learn from me, ye kings that rule the world:
With equal poize let steady justice sway,
And flagrant crimes with certain vengeance pay,
But till the proofs are clear, the stroke delay.

Hip. The righteous gods, that innocence require,
Protect the goodness which themselves inspire;
Unguarded virtue human arts defies,
Th' accus'd is happy, while th' accuser dies.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

DETACHED

DETACHED SCENES.

§ 49. *Sebastian and Dorax.* DRYDEN.

Re-enter Dorax, having taken off his Turban, and put on an European habit.

Dor. NOW do you know me?
Seb. Thou should'st be Alonzo.
Dor. So you should be Sebastian;
But when Sebastian ceas'd to be himself,
I ceas'd to be Alonzo.
Seb. As in a dream,
I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.
Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs,
And your inhuman tyranny, have sent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake;
And death should give you back to answer me.
A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy wings
Over these eyes; but ever when they clos'd,
Your tyrant image forc'd them ope again,
And dry'd the dews they brought.
The long-expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame:
And that once clear'd, eternal sleep is welcome.
Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs:
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face;
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.
Dor. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done [me;
Then though I loathe this woman's war of tongue,
Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear:
And, Honour, be thou judge.
Seb. Honour befriend us both.
Beware, I warn thee yet to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear:
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent and haughty to superiors:
How often hast thou brav'd my peaceful court,
Fill'd it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts;
And, with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproach'd even me, thy prince!
Dor. And well I might, when you forgot [reward,
The part of Heav'n in kings: for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.
I must, and will, reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant, (it irks me so to call my prince)
But just resentment and hard usage coin'd
Th' unwilling word; and, grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.
Seb. How, Tyrant!
Dor. Tyrant!
Seb. Traitor; that name thou canst not echo back:
That robe of infamy, that circumcision [back:
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor:
And, if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis Renegade.
Dor. If I'm a traitor, think, and blush, thou [tyrant,
Whose injuries betray'd me into treason,
Effac'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,
And hurry'd me from hopes of heav'n to hell:
All these, and all my yet-unfinish'd crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee to make thy damning sure.
Seb. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing.
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy king.
Dor. Too well I know thee, but for king no [more:
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this,
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieg'd
By sycophants, and fools, the growth of courts;
Where thy gull'd eyes in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lye in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping croud,
Envious who first should catch, and first applaud
The stuff or royal nonsense: when I spoke,
My honest homely words were carp'd, and cen- [sur'd,
For want of courtly stile; related actions,
Though modestly reported, past for boasts:
Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward, [vaded,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights in-
And the bread snatch'd from pimps and para- [sites,
Henriquez answered, with a ready lye,
To save his king's, the boon was begg'd before.
Seb. What say'st thou of Henriquez? Now, by Heav'n,
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd scurril taunts.
Dor. And therefore 'twas to gall thee, that I nam'd him, [smile;
That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and
That woman, but more daub'd; or, if a man,
Corrupted to a woman; thy man-mistress.
Seb. All false as hell, or thou.
Dor. Yes; full as false
As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitch'd thy standard in those foreign fields:
By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with it;
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both. [first,
Seb. I see to what thou tend'st; but tell me
If those great acts were done alone for me;
If love produced not some, and pride the rest?
Dor. Why, love does all that's noble here below:
But all th' advantage of that love was thine:
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own,
(For Violante's vows were mine before:)
Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke;
And ask'd me Violante for Henriquez.
Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.
Dor. Where, justice wanted, could reward be hop'd?
Could the robb'd passenger expect a bounty
From those rapacious hands who stripp'd him first?
Seb. He had my promise, ere I knew thy love.
Dor. My services deserv'd thou should'st revoke it.

Seb. Thy inſolence had cancell'd all thy
ſervice;
To violate my laws, even in my court,
Sacred to peace, and ſafe from all affronts;
Ev'n to my face, and done in my deſpite,
Under the wing of awful majeſty
To ſtrike the man I lov'd! [ſacred,
Dor. Ev'n in the face of heav'n, a place more
Would I have ſtruck the man, who, prompt by
power,
Would ſeize my right, and rob me of my love:
But, for a blow provok'd by thy injuſtice,
The haſty product of a juſt deſpair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field, [own!
That thou ſhould'ſt make a coward's cauſe thy
Seb. He durſt: nay, more, deſir'd and begg'd
with tears,
To meet thy challenge fairly: 'twas thy fault
To make it public; but my duty then
To interpoſe, on pain of my diſpleaſure,
Betwixt your ſwords.
Dor. On pain of infamy
He ſhould have diſobey'd. [me:
Seb. The indignity thou did'ſt was meant to
Thy gloomy eyes were caſt on me with ſcorn,
As who ſhould ſay, the blow was there intended;
But that thou did'ſt not dare to lift thy hands
Againſt anointed power: ſo was I forc'd
To do a ſovereign juſtice to myſelf,
And ſpurn thee from my preſence.
Dor. Thou haſt dar'd
To tell me, what I durſt not tell myſelf:
I durſt not think that I was ſpurn'd, and live;
And live to hear it boaſted to my face;
All my long avarice of honour loſt,
Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age:
Has Honour's fountain then ſuck'd back the
ſtream?
He has; and hooting-boys may dry-ſhod paſs,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honour; give them back—
Give me revenge while I have breath to aſk it—
Seb. Now by this honour'd order which I
wear, [it—
More gladly would I give, than thou dar'ſt aſk
Nor ſhall the ſacred character of king
Be urg'd to ſhield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal:
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou haſt charg'd me with ingratitude;
Haſt thou not charg'd me? Speak.
Dor. Thou know'ſt I have:
If thou diſown'ſt that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lye. [draw:
Seb. No; to diſprove that lye I muſt not
Be conſcious to thy worth, and tell thy ſoul
What thou haſt done this day in my defence;
To fight thee after this, what were it elſe
Than owning that ingratitude thou urg'ſt?
That iſthmus ſtands between two ruſhing ſeas;
Which mounting, view each other from afar,
And ſtrive in vain to meet.
Dor. I'll cut that iſthmus:
Thou know'ſt I meant not to preſerve thy life,
But to reprieve it, for my own revenge.
I ſav'd thee out of honourable malice: [not:
Now draw; I ſhould be loth to think thou dar'ſt
Beware of ſuch another vile excuſe.
Seb. Oh, patience Heav'n!
Dor. Beware of patience too:
That's a ſuſpicious word: it had been proper,
Before thy foot had ſpurn'd me; now 'tis baſe;
Yet to diſarm thee of thy laſt defence,
I have thy oath for my ſecurity:
The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat:
Fight or be perjur'd now; that's all thy choice.
Seb. Now can I thank thee as thou would'ſt
be thank'd: [*Drawing.*
Never was vow of honour better paid,
If my true ſword but hold, than this ſhall be.
The ſprightly bridegroom on his wedding-night,
More gladly enters not the liſts of love.
Why 'tis enjoyment to be ſummon'd thus.
Go; bear my meſſage to Henriquez' ghoſt;
And ſay his maſter and his friend reveng'd him.
Dor. His ghoſt! then is my hated rival dead?
Seb. The queſtion is beſide our preſent pur-
Thou ſee'ſt me ready; we delay too long. [poſe;
Dor. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall.
Seb. He's dead: make haſte, and thou may'ſt
yet o'ertake him. [longer,
Dor. When I was haſty, thou delay'ſt me
I pr'ythee let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promiſe: for thy life preſerv'd,
Be kind; and tell me how that rival dy'd,
Whoſe death next thine I wiſh'd. [never know:
Seb. If it would pleaſe thee, thou ſhould'ſt
But thou, like jealouſy, enquir'ſt a truth,
Which found will torture thee: he dy'd in fight:
Fought next my perſon; as in concert fought:
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heav'd his ſhield in my defence,
And on his naked ſide receiv'd my wound:
Then when he could no more, he fell at once,
But roll'd his falling body croſs their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.
Dor. I never can forgive him ſuch a death!
Seb. I propheſy'd thy proud ſoul could not
bear it.
Now judge thyſelf, who beſt deſerv'd my love.
I knew you both; and (durſt I ſay?) as Heav'n
Foreknew among the ſhining angel hoſt
Who ſhould ſtand firm, who fall.
Dor. Had he been tempted ſo, ſo had he fall'n;
And ſo, had I been favour'd, had I ſtood.
Seb. What had been, is unknown; what is, ap-
Confeſs he juſtly was preferr'd to thee. [pears;
Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent ſtars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.
Oh, worſe than hell! what glory have I loſt,
And what has he acquired by ſuch a death!
I ſhould have fallen by Sebaſtian's ſide,
My corpſe had been the bulwark of my king:
His glorious end was a patch'd work of fate,
Ill ſorted with a ſoft effeminate life:
It ſuited better with my life than his
So to have dy'd: mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your ſervice, dying at your feet.

Seb. The more effeminate and ſoft his life,
The more his fame to ſtruggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: confeſs, proud ſpirit,
(For I will have it from thy very mouth)
That better he deſerv'd my love than thou.
Dor. Oh, whither would thou drive me! I muſt grant,
Yes, I muſt grant, but with a ſwelling ſoul,
Henriquez had your love with more deſert: [you:
For you he fought and dy'd; I fought againſt
Through all the mazes of the bloody field,
Hunted your ſacred life; which that I miſs'd
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my ſoul; my ſoul's a rigicide.
Seb. Thou might'ſt have given it a more gentle name:
Thou mean'ſt to kill a tyrant, not a king.
Speak, did'ſt thou not, Alonzo?
Dor. Can I ſpeak!
Alas, I cannot anſwer to Alonzo:
No, Dorax cannot anſwer to Alonzo:
Alonzo was too kind a name for me. [arms,
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your
In that bleſt age I was the man you nam'd;
Till rage and pride debas'd me into Dorax;
And loſt, like Lucifer, my name above.
Seb. Yet twice this day I ow'd my life to Dorax.
Dor. I ſav'd you but to kill you: there's my grief. [repent:
Seb. Nay, if thou can'ſt be griev'd, thou can'ſt
Thou could'ſt not be a villain, though thou would'ſt:
Thou own'ſt too much in owning thou haſt err'd:
And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.
Dor. Oh, ſtop this headlong torrent of your
It comes too faſt upon a feeble ſoul, [goodneſs;
Half-drown'd in tears before; ſpare my confuſion.
For pity ſpare, and ſay not, firſt you err'd.
For yet I have not dar'd, through guilt and ſhame,
To throw myſelf beneath your royal feet.
Now ſpurn this rebel, this proud renegade;
'Tis juſt you ſhould, nor will I more complain.
Seb. Indeed thou ſhould'ſt not aſk forgiveneſs firſt,
But thou prevent'ſt me ſtill in all that's noble.
Yes, I will raiſe thee up with better news:
Thy Violante's heart was ever thine:
Compell'd to wed, becauſe ſhe was my ward.
Her ſoul was abſent when ſhe gave her hand:
Nor could my threats, or his purſuing courtſhip,
Effect the conſummation of his love:
So ſtill indulging tears, ſhe pines for thee,
A widow and a maid. [bleſt me!
Dor. Have I been curſing Heav'n, while Heav'n
I ſhall run mad with extaſy of joy:
What, in one moment to be reconcil'd
To Heav'n, and to my king, and to my love!
But pity is my friend, and ſtops me ſhort,
For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez!
Seb. Art thou ſo generous too, to pity him!
Nay, then I was unjuſt to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms;
And all our quarrels be but ſuch as theſe,
Who ſhall love beſt, and cloſeſt ſhall embrace:
Be what Henriquez was, be my Alonzo.
Dor. What, my Alonzo, ſaid you? My Alonzo!
Let my tears thank you, for I cannot ſpeak;
And if I could, [mine.
Words were not made to vent ſuch thoughts as
Seb. Thou can'ſt not ſpeak, and I can ne'er be ſilent:
Some ſtrange reverſe of fate muſt ſure attend
This vaſt profuſion, this extravagance
Of Heav'n to bleſs me thus. 'Tis gold ſo pure,
It cannot bear the ſtamp, without allay.
Be kind, ye pow'rs, and take but half away.
With eaſe the gifts of fortune I reſign;
But let my love, and friend, be ever mine.

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§ 50. *Antony and Ventidius.* DRYDEN.

Ant. THEY tell me, 'tis my birth-day; and I'll keep it
With double pomp of ſadneſs.
'Tis what the day deſerves, which gave me breath.
Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
Hung in the ſkies, and blazing as I travell'd,
'Till all my fires were ſpent, and then caſt down-
To be trod out by Cæſar? [wards
Vent. [*Aſide*] On my ſoul
'Tis mournful, wond'rous mournful!
Ant. Count thy gains,
Now, Antony, would'ſt thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has ſtarv'd thy wanting age.
Vent. [*Aſide.*] How ſorrow ſhakes him!
So, now the tempeſt tears him up by th' roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.
Ant. [*Having thrown himſelf down.*] Lie there, thou ſhadow of an emperor;
The place thou preſſeſt on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold aſhes: then Octavia,
(For Cleopatra will not live to ſee it)
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæſar.
Cæſar will weep, the Crocodile will weep,
To ſee his rival of the univerſe [on't.
Lie ſtill and peaceful there. I'll think no more
Give me ſome muſic; look that it be ſad.
I'll ſooth my melancholy, till I ſwell
And burſt myſelf with ſighing——
'Tis ſomewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature;
Of all forſaken, and forſaking all;
Live in a ſhady foreſt's ſylvan ſcene,
Stretch'd at my length beneath ſome blaſted oak,
I lean my head upon the moſſy bark,
And look juſt of a piece, as I grew from it;
My uncomb'd locks, matted like miſletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murmuring brook
Runs at my foot——
Vent. Methinks I fancy
Myſelf there too.

Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
And, fearless quench their thirst, while I look on,
And take me for their fellow-citizen.
More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.
Vent. I must disturb him. I can hold no longer. [*Stands before him.*
Ant. [*Starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius?
Vent. Are you Antony?
I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.
Ant. I'm angry.
Vent. So am I.
Ant. I would be private. Leave me.
Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
Ant. Will not leave me?
Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?
Vent. My emperor; the man I love next Heav'n,
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You're all that's good and god-like.
Ant. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then?
Vent. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not: but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.
Ant. Now thou had seen me, art thou satisfy'd?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;
And, if a foe, too much.
Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew,
I have not wept these forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;
I cannot help her softness. [*he weeps!*
Ant. By Heav'n he weeps, poor good old man,
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death; they set my shame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me.
Vent. I'll do my best.
Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends;
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine—Nay, father—
Vent. Emperor!
Ant. Emperor! Why that's the style of victory,
The conquering soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.
Vent. I warrant you.
Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh——
Vent. It sits too near you.
Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams——
Vent. Out with it; give it vent.
Ant. Urge not my shame—
I lost a battle.
Vent. So has Julius done.
Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou think'st;
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:
But Antony——
Vent. Nay, stop not.
Ant. Antony,
(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward, fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepar'd to rail.
Vent. I did.
Ant. I'll help thee—I have been a man, Ventidius.
Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but——
Ant. I know thy meaning.
But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd
The name of soldier with inglorious ease.
In the full vintage of my flowing honours,
Sate still, and saw it prest by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth and woo'd it;
And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;
The wish of nations, and the willing world
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
And work'd against my fortune, chid her from me,
And turn'd her loose: yet still she came again.
My careless days and my luxurious nights,
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone,
Gone, gone; divorc'd for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who labour'd to be wretched. Pr'ythee, curse me.
Vent. No.
Ant. Why?
Vent. You are too sensible already
Of what you've done; too conscious of your failings;
And like a scorpion, whipt by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.
Ant. I know thou would'st.
Vent. I will.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha!
Vent. You laugh.
Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.
Vent. You would be lost then?
Ant. I am.
Vent. I say you are not. Try your fortune.
Ant. I have to th' utmost. Dost thou think me desperate
Without just cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.
Vent. Cæsar thinks not so:
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd, like Tully, would you? Do
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.
Ant. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.
Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall serve;
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.
Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius.
Vent. No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscall'd philosophy.
Up, up, for honour's sake; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief. By painful journeys
I led 'em, patient both of meat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,
Their scarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there's virtue in 'em;

They'll

They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.
Ant. Where left you them?
Vent. I say, in lower Syria.
Ant. Bring 'em hither;
There may be life in these.
Vent. They will not come. [promis'd aids,
Ant. Why did'st thou mock my hopes with
To double my despair? They're mutinous.
Vent. Most firm and loyal.
Ant. Yet they will not march
To succour me. Oh, trifler!
Vent. They petition
You would make haste to head 'em.
Ant. I am besieg'd. [came I hither?
Vent. There's but one way shut up—How
Ant. I will not stir.
Vent. They would perhaps de[illegible]
A better reason.
Ant. I have never us'd
My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?
Vent. They said they would not fight for Cle-
opatra.
Ant. What was't they said?
Vent. They said they would not fight for Cle-
opatra. [quer,
Why should they fight, indeed, to make her con-
And make you more a slave? To gain you king-
doms,
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
You'll sell to her!—Then she new names her
jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax;
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.
Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free li-
On all my other faults; but on your life, [cence
No word of Cleopatra; she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.
Vent. Behold, you pow'rs,
To whom you have entrusted human kind;
See Europe, Afric, Asia put in balance;
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless
woman!
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.
Ant. You grow presumptuous.
Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.
Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain inso-
lence!
Thy men are cowards; thou an envious traitor;
Who, under seeming honesty, hath vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
Oh, that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without stain to my honour!
Vent. You may kill me.
You have done more already; call'd me traitor.
Ant. Art thou not one?
Vent. For shewing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done. But had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hinder'd me t' have led my conqu'ring
eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.
Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.
Vent. You thought me false;
Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me, Sir;
Pray kill me; yet, you need not, your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.
Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: pr'ythee forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger by discovery
Of what I would not hear?
Vent. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I us'd,
Nor durst another man have ventur'd it:
But you, ere love misled your wand'ring eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race,
Fram'd in the very pride and boast of nature.
Ant. But Cleopatra——
Go on; for I can bear it now.
Vent. No more. [thou may'st:
Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flatter'd me.
Vent. Heaven's blessing on your heart for that
kind word.
May I believe you love me? Speak again. [this.
Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and
Thy praises were unjust; but I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.
Vent. And, will you leave this——
Ant. Pr'ythee do not curse her, [I love
And I will leave her; though, Heav'n knows,
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honour;
But I will leave her.
Vent. That's my royal master.
And shall we fight?
Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier;
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come, follow me!
Vent. Oh, now I hear my emperor! In that
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day, [word
And, if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for the exchange.
Ant. Oh, Cleopatra!
Vent. Again!
Ant. I've done. In that last sigh she went;
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.
Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another soul; your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god. [arms,
Ant. Oh, thou hast fir'd me! my soul's up in
And mans each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me;
That eagerness, with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp. In vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below.

Vent.

Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!
Ant. Come on, my soldier;
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em; mow 'em out a passage,
And, ent'ring where the utmost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

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§ 51. *Theodosius and Marcian.* LEE.

Theo. HA! what rash thing art thou, who sett'st so small
A value on thy life, thus to presume
Against the fatal orders I have giv'n,
Thus to entrench on Cæsar's solitude,
And urge me to thy ruin!
Mar. Mighty Cæsar,
I have transgress'd; and for my pardon bow
To thee, as to the gods, when I offend:
Nor can I doubt your mercy, when you know
The nature of my crime. I am commission'd
From all the earth to give thee thanks and praises,
Thou darling of mankind! whose conqu'ring arms
Already drown the glory of great Julius;
Whose deeper reach in laws and policy
Makes wise Augustus envy thee in heav'n!
What mean the fates by such prodigious virtue,
When scarce the manly down yet shades thy face,
With conquests thus to over-run the world,
And make barbarians tremble? O ye gods!
Should destiny now end thee in the bloom,
Methinks I see thee mourn'd above the loss
Of lov'd Germanicus; thy funerals,
Like his, are solemniz'd with tears and blood.
Theo. How, Marcian!
Mar. Yes, the raging multitude,
Like torrents, set no bound to their mad grief;
Shave their wives' heads, and tear off their own hair;
With wild despair they bring their infants out,
To brawl their parents' sorrow in the streets.
Trade is no more, all courts of justice stopt;
With stones they dash the windows of their temples,
Pull down their altars; break their houshold gods;
And still the universal groan is this,
"Constantinople's lost, our empire's ruin'd;
Since he is gone, that father of his country,
Since he is dead, O life, where is thy pleasure?
O Rome, O conquer'd world, where is thy glory?"
Theo. I know thee well, thy custom and thy manners.
Thou didst upbraid me: but no more of this,
Not for thy life——
Mar. What's life without my honour?
Could you transform yourself into a Gorgon,
Or make that beardless face like Jupiter's,
I would be heard in spite of all your thunder:
O pow'r of guilt! you fear to stand the test
Which virtue brings; like sores your vices shake
Before this Roman healer. But, by the gods,
Before I go, I'll rip the malady,
And let the venom flow before your eyes.
This is a debt to the great Theodosius,
The grandfather of your illustrious blood:
And then farewel for ever.
Theo. Presuming Marcian!
What canst thou urge against my innocence?
Thro' the whole course of all my harmless youth,
Ev'n to this hour, I cannot call to mind
One wicked act wich I have done to shame me.
Mar. This may be true: yet if you give the sway
To other hands, and your poor subjects suffer,
Your negligence to them is as the cause.
O Theodosius, credit me, who know
The world, and hear how soldiers censure kings,
In after-times, if thus you should go on,
Your memory by warriors will be scorn'd,
As much as Nero or Caligula loath'd;
They will despise your sloth and backward ease,
More than they hate the others' cruelty.
And what a thing, ye gods, is scorn or pity!
Heap on me, Heav'n, the hate of all mankind;
Load me with malice, envy, detestation,
Let me be horrid to all apprehension,
And the world shun me, so I 'scape but scorn.
Theo. Pr'ythee no more.
Mar. Nay, when the legions make comparisons,
And say, Thus cruel Nero once resolv'd
On Galba's insurrection, for revenge,
To give all France as plunder to the army;
To poison the whole senate at a feast;
To burn the city, turn the wild beasts out,
Bears, lions, tigers, on the multitude;
That so obstructing those that quench'd the fire,
He might at once destroy rebellious Rome——
Theo. O cruelty! Why tell'st thou me of this?
Am I of such a barb'rous bloody temper?
Mar. Yet some will say this shew'd he had a spirit,
However fierce, avenging, and pernicious,
That savour'd of a Roman: but for you,
What can your pertial sycophants invent,
To make you room among the emperors?
Whose utmost is the smallest part of Nero;
A pretty player, one that can act a hero,
And never be one. O y' immortal gods,
Is this the old Cæsarian majesty?
Now, in the name of our great Romulus,
Why sing you not, and fiddle too, as he did?
Why have you not, like Nero, a Phonascus,
One to take care of your celestial voice?
Lie on your back, my lord, and on your stomach
Lay a thin plate of lead; abstain from fruits;
And when the business of the stage is done,
Retire with your loose friends to costly banquets,
While the lean army groans upon the ground.
Theo. Leave me, I say, lest I chastise thee;
Hence, be gone, I say——
Mar. Not 'till you have heard me out——
Build too, like him, a palace lin'd with gold,
As long and large as that of th' Esquiline:
Inclose a pool too in it, like the sea,
And at the empire's cost let navies meet:
Adorn

Adorn your starry chambers too with gems;
Contrive the plated cielings to turn round,
With pipes to cast ambrosian oils upon you:
Consume with this prodigious vanity,
In mere perfumes and odorous distillations,
Of sesterces at once four hundred millions:
Let naked virgins wait you at your table,
And wanton Cupids dance and clap their wings.
No matter what becomes of the poor soldiers,
So they perform the drudgery they are fit for;
Why, let 'em starve for want of their arrears,
Drop as they go, and lie like dogs in ditches.

Theo. Come, you are a traitor!

Mar. Go to, you are a boy——
Or by the gods——

Theo. If arrogance like this,
And to the emperor's face, should 'scape unpunish'd,
I'll write myself a coward; die, then, villain,
A death too glorious for so bad a man,
By Theodosius' hand.

[*Marcian disarms him, but is wounded.*

Mar. Now, Sir, where are you?
What, in the name of all our Roman spirits,
Now charms my hand from giving thee thy fate?
Has he not cut me off from all my honours?
Torn my commissions, sham'd me to the earth,
Banish'd the court, a vagabond for ever?
Do not the soldiers hourly ask it from me,
Sigh their own wrongs, and beg me to revenge 'em?
What hinders now, but that I mount the throne,
And make, besides, this purple youth my footstool!
The armies court me: and my country's cause,
The injuries of Rome and Greece persuade me.
Shew but this Roman blood which he has drawn,
They'll make me emperor whether I will or no:
Did not, for less than this, the latter Brutus,
Because he thought Rome wrong'd, in person head
Against his friend a black conspiracy,
And stab the majesty of all the world?

Theo. Act as you please: I am within your pow'r.

Mar. Did not the former Brutus, for the crime
Of Sextus, drive old Tarquin from his kingdom?
And shall this prince too, by permitting others
To act their wicked wills, and lawless pleasures,
Ravish from the empire its dear health,
Well-being, happiness, and ancient glory?
Go on in this dishonourable rest?
Shall he, I say, dream on, while the starv'd troops
Lie cold and waking in the winter camp;
And, like pin'd birds, for want of sustenance,
Feed on the haws and berries of the fields?
O temper, temper me, ye gracious gods;
Give to my hand forbearance, to my heart
Its constant loyalty! I would but shake him,
Rouse him a little from this death of honour,
And shew him what he should be.

Theo. You accuse me,
As if I were some monster most unheard of!
First, as the ruin of the army; then
Of taking your commission: but, by Heav'n,
I swear, O Marcian! this I never did,
Nor ne'er intended it: nor say I this
To alter thy stern usage; for with what
Thou'st said, and done, and brought to my remembrance,
I grow alread weary of my life.

Mar. My lord, I take your word: you do not know
The wounds which rage within your country's bowels;
The horrid usage of the suffering soldier:
But why will not our Theodosius know?
If you entrust the government to others,
That act these crimes, who but yourself's to blame?
Be witness, O ye gods! of my plain dealing,
Of Marcian's honesty, howe'er degraded.
I thank you for my banishment: but, alas!
My loss is little to what soon will follow!
Reflect but on yourself and your own joys;
Let not this lethargy for ever hold you.
'Twas rumour'd through the city, that you lov'd;
That your espousals should be solemniz'd;
When on a sudden here you send your orders
That this bright favourite, the lov'd Eudosia,
Should lose her head.

Theo. Oh, heav'n and earth! what say'st thou?
That I have seal'd the death of my Eudosia?

Mar. 'Tis your own hand and signet: yet I swear,
Tho' you have given to female hands your sway,
And therefore I as well as the whole army,
For ever ought to curse all womankind;
Yet when the virgin came, as she was doom'd,
And on the scaffold, for that purpose rais'd
Without the walls, appear'd before the army—

Theo. What! on a scaffold! Ha! before the army!

Mar. How quickly was the tide of fury turn'd
To soft compassion, and relenting tears!
But when the axe
Sever'd the brightest beauty of the earth
From that fair body, had you heard the groan,
Which, like a peal of distant thunder, ran
Through all the armed host, you would have thought,
By the immediate darkness that fell round us,
Whole nature was concern'd at such a suff'ring,
And all the gods were angry.

Theo. O Pulcheria!
Cruel, ambitious sister! this must be
Thy doing. Oh, support me, noble Marcian!
Now, now's the time, if thou dar'st strike: behold,
I offer thee my breast; with my last breath,
I'll thank thee too, if now thou draw'st my blood.
Were I to live, thy counsel should direct me;
But 'tis too late.——

Mar. He faints! What, hoa, there! Lucius!
My lord the emperor! Eudosia lives;
She's here, or will be in a minute, moment!
Quick as the thought, she calls you to the temple.
Oh, Lucius, help!—I've gone too far; but see,
He breathes again.—Eudosia has awak'd him.

Theo. Did you not name Eudosia?

Mar. Yes, she lives:
I did but feign the story of her death,
To find how near you plac'd her to your heart;
And may the gods rain all their plagues upon me,
If ever I rebuke you thus again!

Yet

Yet 'tis most certain that you sign'd her death,
Not knowing what the wise Pulcheria offer'd,
Who left it in my hand to startle you:
But by my life and fame, I did not think
It would have touch'd your life. O pardon me,
Dear prince, my lord, my emperor, royal master;
Droop not because I utter'd some rash words,
And was a madman.—By the immortal gods
I love you as my soul: whate'er I said,
My thoughts were otherwise; believe these tears,
Which do not use to flow: all shall be well.
I swear that there are seeds in that sweet temper,
T' atone for all the crimes in this bad age.

Theo. I thank thee first for my Eudosia's life.
What, but my love, could have call'd back that life
Which thou hast made me hate? But, oh, methought
'Twas hard, dear Marcian, very hard, from thee,
From him I ever reverenc'd as my father,
To hear so harsh a message!—But, no more;
We're friends: thy hand. Nay, if thou wilt not rise,
And let me fold my arms about thy neck,
I'll not believe thy love: In this forgive me.
First let me wed Eudosia, and we'll out;
We will, my general, and make amends
For all that's past: glory and arms, ye call,
And Marcian leads me on!——

Mar. Let her not rest, then;
Espouse her straight: I'll strike you at a heat.
May this great humour get large growth within you;
And be encourag'd by the embold'ning gods!
O what a sight will this be to the soldier,
To see me bring you dress'd in shining armour,
To head the shouting squadrons!——O ye gods!
Methinks I hear the echoing cries of joy,
The sounds of trumpets, and the beat of drums;
I see each starving soldier bound from earth,
As if a god by miracle had rais'd him;
And, with beholding you, grow fat again!
Nothing but gazing eyes, and op'ning mouths,
Cheeks red with joy, and lifted hands about you;
Some wiping the glad tears that trickle down
With broken Io's, and with sobbing raptures,
Crying, To arms! he's come; our emperor's come
To win the world!—Why, is not this far better
Than lolling in a lady's lap, and sleeping,
Fasting or praying? Come, come, you shall be merry:
And for Eudosia, she is your's already:
Marcian has said it, Sir; she shall be your's.

Theo. Oh, Marcian! Oh my brother, father, all!
Thou best of friends! most faithful counsellor!
I'll find a match for thee too, ere I rest,
To make thee love me. For when thou art with me,
I'm strong and well; but when thou'rt gone, I'm nothing.

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§ 52. *Gloster and Hastings.* ROWE.

Glost. MY lord, y' are well encounter'd; here has been
A fair petitioner this morning with us;
Believe me, she has won me much to pity her:
Alas! her gentle nature was not made
To buffet with adversity. I told her
How worthily her cause you had befriended;
How much for your good sake we meant to do;
That you had spoke, and all things should be well.

Hast. Your Highness binds me ever to your service.

Glost. You know your friendship is most potent with us,
And shares our power. But of this enough,
For we have other matter for your ear.
The state is out of tune: distracting fears,
And jealous doubts, jar in our public counsels;
Amidst the wealthy city murmurs rise,
Lewd railings, and reproach on those that rule,
With open scorn of government; hence credit,
And public trust 'twixt man and man, are broke.
The golden streams of commerce are with-held,
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artizans,
Who therefore curse the great, and threat rebellion.

Hast. The resty knaves are over-run with ease,
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction.
If in good days, like these, the headstrong herd
Grow madly wanton, and repine, it is
Because the reins of power are held too slack,
And reverend authority of late
Has worn a face of mercy more than justice.

Glost. Beshrew my heart! but you have well divin'd
The source of these disorders. Who can wonder
If riot and misrule o'erturn the realm,
When the crown sits upon a baby brow?
Plainly to speak; hence comes the general cry,
And sum of all complaint: 'twill ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children govern.

Hast. 'Tis true the king is young; but what of that?
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,
While Gloster's valour and most princely wisdom
So well supply our infant sovereign's place,
His youth's support, and guardian to his throne.

Glost. The council (much I'm bound to thank 'em for't,)
Have plac'd a pageant sceptre in my hand,
Barren of power, and subject to controul;
Scorn'd by my foes, and useless to my friends.
Oh, worthy lord! were mine the rule indeed,
I think I should not suffer rank offence
At large to lord it in the commonweal;
Nor would the realm be rent by discord thus,
Thus fear and doubt betwixt disputed titles.

Hast. Of this I am to learn; as not supposing
A doubt like this——

Glost. Ay, marry, but there is——
And that of much concern. Have you not heard
How, on a late occasion, Doctor Shaw
Has mov'd the people much about the lawfulness
Of Edward's issue? By right grave authority
Of learning and religion, plainly proving,
A bastard scion never should be grafted
Upon a royal stock; from hence, at full
Discoursing on my brother's former contract
To Lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before

His jolly match with that same buxom widow
The queen he left behind him——
Hast. Ill befal
Such meddling priests, who kindle up confusion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples!
By Heav'n, 'tis done in perfect spite to peace.
Did not the king,
Our royal master, Edward, in concurrence
With his estates assembled, well determine
What course the sov'reign rule should take henceforward?
When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,
When shall our long-divided land have rest,
If every peevish, moody malecontent,
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar,
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,
Each day, with some fantastic giddy change?
Glost. What if some patriot for the public good,
Should vary from your scheme, new-mould the state?
Hast. Curse on the innovating hand attempts it!
Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance! Blast the traitor
And his pernicious counsels, who for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!
Glost. You go too far, my lord.
Hast. Your Highness' pardon——
Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When York and Lancaster drew forth the battles?
When like a matron butcher'd by her sons,
And cast beside some common way, a spectacle
Of horror and affright to passers by,
Our groaning country bled at ev'ry vein;
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away distinction; peasants trod
Upon the necks of nobles: low were laid
The reverend crosier, and the holy mitre,
And desolation cover'd all the land;
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart
Whose damn'd ambition would renew those horrors,
And set once more that scene of blood before us?
Glost. How now! so hot!
Hast. So brave, and so resolv'd.
Glost. Is then our friendship of so little moment,
That you could arm your hand against my life?
Hast. I hope your Highness does not think I meant it;
No, Heav'n forefend that e'er your princely person
Should come within the scope of my resentment.
Glost. Oh, noble Hastings! Nay, I must embrace you:
By holy Paul, y' are a right honest man!
The time is full of danger and distrust,
And warns us to be wary. Hold me not
Too apt for jealousy and light surmise,
If when I mean to lodge you next my heart,
I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,
And live, your king and country's best support:
For me, I ask no more than honour gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends.
Hast. Accept what thanks a grateful heart should pay.
Oh, princely Gloster! judge me not ungentle,
Of manners rude, and insolent of speech,
If, when the public safety is in question,
My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.
Glost. Enough of this; to deal in wordy compliment
Is much against the plainness of my nature:
I judge you by myself, a clear true spirit,
And, as such, once more join you to my bosom.
Farewel, and be my friend. [*Exit.*
Hast. I am not read,
Nor skill'd and practis'd in the arts of greatness,
To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.
The duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me
Ev'n on the tend'rest point; the master-string
That makes most harmony or discord to me.
I own the glorious subject fires my breast,
And my soul's darling passion stands confess'd;
Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,
Beyond myself, I prize my native land:
On this foundation would I build my fame,
And emulate the Greek and Roman name;
Think England's peace bought cheaply with my blood,
And die with pleasure for my country's good.

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§ 53. *Gustavus and Dalecarlians.* BROOKE.

1st Dale. LET us all see him!
2d Dale. Yes, and hear him too.
3d Dale. Let us be sure 'tis he himself.
4th Dale. Our general.
5th Dale. And we will fight while weapons can be found.
6th Dale. Our hands to wield them.
7th Dale. Get on the bank, Gustavus.
Anderson. Do, my lord.
Gustavus. My countrymen!——
1st Dale. Ho! hear him!
2d Dale. Peace!
3d Dale. Peace!
4th Dale. Peace!
Gus. Amazement I perceive hath fill'd your hearts,
And joy for that your lost Gustavus, 'scap'd
Thro' wounds, imprisonments, and chains, and deaths,
Thus sudden, thus unlook'd-for, stands before ye.
As one escap'd from cruel hands I come,
From hearts that ne'er knew pity; dark and vengeful;
Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,
And know no music but the groans of Sweden.
Yet, not for that my sister's early innocence,
And mother's age, now grind beneath captivity;
Nor that one bloody, one remorseless hour
Swept my great sire and kindred from my side;
For them Gustavus weeps not, tho' my eyes
Were far less dear, for them I will not weep.
But, oh, great parent, when I think on thee!
Thy numberless, thy nameless, shameful infamies,

My widow'd country! Sweden! when I think
Upon thy deſolation, ſpite of rage—
And vengeance that would choke them—tears
will flow. [them.
And. Oh, they are villains, ev'ry Dane of
Practis'd to ſtab and ſmile, to ſtab the babe
That ſmiles upon them.
Arn. What accurſed hours
Roll o'er thoſe wretches, who, to fiends like theſe
In their dear liberty, have barter'd more
Than worlds will rate for! [tive!
Guſ. Oh, Liberty, Heaven's choice preroga-
True bond of law, thou ſocial ſoul of property,
Thou breath of reaſon, life of life itſelf!
For thee the valiant bleed. Oh, ſacred Liberty!
Wring'd from the ſummer's ſnare, from flat-
t'ring ruin,
Like the bold ſtork you ſeek the wintry ſhore,
Leave courts, and pomps, and palaces to ſlaves,
Cleave to the cold, and reſt upon the ſtorm.
Upborne by thee, my ſoul diſdain'd the terms
Of empire—offer'd at the hands of tyrants.
With thee, I ſought this fav'rite ſoil; with thee
Theſe fav'rite ſons I ſought; thy ſons, oh, Li-
berty:
For e'en amid the wilds of life you lead them,
Lift their low-rafted cottage to the clouds,
Smile o'er their heaths, and from their moun-
Beam glory to the nations. [tain tops
All. Liberty! Liberty! [carlia,
Guſ. Are ye not mark'd, ye men of Dale-
Are ye not mark'd by all the circling world
As the great ſtake, the laſt effort for liberty?
Say, is it not your wealth, the thirſt, the food,
The ſcope and bright ambition of your ſouls?
Why elſe have you, and your renown'd fore-
fathers, [thrones
From the proud ſummit of their glitt'ring
Caſt down the mightieſt of your lawful kings,
That dar'd the bold infringement? What, but
liberty, [years,
Through the fam'd courſe of thirteen hundred
Aloof hath held invaſion from your hills, [ye
And ſanctify'd their ſhade?—And will ye, will
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world;
Bid your high honours ſtoop to foreign inſult,
And in one hour give up to infamy
The harveſt of a thouſand years of glory?
1ſt Dale. No.
2d Dale. Never, never.
3d Dale. Periſh all firſt.
4th Dale. Die all!
Guſ. Yes, die by piece-meal!
Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may triumph!
Now from my ſoul I joy, I joy, my friends,
To ſee ye fear'd; to ſee that e'en your foes
Do juſtice to your valours!—There they be,
The pow'rs of kingdoms, ſumm'd in yonder
hoſt,
Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to aſſail ye.
And, oh, when I look round and ſee you here,
Of number ſhort, but prevalent in virtue,
My heart ſwells high, and burns for the en-
counter.
True courage but from oppoſition grows;
And what are fifty, what a thouſand ſlaves,
Match'd to the ſinew of a ſingle arm
That ſtrikes for liberty? That ſtrikes to ſave
His fields from fire, his infants from the ſword,
His couch from luſt, his daughters from pol-
lution,
And his large honours from eternal infamy?
What, doubt we then? Shall we, ſhall we ſtand
here,
'Till motives that might warm an ague's froſt,
And nerve the coward's arm, ſhall poorly ſerve
To wake us to reſiſtance?—Let us on!
Oh, yes, I read your lovely fierce impatience;
You ſhall not be withheld; we will ruſh on
them——
This is indeed to triumph, where we hold
Three kingdoms in our toil! Is it not glorious,
Thus to appal the bold, meet force with fury,
And puſh yon torrent back, till ev'ry wave
Flee to its fountain? [word more
3d Dale. On, lead us on, Guſtavus; one
Is but delay of conqueſt.
Guſ. Take your wiſh.
He who wants arms may grapple with the foe,
And ſo be furniſh'd. You, moſt noble Anderſon,
Divide our pow'rs, and with the fam'd Olaus
Take the left rout—You, Eric, great in arms!
With the renown'd Nederbi, hold the right,
And ſkirt the foreſt down: then wheel at once,
Confeſs'd to view, and cloſe up all the vale:
Myſelf, and my moſt valiant couſin here,
Th' invincible Arvida, gallant Sivard,
Arnoldus, and theſe hundred hardy vet'rans,
Will pour directly on, and lead the onſet.
Joy, joy, I ſee confeſs'd from ev'ry eye,
Your limbs tread vigorous, and your breaſts
beat high! [bands,
Thin though our ranks, though ſcanty be our
Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.
With us, truth, juſtice, fame, and freedom cloſe,
Each ſingly equal to an hoſt of foes:
I feel, I feel them fill me out for fight,
They lift my limbs as feather'd Hermes' light!
Or, like the bird of glory, tow'ring high, [eye!
Thunder within his graſp, and lightning in his

§ 54. *Guſtavus and Criſtiern.* Brooke.

Criſt. Tell me, Guſtavus, tell me, why is
this,
That, as a ſtream diverted from the banks
Of ſmooth obedience, thou haſt drawn thoſe men
Upon a dry unchannell'd enterprize,
To turn their inundation? Are the lives
Of my miſguided people held ſo light,
That thus thou d'ſt puſh them on the keen re-
Of guarded majeſty; where juſtice waits, [buke
All awful and reſiſtleſs, to aſſert
Th' impervious rights, the ſanctitude of kings,
And blaſt rebellion?
Guſ. Juſtice, ſanctitude,
And rights! Oh, patience! Rights! What
rights, thou tyrant?—
Yes, if perdition be the rule of power, [chief,
If wrongs give right, oh, then, ſupreme in miſ-
Thou wert the lord, the monarch of the world!
Too

Too narrow for thy claim. But if thou think'st
That crowns are vilely propertied, like coin,
To be the means, the speciality of lust,
And sensual attribution; if thou think'st
That empire is of titled birth or blood;
That nature, in the proud behalf of one,
Shall disenfranchise all her lordly race,
And bow her gen'ral issue to the yoke
Of private domination; then, thou proud one,
Here know me for thy king. Howe'er be told,
Not claim hereditary, not the trust
Of frank election,
Not ev'n the high anointing hand of Heav'n,
Can authorise oppression, give a law
For lawless power, wed faith to violation,
On reason build misrule, or justly bind
Allegiance to injustice. Tyranny
Absolves all faith; and who invades our rights,
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an usurper. But for thee, for thee
There is no name. Thou hast abjur'd mankind,
Dash'd safety from thy bleak, unsocial side,
And wag'd wild war with universal nature.

Crist. Licentious traitor! thou can'st talk it largely.
Who made thee umpire of the rights of kings,
And pow'r, prime attribute? As on thy tongue
The poise of battle lay, and arms of force,
To throw defiance in the front of duty.
Look round, unruly boy! thy battle comes
Like raw, disjointed must'ring, feeble wrath,
A war of waters, borne against the rock
Of our firm continent, to fume, and chafe,
And shiver in the toil.

Gus. Mistaken man!
I come impower'd, and strengthen'd in thy weakness;
For tho' the structure of a tyrant's throne
Rise on the necks of half the suff'ring world,
Fear trembles in the cement; prayers, and tears,
And secret curses, sap its mould'ring base,
And steal the pillars of allegiance from it:
Then let a single arm but dare the sway,
Headlong it turns, and drives upon destruction.

Trollio. Profane, and alien to the love of Heav'n!
Art thou still harden'd to the wrath divine,
That hangs o'er thy rebellion? Know'st thou not
Thou art at enmity with grace, cast out,
Made an anathema, a curse enroll'd
Among the faithful, thou and thy adherents
Shorn from our holy church, and offer'd up
As sacred to damnation?

Gus. Yes, I know,
When such as thou, with sacrilegious hand,
Seize on the apostolic key of heav'n,
It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves
To shut out virtue, and unfold those gates,
That Heav'n itself had barr'd against the lusts
Of avarice and ambition. Soft and sweet,
As looks of charity, or voice of lambs
That bleat upon the mountain, are the words
Of Christian meekness! mission all divine!
The law of love sole mandate. But your gall,
Ye Swedish prelacy, your gall hath turn'd
To words of sweet, but indigested peace,
To wrath and bitterness. Ye hallow'd men,
In whom vice sanctifies, whose precepts teach
Zeal without truth, religion without virtue;
Who ne'er preach Heav'n, but with a downward eye,
That turns your souls to dross! who, shouting, loose
The dogs of hell upon us. Thefts and rapes,
Sack'd towns, and midnight howlings thro' the realm,
Receive your sanction. Oh, 'tis glorious mischief!
When vice turns holy, puts religion on,
Assumes the robe pontifical, the eye
Of saintly elevation, blesseth sin,
And makes the seal of sweet offended Heav'n
A sign of blood, a label for decrees,
That hell would shrink to own.

Crist. No more of this.
Gustavus, would'st thou yet return to grace,
And hold thy motions in the sphere of duty,
Acceptance might be found.

Gus. Imperial spoiler!
Give me my father, give me back my kindred,
Give me the fathers of ten thousand orphans,
Give me the sons in whom thy ruthless sword
Has left our widows childless. Mine they were,
Both mine, and ev'ry Swede's whose patriot breast
Bleeds in his country's woundings. Oh, thou can'st not!
Thou hast outsinn'd all reck'ning! Give me then
My all that's left, my gentle mother there,
And spare yon little trembler.

Crist. Yes, on terms
Of compact and submission.

Gus. Ha! with thee?
Compact with thee! and mean'st thou for my country;
For Sweden? No, so hold my heart but firm,
Altho' it wring for't, tho' blood drop for tears,
And at the sight my straining eyes start forth—
They both shall perish first.

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§ 55. *Brutus and Titus.* LEE.

Brut. WELL, Titus, speak; how is it with thee now?
I would attend a-while this mighty motion,
Wait till the tempest were quite overblown,
That I may take thee in the calm of nature,
With all thy gentler virtues brooding on thee;
So hush'd a stillness, as if all the gods
Look'd down, and listen'd to what we were saying.
Speak then, and tell me, O my best belov'd,
My son, my Titus, is all well again?

Tit. So well, that saying how must make it nothing;
So well, that I could wish to die this moment,
Fo so my heart with powerful throbs persuades me;
That were indeed to make you reparation,
That were, my lord, to thank you home, to die:
And that for Titus too, would be most happy.

Brut. How's that, my son? Would death for thee be happy?

Tit. Most certain, Sir; for in my grave I'scape
All those affronts which I in life must look for;
All those reproaches which the eyes, and fingers,
And tongues of Rome will daily cast upon me;
From

From whom, to a soul so sensible as mine,
Each single scorn would be far worse than dying:
Besides, I scape the stings of my own conscience,
Which will for ever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night,
Casting my blotted honour in the way [me.
Where'er my melancholy thoughts shall guide
Brut. But is not death a very dreadful thing?
Tit. Not to a mind resolv'd. No, Sir, to me
It seems as natural as to be born:
Groans, and convulsions, and discolour'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks and obsequies,
Make it a dreadful thing; the pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.
Yes, Sir, I call the pow'rs of Heav'n to witness,
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed;
Nay, he shall die with joy to honour Brutus,
To make your justice famous through the world,
And fix the liberty of Rome for ever:
Not but I must confess my weakness too;
Yet it is great thus to resolve against it,
To have the frailty of a mortal man,
But the security of the immortal gods.
Brut. O Titus! Oh thou absolute young man!
Thou flatt'ring mirror of thy father's image,
Where I behold myself at such advantage!
Thou perfect glory of the Junian race!
Let me endear thee once more to my bosom,
Groan an eternal farewel to thy soul;
Instead of tears, weep blood, if possible,
Blood, the heart-blood of Brutus, on his child;
For thou must die, my Titus, die, my son;
I swear the gods have doom'd thee to the grave;
The violated Genius of thy country
Rears his sad head, and passes sentence on thee:
This morning sun, that lights my sorrows on
To the tribunal of this horrid vengeance,
Shall never see thee more.
Tit. Alas, my lord! [your sorrow?
Why are you mov'd thus? Why am I worth
Why should the godlike Brutus shake to doom me?
Why all these trappings for a traitor's hearse?
The gods will have it so.
Brut. They will, my Titus:
Nor heav'n nor earth can have it otherwise.
Nay, Titus, mark; the deeper that I search,
My harrass'd soul returns the more confirm'd:
Methinks I see the very hand of Jove
Moving the dreadful wheels of this affair,
That whirl thee, like a machine, to thy fate.
It seems as if the gods had pre-ordain'd it,
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.
'Tis fix'd; O therefore let not fancy fond thee:
So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the power
Of gods or men to save thee from the axe.
Tit. The axe! O Heav'n! then must I fall so basely?
What, shall I perish by the common hangman?
Brut. If thou deny me this, thou giv'st me nothing.
Yes, Titus, since the gods have so decreed
That I must lose thee, I will take th' advantage
Of thy important fate, cement Rome's flaws,
And heal her wounded freedom with thy blood;
I will ascend myself the sad tribunal,
And sit upon my sons; on thee, my Titus;
Behold thee suffer all the shame of death,
The lictor's lashes, bleed before the people;
Then with thy hopes, and all thy youth upon thee,
See thy head taken by the common axe,
Without a groan, without one pitying tear,
If that the gods can hold me to my purpose,
To make my justice quite transcend example.
Tit. Scourg'd like a bondman! ah! a beaten slave!—
But I deserve it all; yet here I fail!
The image of this suff'ring quite unmans me;
Nor can I longer stop the gushing tears.
O Sir! O Brutus! must I call you father,
Yet have no token of your tenderness?
No sign of mercy? What, not bate me that!
Can you resolve, O all th' extremity
Of cruel rigour! to behold me too?
To sit unmov'd, and see me whipt to death?
Where are your bowels now? Is this a father?
Ah, Sir, why should you make my heart suspect
That all your late compassion was dissembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?
Brut. Think that I love thee by my present passion,
By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
These sighs that twitch the very strings of life:
Think that no other cause on earth could move
To tremble thus, to sob, or shed a tear, [me
Nor shake my solid virtue from her point,
But Titus' death: O do not call it shameful,
That thus shall fix the glory of the world.
I own thy suff'rings ought t' unman me thus,
To make me throw my body on the ground,
To bellow like a beast, to gnaw the earth,
To tear my hair, to curse the cruel fates,
That force a father thus to drag his bowels.
Tit. O rise, thou violated majesty,
Rise from the earth, or I shall beg those fates
Which you would curse, to bolt me to the centre.
I now submit to all your threaten'd vengeance:
Come forth, you executioners of justice,
Nay, all you lictors, slaves, and common hangmen,
Come, strip me bare, unrobe me in his sight,
And lash me till I bleed, whip me like furies;
And when you've scourg'd me till I foam and
For want of spirits groveling in the dust, [fall,
Then take my head, and give it his revenge;
By all the gods, I greedily resign it!
Brut. No more; farewel, eternally farewel:
If there be gods, they will reserve a room,
A throne for thee in heav'n. One last embrace.
What is it makes thy eyes thus swim again?
Tit. I had forgot: be good to Teraminta
When I'm in ashes.
Brut. Leave her to my care. [it.
See her thou must not, for thou canst not bear
O for one more, this pull, this tug of heart-
Farewel for ever. [strings:
Tit. O Brutus! O my father!
Brut. Canst thou not say farewel?

Tit.

Tit. Farewel for ever. [o'er;
Brut. For ever then: but, O my tears run
Groans choak my words, and I can ſpeak no
more.

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§ 56. *Lady Randolph, Lord Randolph, and young Norval, not known at the time to be Lady Randolph's Son.* HOME.

Lady Ran. HOW fares my Lord?
Lord Ran. That it fares well, thanks to this
gallant youth,
Whoſe valour ſav'd me from a wretched death.
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
At the croſs way four armed men attack'd me;
Rovers I judge from the licentious camp, [low,
Who would have quickly laid lord Randolph
Had not this brave and generous ſtranger come,
Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
They turn'd upon him: but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they roſe no
The fierceſt two; the others fled amain, [more,
And left him maſter of the bloody field.
Speak, lady Randolph; upon beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleaſing to the brave and bold.
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy Lord.
Lady Ran. My Lord, I cannot ſpeak what
now I feel.
My heart o'erflows with gratitude to Heav'n,
And to this noble youth, who, all unknown
To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril, but humanely brave,
Fought on your ſide againſt ſuch fearful odds.
Have you yet learnt of him whom we ſhould
thank?
Whom call the ſaviour of Lord Randolph's life?
Lord Ran. I aſk'd that queſtion, and he an-
ſwer'd not:
But I muſt know who my deliverer is.
[*To the ſtranger.*
Norv. A low-born man, of parentage obſcure,
Who nought can boaſt, but his deſire to be
A ſoldier, and to gain a name in arms.
Lord Ran. Whoe'er thou art, thy ſpirit is
ennobled
By the great King of kings; thou art ordain'd
And ſtamp'd a hero by the ſovereign hand
Of nature! Bluſh not, flower of modeſty,
As well as valour, to declare thy birth. [hills
Norv. My name is Norval: on the Grampian
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal ſwain,
Whoſe conſtant cares were to increaſe his ſtore,
And keep his only ſon, myſelf, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field ſome warlike lord;
And Heav'n ſoon granted what my ſire deny'd.
This moon, which roſe laſt night round as my
ſhield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Ruſh'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The ſhepherds
fled
For ſafety, and for ſuccour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took: then haſted to my friends;
Whom, with a troop of fifty choſen men,
I met advancing. The purſuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the ſpoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought, and conquer'd. Ere a ſword was
drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I diſdain'd
The ſhepherd's ſlothful life: and having heard
That our good king had ſummon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron ſide,
I left my father's houſe, and took with me
A choſen ſervant to conduct my ſteps:
Yon trembling coward, who forſook his maſter.
Journeying with this intent, I paſt theſe towers,
And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed, that gilds my humble name.
Lord Ran. He is as wiſe as brave: was ever
With ſuch a gallant modeſty rehears'd? [tale
My brave deliv'rer! thou ſhalt enter now
A nobler liſt, and, in a monarch's ſight,
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
I will preſent thee to our Scottiſh king,
Whoſe valiant ſpirit ever valour lov'd.
Ha! my Matilda! wherefore ſtarts that tear?
Lady Ran. I cannot ſay; for various affec-
tions,
And ſtrangely mingled, in my boſom ſwell;
Yet each of them may well command a tear.
I joy that thou art ſafe; and I admire
Him, and his fortunes, who hath wrought thy
ſafety;
Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.
Obſcure and friendleſs, he the army ſought;
Bent upon peril, in the range of death
Reſolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his ſword
To gain diſtinction which his birth deny'd.
In this attempt, unknown, he might have pe-
riſh'd,
And gain'd, with all his valour, but oblivion.
Now grac'd by thee, his virtue ſerves no more
Beneath deſpair. The ſoldier now of hope,
He ſtands conſpicuous; fame and great renown
Are brought within the compaſs of his ſword.
On this my mind reflected whilſt you ſpoke,
And bleſs'd the wonder-working hand of Hea-
ven.
Lord Ran. Pious and grateful ever are thy
thoughts! [way.
My deeds ſhall follow, where thou point'ſt the
Next to myſelf, and equal to Glenalvon,
In honour and command ſhall Norval be.
Norv. I know not how to thank you: rude
I am
In ſpeech and manners: never till this hour
Stood I in ſuch a preſence: yet, my lord,
There's ſomething in my breaſt which makes
me bold
To ſay, that Norval ne'er will ſhame thy favour.
Lady Ran. I will be ſworn thou wilt not.
Thou ſhalt be

My knight; and ever as thou didst to-day,
With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.

Lord Ran. Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid reply. [*To Norval.*
We are thy debtors still; thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp;
Some of my train, I see, are speeding hither,
Impatient, doubtless, of their lord's delay.
Go with thee, Norval, and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
With brandish'd swords.

Norv. Let us be gone, my lord.

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§ 57. *Young Norval informs Lord Randolph by what Means he acquired a Knowledge in the Art of War.* HOME.

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible, by shepherds trod
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake,
And, ent'ring on discourse, such stories told,
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
For he had been a soldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Against th' usurping Infidel display'd
The cross of Christ, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
His years away, and act his young encounters:
Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line;
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.
——Unhappy man!
Returning homewards by Messina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought;
The stranger fell, and, with his dying breath,
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty God!
The soldier cried, my brother! Oh! my brother!
——They exchang'd forgiveness:
And happy, in my mind, was he that died;
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
In the wild desart on a rock he sits,
Upon some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
At times, alas! not in his perfect mind!
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

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§ 58. *Douglas's Soliloquy in the Wood, waiting for Lady Randolph, after he was known to be her Son.* HOME.

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove.
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' skies, where I could count each little star.
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.
- - - - - - - - - -
Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!
Once on the cold, and winter-shaded side
Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil:
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flowers.
Ye glorious stars! high heav'n's resplendent host!
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear, and record, my soul's unalter'd wish!
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane
To give a bold defiance to our host!
Before he speaks it out, I will accept:
Like DOUGLAS conquer, or like DOUGLAS die.

DESCRIPTIONS,

DESCRIPTIONS, DETACHED SENTENCES, SIMILIES, &c.

§ 59. *The Happiness of a free Government.* S. Johnson.

If there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws restrain the prince and subject,
A happy land, where circulating pow'r
Flows through each member of th' embodied state,
Sure, not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
Her grateful sons shine bright with ev'ry virtue;
Untainted with the lust of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

§ 60. *The killing of a Boar.* Otway.

Forth from the thicket rush'd another boar,
So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high;
They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back:
Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,
Whetting his huge long tusks, and gaping wide,
As he already had me for his prey;
Till brandishing my well-pois'd javelin high,
With this bold executing arm I struck
The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

§ 61. *Description of a populous City.* Young.

——This ancient city,
How wanton sits she, amidst nature's smiles!
Nor from her highest turret has to view
But golden landskips and luxuriant scenes,
A waste of wealth, the store-house of the world;
Here fruitful vales far stretching fly the sight,
There sails unnumber'd whiten all the stream,
While from the banks full twenty thousand cities
Survey their pride, and see their gilded towers
Float on the waves, and break against the shore.
——Various nations meet
As in a sea, yet not confin'd in space,
But streaming freely thro' the spacious streets,
Which send forth millions at each brazen gate;
Whene'er the trumpet calls, high over head
On the broad walls the chariots bound along.

§ 62. *Rural Courtship.* Dryden.

——He preferred me
Above the maidens of my age and rank;
Still shunn'd their company, and still sought mine.
I was not won by gifts; yet still he gave;
And all his gifts, tho' small, yet spoke his love:
He pick'd the earliest strawberries in the woods,
The cluster'd filberts, and the purple grapes:
He taught a prating stare to speak my name;
And when he found a nest of nightingales,
Or callow linnets, he would shew 'em me,
And let me take 'em out.

§ 63. *Description of a Person left on a Desart Island.* Thomson.

——Next night—a dreary night!
Cast on the wildest of the Cyclad Isles,
Where never human foot had mark'd the shore,
These ruffians left me.——
——Beneath a shade
I sat me down, more heavily oppress'd,
More desolate at heart than e'er I felt
Before. When Philomela o'er my head
Began to tune her melancholy strain,
As piteous of my woes: till, by degrees,
Composing sleep on wounded nature shed
A kind but short relief. At early morn,
Wak'd by the chaunt of birds, I look'd around
For usual objects: objects found I none,
Except before me stretch'd the toiling main,
And rocks, and woods, in savage view, behind.

§ 64. *The first Feats of a young Eagle.* Rowe.

——So the Eagle,
That bears the thunder of our grandsire Jove,
With joy beholds his hardy youthful offspring
Forsake the nest, to try his tender pinions
In the wide untrack'd air, 'till bolder grown,
Now like a whirlwind on a shepherd's fold
He darts precipitate, and gripes the prey;
Or fixing on some dragon's scaly hide,
Eager of combat, and his future feast,
Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in vain
Wreathing his spiry tail,

§ 65. *The true End of Education.* Rowe.

And therefore wert thou bred to virtuous knowledge,
And wisdom early planted in thy soul,
That thou might'st know to rule thy fiery passions;
To bind their rage, and stay their headlong course;
To bear with accidents, and every change
Of various life; to struggle with adversity;
To wait the leisure of the righteous gods,
Till they, in their own good appointed hour,
Shall bid thy better days come forth at once;
A long and shining train; till thou, well pleas'd,
Shalt bow, and bless thy fate, and say the gods are just.

§ 66. *Filial Piety.* Mallet.

E'er since reflection beam'd her light upon me,
You, Sir, have been my study. I have plac'd
Before mine eyes, in ev'ry light of life,
The father and the king. What weight of duty
Lay on a son from such a parent sprung;
What virtuous toil to shine with his renown;
Has been my thought by day, my dream by night.
- - - - - - - - - - -
But first, and ever nearest to my heart
Was this prime duty, so to frame my conduct
Tow'rd such a father, as, were I a father,

My ſoul would wiſh to meet with from a ſon.
And may reproach tranſmit my name abhorr'd
To lateſt time—if ever thought was mine
Unjuſt to filial reverence, filial love.

§ 67. *The ſame.* THOMSON.

HAVE I then no tears for thee, my father?
Can I forget thy cares, from helpleſs years
Thy tenderneſs for me? An eye ſtill beam'd
With love? A brow that never knew a frown?
Nor a harſh word thy tongue? Shall I for theſe
Repay thy ſtooping venerable age
With ſhame, diſquiet, anguiſh, and diſhonour?
It muſt not be!—thou firſt of angels! Come
Sweet filial piety! and firm my breaſt!
Yes, let one daughter to her fate ſubmit,
Be nobly wretched—but her father happy.

§ 68. *Bad Fortune more eaſily borne than good.* ROWE.

WITH ſuch unſhaken temper of the ſoul
To bear the ſwelling tide of proſp'rous fortune,
Is to deſerve that fortune.—In adverſity
The mind grows tough by buffeting the tempeſt;
But in ſucceſs diſſolving, ſinks to eaſe,
And loſes all her firmneſs.

§ 69. *Deſpair never to be indulged.* PHILIPS.

THO' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind deſpair:
When preſt by dangers, and beſet with foes,
The gods their timely ſuccour interpoſe;
And when our virtue ſinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
By unforeſeen expedients bring relief.

§ 70. *A Friend to Freedom can never be a Traitor.* THOMSON.

—HE who contends for freedom,
Can ne'er be juſtly deem'd his ſovereign's foe;
No, 'tis the wretch who tempts him to ſubvert it.
The ſoothing ſlave, the traitor in the boſom,
Who beſt deſerves that name; he is a worm
That eats out all the happineſs of kingdoms.

§ 71. *Deſcription of a Hag.* OTWAY.

IN a cloſe lane, as I purſu'd my journey,
I ſpy'd a wither'd hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry ſticks, and mumbling to herſelf;
Her eyes with ſcalding rheum were gall'd and red,
Cold palſy ſhook her head, her hands ſeem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked ſhoulders had ſhe wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnants of an old ſtrip'd hanging,
Which ſerv'd to keep her carcaſe from the cold:
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarſely patch'd
With different-colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And ſeem'd to ſpeak variety of wretchedneſs.

§ 72. *Happineſs the inſeparable Companion of Virtue.* ROWE.

—TO be good is to be happy; angels
Are happier than men, becauſe they're better.
Guilt is the ſource of ſorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and ſtings: the bleſs'd know none of this,
But reſt in everlaſting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heav'n is goodneſs.

§ 73. *Honour ſuperior to Juſtice.* THOMSON.

HONOUR, my Lord, is much too proud to catch
At every ſlender twig of nice diſtinctions.
Theſe for the unfeeling vulgar may do well:
But thoſe, whoſe ſouls are by the nicer rule
Of virtuous delicacy only ſway'd,
Stand at another bar than that of laws.

§ 74. *In what Manner Princes ought to be taught.* MALLET.

LET truth and virtue be their earlieſt teachers.
Keep from their ear the ſyren-voice of flattery,
Keep from their eye the harlot form of vice,
Who ſpread in every court their ſilken ſnares,
And charm but to betray. Betimes inſtruct them,
Superior rank demands ſuperior worth;
Pre-eminence of valour, juſtice, mercy:
But chief, that, tho' exalted o'er mankind,
They are themſelves but men—frail ſuffering duſt;
From no one injury of human lot
Exempt; but fever'd by the ſame heat, chill'd
By the ſame cold, torn by the ſame diſeaſe,
That ſcorches, freezes, racks, and kills the beggar.

§ 75. *True End of Royalty.* MALLET.

—O WITNESS, Heaven!
Whoſe eye the heart's profoundeſt depth explores,
That if not to perform my regal taſk;
To be the common father of my people,
Patron of honour, virtue, and religion;
If not to ſhelter uſeful worth, to guard
His well-earn'd portion from the ſons of rapine,
And deal out juſtice with impartial hand;
If not to ſpread on all good men thy bounty,
The treaſures truſted to me, not my own;
If not to raiſe anew our Engliſh name,
By peaceful arts, that grace the land they bleſs,
And generous war, to humble proud oppreſſors:
Yet more, if not to build the public weal
On that firm baſe, which can alone reſiſt
Both time and chance, fair liberty and law;
If I for theſe great ends am not ordain'd—
May I ne'er poorly fill the throne of England.

§ 76. *The real Duty of a King.* Rowe.

—'TIS true, I am a king: [aim:
Honour and glory too have been my
But tho' I dare face death, and all the dangers
Which furious war wears in its bloody front,
Yet could I chuse to fix my fame by peace,
By justice, and by mercy; and to raise
My trophies on the blessings of mankind:
Nor would I buy the empire of the world
With ruin of the people whom I sway,
Or forfeit of my honour.

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§ 77. *Character of a good King.* Thomson.

—YES, we have lost a father! [mortals,
The greatest blessing Heaven bestows on
And seldom found amidst these wilds of time,
A good, a worthy king!—Hear me, my Tancred,
And I will tell thee, in a few plain words,
How he deserv'd that best, that glorious title.
'Tis nought complex, 'tis clear as truth and virtue. [dren;
He lov'd his people, deem'd them all his chil-
The good exalted, and depress'd the bad:
He spurn'd the flattering crew, with scorn rejected [selves,
Their smooth advice, that only means them-
Their schemes to aggrandize him into baseness:
Well knowing, that a people in their rights
And industry protected; living safe
Beneath the sacred shelter of the laws;
Encourag'd in their genius, arts, and labours;
And happy each as he himself deserves;
Are ne'er ungrateful. With unsparing hand
They will for him provide: their filial love
And confidence are his unfailing treasury,
And every honest man his faithful guard.

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§ 78. *The Guilt of bad Kings.* Mallet.

WHEN those whom Heav'n distinguishes o'er millions, [them,
And showers profusely power and splendor on
Whate'er th' expanded heart can wish; when they,
Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,
Or worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin,
Is there a wretch they rule so base as they?
Guilty, at once, of sacrilege to Heav'n!
And of perfidious robbery to man!

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§ 79. *The true End of Life.* Thomson.

WHO, who would live, my Narva, just to breathe
This idle air, and indolently run,
Day after day, the still-returning round
Of life's mean offices, and sickly joys?
But in the service of mankind to be
A guardian god below—still to employ
The mind's brave ardour in heroic aims,
Such as may raise us o'er the groveling herd,
And make us shine for ever, That is Life.

§ 80. *The same.* S. Johnson.

REFLECT that life and death, affecting sounds,
Are only varied modes of endless being.
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone;
Not for itself, but for a nobler end
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away;
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

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§ 81. *A Lion overcome by a Man.* Lee.

THE prince in a lone court was plac'd,
Unarm'd, all but his hands, on which he
A pair of gantlets. [wore
At last, the door of an old lion's den
Being drawn up, the horrid beast appear'd:
The flames, which from his eye shot glaring red,
Made the sun start, as the spectators thought,
And round them cast a day of blood and death:
The prince walk'd forward: the large beast descry'd
His prey; and with a roar that made us pale,
Flew fiercely on him: but Lysimachus
Starting aside, avoided his first stroke
With a slight hurt; and as the lion turn'd,
Thrust gantlet, arm, and all, into his throat:
Then with Herculean force, tore forth by th' roots [vage,
The foaming bloody tongue; and while the sa-
Faint with the loss, sunk to the blushing earth,
To plow it with his teeth, your conqu'ring soldier [pieces.
Leap'd on his back, and dash'd his skull to

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§ 82. *Character of an excellent Man.* Rowe.

—HOW could my tongue [praise!
Take pleasure, and be lavish in thy
How could I speak thy nobleness of nature!
Thy open, manly heart, thy courage, constancy,
And inborn truth, unknowing to dissemble:
Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,
In whom, next Heav'n, I trust.

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§ 83. *Virtue the only true Source of Nobility.* Thomson.

I TELL thee, then, whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of Nature's own creating. Such have risen,
Sprung from the dust; or where had been our honours?
And such, in radiant bands, will rise again
In yon immortal city; that, when most
Deprest by fate, and near apparent ruin,
Returns, as with an energy divine, [her.
On her astonish'd foes, and shakes them from

§ 84. *The happy Effects of Misfortune.* THOMSON.

——IF misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues. And so many great
Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,
Have in her school been taught, as are enough
To consecrate distress, and make ambition
Ev'n wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune.

§ 85. *A Description of the Morning.* OTWAY.

WISH'D morning's come; and now upon the plains,
And distant mountains where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day:
The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits:
The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up;
And, looking tow'rds the neighbouring pastures, raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-morrow:
The chearful birds too, on the tops of trees
Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes
Salute, and welcome up the rising sun.

§ 86. *Another.* LEE.

FROM amber shrouds I see the morning rise;
Her rosy hands begin to paint the skies:
And now the city emmets leave their hive,
And rouzing hinds to chearful labour drive;
High cliffs and rocks are pleasing objects now,
And nature smiles upon the mountain brow;
The joyful birds salute the sun's approach:
The sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy coach,
While from his car the dropping gems distil,
And all the earth, and all the heavens do smile.

§ 87. *The charming Notes of the Nightingale.* LEE.

THUS in some poplar shade, the nightingale,
With piercing moans, does her lost young bewail:
Which the rough hind, observing as they lay
Warm in their downy nest, had stol'n away:
But she in mournful sounds does still complain,
Sings all the night, though all her songs are vain,
And still renews her miserable strain.

§ 88. *The same.* ROWE.

SO when the spring renews the flow'ry field,
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build;
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood:
Where no rude swains her shady cell may know,
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow;
Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders thro' the grove no more;
Warbling she charms it each returning night,
And loves it with a mother's dear delight.

§ 89. *A worthless Person can claim no Merit from the Virtues of his Ancestors.* ROWE.

WERE honour to be scann'd by long descent
From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt
A lineage of the greatest, and recount,
Among my fathers, names of antient story,
Heroes and godlike patriots, who subdued
The world by arms and virtue:
But that be their own praise:
Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,
Myself an undeserver.

§ 90. *The Love of our Country the greatest of Virtues.* THOMSON.

HIS only blot was this; that, much provok'd,
He rais'd his vengeful arm against his country;
And lo! the righteous gods have now chastis'd him,
Ev'n by the hands of those for whom he fought.
Whatever private views and passions plead,
No cause can justify so black a deed:
These, when the angry tempest clouds the soul,
May darken reason, and her course controul;
But when the prospect clears, her startled eye
Must from the treach'rous gulph with horror fly,
On whose wild wave, by stormy passions tost,
So many helpless wretches have been lost.
Then be this truth the star by which we steer,
Above ourselves our country shall be dear.

§ 91. *The same.* W. WHITEHEAD.

LEARN hence, ye Romans, on how sure a base
The patriot builds his happiness; no stroke,
No keenest, deadliest, shaft of adverse fate,
Can make his generous bosom quite despair,
But that alone by which his country falls.
Grief may to grief in endless round succeed,
And nature suffer when our children bleed:
Yet still superior must that hero prove,
Whose first, best passion, is his country's love.

§ 92. *In what Philosophy really consists.* THOMSON.

——PHILOSOPHY consists not
In airy schemes, or idle speculations:
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province. Not in lonely cells
Obscure she lurks, but holds her heav'nly light
To senates and to kings to guide their councils,

And teach them to reform and bless mankind.
All policy but her's are false and rotten;
All valour, not conducted by her precepts,
Is a destroying fury sent from hell,
To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.

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§ 93. *Scipio restoring the captive Princess to her Royal Lover.* THOMSON.

—WHAT with admiration [virgin,
Struck every heart with this.—A noble
Conspicuous far o'er all the captive dames,
Was mark'd the gen'ral prize. She wept and blush'd, [eye,
Young, fresh, and blooming like the morn. An
As when the blue sky trembles through a cloud
Of purest white. A secret charm combin'd
Her features, and infus'd enchantment through
Her shape was harmony.—But eloquence [them;
Beneath her beauty fails; which seem'd on pur-
By nature lavish'd on her, that mankind [pose
Might see the virtue of an hero try'd
Almost beyond the stretch of human force.
Soft as she pass'd along, with down-cast eyes,
Where gentle sorrow swell'd, and now and then
Dropt o'er her modest cheek a trickling tear,
The Roman legions languish'd, and hard war
Felt more than pity. Ev'n their chief himself,
As on his high tribunal rais'd he sat, [ask'd
Turn'd from the dangerous sight, and chiding
His officers, if by this gift they meant
To cloud his virtue in its very dawn.

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She, questioned of her birth, in trembling accents,
With tears and blushes broken, told her tale.
But when he found her royally descended,
Of her old captive parents the sole joy;
And that a hapless Celtiberian prince,
Her lover and belov'd, forgot his chains,
His lost dominions, and for her alone
Wept out his tender soul; sudden the heart
Of this young, conqu'ring, loving, god-like
Felt all the great divinity of virtue. [Roman,
His wishing youth stood check'd, his tempting
Restrain'd by kind humanity.—At once [power
He for her parents and her lover call'd.
The various scene imagine: how his troops
Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he meant;
While stretch'd below the trembling suppliants lay,
Rack'd by a thousand mingling passions, fear,
Hope, jealousy, disdain, submission, grief,
Anxiety and love in every shape;
To these as different sentiments succeeded,
As mixt emotions, when the man divine
Thus the dread silence to the lover broke:
"We both are young, both charm'd. The right "of war
"Has put thy beauteous mistress in my pow'r;
"With whom I could in the most sacred ties
"Live out a happy life: but know, that Romans,
"Their hearts, as well as enemies, can conquer.
"Then take her to thy soul; and with her take
"Thy liberty and kingdom. In return
"I ask but this; when you behold these eyes,
"These charms, with transport, be a friend "to Rome."

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§ 94. *The Blessings of Peace.* THOMSON.

—O Beauteous peace, [thou,
Sweet union of a state! what else, but
Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people!
I bow, Lord Constable, beneath the snow
Of many years; yet in my breast revives
A youthful flame. Methinks, I see again
Those gentle days renew'd, that bless'd our isle,
Ere by this wasteful fury of division,
Worse than our Ætna's most destructive fires,
It desolated sunk. I see our plains
Unbounded waving with the gifts of harvest;
Our seas with commerce throng'd, our busy ports
With chearful toil. Our Enna blooms afresh;
Afresh the sweets of thymy Hybla blow.
Our nymphs and shepherds, sporting in each vale,
Inspire new song, and wake the pastoral reed.

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§ 95. *Providence.* THOMSON.

—THERE is a power
Unseen, that rules th' illimitable world;
That guides its motions, from the brightest star
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould;
While man, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependance.
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,
Thou must have learnt, when wandering all alone,
Each bird, each insect, flitting thro' the sky,
Was more sufficient for itself than thou——

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§ 96. *Prudence.* THOMSON.

—LET us [manly temper,
Act with cool prudence, and with
As well as manly firmness.
'Tis god-like magnanimity, to keep,
When most provok'd, our reason calm and clear,
And execute her will, from a strong sense
Of what is right, without the vulgar aid
Of heat and passion, which, tho' honest, bear us
Often too far.

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§ 97. *Description of Ships appearing at a Distance, and approaching the Shore.* DRYDEN.

Guiom. AS far as I could cast my eyes
Upon the sea, something, methought, did rise
Like blueish mists, which, still appearing more,
Took dreadful shapes, and thus mov'd towards the shore:
The object, I could first distinctly view,
Was tall, straight trees, which on the water flew:
Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow;
And at their roots grew floating palaces,
Whose out-blow'd bellies cut the yielding seas!
Montezuma.

Montezuma. What divine monsters! O ye gods! are these,
That float in air, and fly upon the seas?
Came they alive, or dead, upon the shore?
Guiom. Alas! they liv'd too sure: I heard them roar:
All turn'd their sides, and to each other spoke:
I saw their words break out in fire and smoke.
Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,
And these the younger brothers of the sky:
Deaf with the noise, I took my hasty flight;
No mortal courage can support the fright.

§ 98. *Virtue preferable to Rank.* Rowe.

WHAT tho' no gaudy titles grace my birth!
Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward!
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sycophants:
Yet Heav'n, that made me honest, made me more
Than e'er a king did, when he made a lord.

§ 99. *Description of an ancient Cathedral.* Congreve.

—'TIS dreadful!
How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pondrous roof!
By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable.
Looking tranquillity, it strikes an awe
And terror to my aking sight! The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chilness to my trembling heart.

§ 100. *Description of a Triumph.* Lee.

—HE comes, and with a port so proud,
As if he had subdu'd the spacious world:
And all Sinope's streets are fill'd with such
A glut of people, you would think some god
Had conquer'd in their cause, and them thus rank'd,
That he might make his entrance on their heads!
While from the scaffolds, windows, tops of houses,
Are cast such gaudy show'rs of garlands down,
That ev'n the crowd appear like conquerors,
And the whole city seems like one vast meadow,
Set all with flow'rs, as a clear heaven with stars.
Nay, as I've heard, ere he the city enter'd,
Your subjects lin'd the way for many furlongs;
The very trees bore men: and as our god,
When from the portal of the east he dawns,
Beholds a thousand birds upon the boughs,
To welcome him with all their warbling throats,
And prune their feathers in his golden beams;
So did your subjects, in their gaudy trim,
Upon the pendant branches speak his praise.
Mothers, who cover'd all the banks beneath,
Did rob the crying infants of the breast,
Pointing Ziphares out, to make them smile;
And climbing boys stood on their fathers' shoulders,
Answering their shouting sires with tender cries,
To make the concert up of general joy.

§ 101. *A Shepherd's Life happier than a King's.* Hill.

TH' unbusied shepherd, stretch'd beneath the hawthorn,
His careless limbs thrown out in wanton ease,
With thoughtless gaze perusing the arch'd heavens,
And idly whistling while his sheep feed round him;
Enjoys a sweeter shade, than that of canopies,
Hemm'd in by cares, and shook by storms of treason.

§ 102. *Virtue its own Reward.* Rowe.

GREAT minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd with doing good,
Tho' the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return. Virtue does still
With scorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject souls do good, and hope reward:
Above the worthless trophies man can raise,
She seeks not honour, wealth, nor airy praise,
But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

§ 103. *No Difficulties insuperable to the Prudent and Brave.* Rowe.

THE wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make th' impossibility they fear.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

IN POETRY.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

EPIC, EPIGRAMMATIC, LYRIC, COMIC, AND BURLESQUE.

SPENSER's FAIRY QUEEN.

§ 1. *Dueſſa weeping over her Enemy, compared to a Crocodile; and a Deſcription of Night.*

AS when a weary traveller, that ſtrays [Nile,
By muddy ſhore of broad ſeven-mouthed
Unweeting of the perilous wand'ring ways,
Doth meet a cruel crafty crocodile,
Which in falſe grief hiding his harmful guile,
Doth weep full ſore, and ſheddeth tender tears:
The fooliſh man, that pities all this while
His mournful plight, is ſwallow'd up unawares,
Forgetful of his own, that minds another's cares.

So wept Dueſſa until even-tide, [light:
That ſhining lamps in Jove's high houſe were
Then forth ſhe roſe, ne longer would abide.
But comes unto the place, where th' heathen knight
In ſlumb'ring ſwoon nigh void of vital ſpright,
Lay cover'd with inchanted cloud all day:
Whom when ſhe found, as ſhe him left in plight
To wail his woeful caſe, ſhe would not ſtay,
But to the eaſtern coaſt of heaven makes ſpeedy way,

Where grieſly Night, with viſage deadly ſad,
That Phœbus' chearful face durſt never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
She finds forth-coming from her darkſome mew,
Where ſhe all day did hide her hated hew;
Before the door her iron chariot ſtood,
Already harneſſed for journey new;
And cole-black ſteeds yborn of helliſh brood,
That on their ruſty bits did champ as they were wood.

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And all the while ſhe ſtood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never ceaſe to bay,
As giving warning of th' unuſual ſound,
With which her iron wheels did them affray,
And her dark grieſly look them much diſmay.
The meſſenger of death, the ghaſtly owl,
With dreary ſhrieks did alſo her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howl,
At her abhorred face, ſo filthy and ſo foul.

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———On every ſide them ſtood
The trembling ghoſts with ſad amazed mood,
Chattering their iron teeth, and ſtaring wide
With ſtony eyes; and all the helliſh brood
Of fiends infernal flock'd on every ſide,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durſt ride.

§ 2. *Deſcription of Lucifera's Palace. Ibid.*

A Stately palace built of ſquared brick,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whoſe walls were high, but nothing ſtrong, nor thick,
And golden foil all over them diſplaid; [thick,
That pureſt ſky with brightneſs they diſmay'd:
High

High lifted up were many lofty towers,
And goodly galleries far over-laid,
Full of fair windows and delightful bowers;
And on the top a dial told the timely hours.

It was a goodly heap for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workman's wit;
But full great pity, that so fair a mold
Did on so weak foundation ever sit;
For on a sandy hill, that still did flit,
And fall away, it mounted was full high,
That every breath of heaven shaked it;
And all the hinder parts, that few could spy,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

§ 3. *Lucifera ascending her Coach.* SPENSER.

SUDDAIN uprifeth from her stately place
The Royal dame, and for her coach doth call:
All hurlen forth, and she with princely pace,
As fair Aurora in her purple pall,
Out of the East the dawning day doth call.
So forth she comes: her brightness broad doth blaze;
The heaps of people thronging in the hall,
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitter and light doth all men's eyes [amaze.

So forth she comes, and to her coach does climb,
Adorned all with gold, and garlands gay,
That seem'd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
And strove to match, in royal rich array,
Great Juno's golden chair, the which they say
The gods stand gazing on when she does ride
To Jove's high house through heaven's brass-paved way,
Drawn of fair peacocks that excel in pride,
And full of Argus' eyes their tails dispredden wide.

§ 4. *Description of Prince Arthur in his Habiliment of War.* *Ibid.*

UPON the top of all his lofty crest
A bunch of hairs, discolour'd diversly
With sprinkled pearl, and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seem'd to dance for jollity,
Like to an almond tree ymounted high
On top of great Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender looks do tremble every one
At every blast that under heav'n is blown.

§ 5. *Description of Diana with her Nymphs, returning from the Chase, and preparing to bathe.* *Ibid.*

SHORTLY unto the wasteful woods she came,
Whereas she found the goddess and her crew,
After late chace of their embrued game
Sitting beside a fountain in a rew,
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat,
And soil, which did deform their lively hue;
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

She having hong upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlac'd
Her silver buskin from her nimble thigh,
And her lank loins ungirt, and breasts unbrac'd,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
Her golden locks that late in tresses bright
Embreeded were for hindring of her haste,
Now loose about her shoulders hong undight,
And were with sweet Ambrosia all besprinkled light.

Soon as she Venus saw behind her back,
She was asham'd to be so loose surpris'd;
And wox half wroth against her damsels slack,
That had not her thereof before advis'd,
But suffer'd her so carelessly disguis'd
Be overtaken. Soon her garments loose
Upgathering in her bosom she compris'd,
Well, as she might, and the goddess rose;
Whilst all her nymphs did like a girlond her enclose.

§ 6. *Description of a Garden.* *Ibid.*

EFTSOONS they heard a most delicious sound
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear;
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight that did it hear,
To read what manner music that mote be,
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all [agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in chearful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet;
Th' angelical, soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall;
The water's fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

§ 7. *Description of the Garden of Adonis.* *Ibid.*

THERE is continual spring, and harvest there
Continual, both meeting at one time:
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,
Which seem to labour under their fruits load:
The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime
Emongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

§ 8. *Devastation which Time makes in this Garden.* *Ibid.*

GREAT enemy to it, and all the rest
That in the garden of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Time; who, with his scythe addrest,
Does mow the flow'ring herbs and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground down flings,
Where they do wither, and are foully marr'd:
He flies about, and with his flaggy wings,
Beats down both leaves and buds without regard,
Ne ever pity may relent his malice hard.

§ 9.

§ 9. *Description of Jupiter.* Spenser.

So having said he ceast; and with his brow,
His black eye-brow, whose doomful dreaded beck,
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the highest powers of heaven to check,
Made sign to them in their degrees to speak.

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——— With that he shook
His nectar-dewed locks, with which the skies,
And all the world beneath, for terror quook,
And eft his burning leven-brond in hand he took.

§ 10. *Guyon conducted by Mammon through a Cave under Ground, to see his Treasure. Ibid.*

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretch'd itself into an ample plain,
Through which a beaten broad high-way did trace,
That straight did lead to Pluto's griesly reign;
By that way's side there sat infernal Pain,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an iron whip did strain,
The other brandished a bloody knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

On the other side in one consort there sate
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite;
And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,
And found no place where safe he shroud him might.
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie,
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.
And over them sad Horror, with grim hue,
Did always soar, beating his iron wings;
And after him owls and night ravens flew,
The hateful messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolour telling sad tidings;
Whilst sad Celeno, sitting on a cliff,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That heart of flint asunder would have rift;
Which having ended, after him she flieth swift.

§ 11. *Description of Despair, and her Speech. Ibid.*

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy clift ypight,
Dark, doleful, dreary like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcasses doth crave:
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owl,
Shrieking his baneful note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearful fowl:
And all about it wand'ring ghosts did wail and howl.

And all about, old stocks and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leaf was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged been,
Whose carcasses were scatter'd on the green,
And thrown about the clifts. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and doleful teen,
Would fain have fled, ne durst approachen near:
But th' other forc'd him stay, and comforted in fear.

The darksome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind;
His greasy locks, long growing and unbound,
Disordered hung about his shoulders round,
And hid his face: through which his hollow eyne
Look'd deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and pine,
Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thorns together pinn'd and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapp'd abouts:
And him beside there lay upon the grass
A dreary corse, whose life away did pass,
All wallow'd in his own yet lukewarm blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas;
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approving true
The woeful tale that Trevisan had told,
When as the gentle Red Cross knight did view,
With fiery zeal he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge before his blood were cold:
And to the villain said; Thou damned wight,
The author of this fact, we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right,
With thine own blood to price his blood, here shed in sight.

What frantic fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doom to give?
What justice ever other judgment taught,
But he should die, who merits not to live?
None else to death this man despairing drive
But his own guilty mind deserving death.
Is then unjust to each his due to give?
Or let him die, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath

Who travels by the weary wand'ring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meets a flood, that doth his passage stay
Is not great grace to help him over-past,
Or free his feet, that in the mire stick fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbour's good,
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast,
Why wilt not let him pass, that long hath stood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the flood?

He there does now enjoy eternal rest,
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little pain the passage have,
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not short pain well borne, that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please.

The

The knight much wonder'd at his sudden wit,
And said: The term of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, or shorten it:
The soldier may not move from watchful sted,
Nor leave his stand, until his captain bed.
Who life did limit by almighty doom
(Quoth he) knows best the terms established;
And he that points the sentinal his room,
Doth licence him depart at sound of morning droom.

Is not his deed, whatever thing is done,
In heaven and earth? Did not he all create
To die again? All ends that was begun;
Their times in his eternal book of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain date.
Who then can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in his still-changing state,
Or shun the death ordain'd by destiny?
When hour of death is come, let none ask whence, nor why.

The longer life, I wote, the greater sin;
The greater sin, the greater punishment;
All those great battles which thou boasts to win,
Through strife, and bloodshed, and avengement,
Now prais'd, hereafter dear thou shalt repent:
For, life must life, and blood must blood repay.
Is not enough thy evil life forespent?
For he, that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth go, the further he doth stray.

Then do no further go, no further stray,
But here lie down, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensuen may:
For, what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Fear, sickness, age, loss, labour, sorrow, strife,
Pain, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thousands more, do make a loathsome life.

Thou, wretched man, of death hath greatest need,
If in true ballange thou wilt weigh thy state;
For, never knight that dared warlike deed,
More luckless disadventures did amate:
Witness the dungeon deep, wherein of late
Thy life shut up, for death so oft did call;
And though good luck prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou mayest happen fall.

Why then dost thou, O man of sin, desire
To draw thy days forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinful hire
High heaped up with huge iniquity,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy face with perjury,
And sold thyself to serve Duessa vild,
With whom in all abuse thou hast thyself defil'd?

Is not he just, that all this doth behold
From highest heav'n, and bears an equal eye?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impiety?
Is not his law, Let every sinner die?
Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be done,
Is it not better to do willingly,
Than linger till the glass be all out-run?
Death is the end of woes: die soon, O fairy's son.

The knight was much enmoved with this speech,
That as a sword's point through his heart did pierce,
And in his conscience made a secret breach,
Well knowing true, all that he did rehearse,
And to his fresh remembrance did reverse
The ugly view of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powers it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rhimes,
That oftentimes he quak'd, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement, when the miscreant
Perceived him to waver weak and frail,
With trembling horror did his conscience dant,
And hellish anguish did his soul assail:
To drive him to despair, and quite to quail,
He shew'd him painted in a table plain,
The damned ghosts, that do in torments wail,
And thousand fiends that do them endless pain
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remain.

The sight whereof so throughly him dismay'd,
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
And ever-burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighty's law:
Then 'gan the villain him to over-craw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bade him chuse, what death he would desire:
For death was due to him that had provok'd God's ire.

But when as none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharp and keen,
And gave it in his hand, his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leaf of aspin green,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seen
To come and go; with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had been:
At last resolv'd to work its final smart,
He lifted up his hand, that back again did start.

Which when as Una saw, through every vein
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swoon: but soon reliev'd again,
Out of his hand she snatch'd the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said; Fie, fie, faint-hearted knight,
What meanest thou by this reproachful strife?
Is this the battle, which thou vaunt'st to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?

Come, come away, frail, silly, fleshy wight,
Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart,
Ne devilish thoughts dismay thy constant spright,
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why should'st thou then despair, that chosen art?
Where justice grows, where grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,

And that accurs'd hand-writing doth deface:
Arise, sir knight, arise, and leave this cursed place.

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the carl beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtle sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hung himself, unbid, unbless'd.
But death he could not work himself thereby;
For thousand times he so himself had dress'd,
Yet natheless it could not do him die,
Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

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§ 12. *Adonis's Garden.* Spenser.

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
All that in this delightful garden grows
Should happy be, and have immortal bliss;
For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes,
And sweet love gentle fits emongst them throws.
Without fell rancour, or fond jealousie;
Frankley each paramour his leman knows,
Each bird his mate; ne any does envie
Their goodly merriment, and gay felicitie.

- - - - - - - - - -

Right in the middest of that paradise
There stood a stately mount, on whoes round top
A gloomy grove of myrtle-trees did rise,
Whose shadie boughs sharp steele did never lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop;
But, like a girlond, compassed the hight,
And from their fruitfull sides sweet gumes did drop,
That all the ground with pretious dew bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours, and most sweet delight.

And, in the thickest covert in that shade,
There was a pleasant arbour, not by art,
But of the trees own inclination made,
Which knitting their ranke branches part to part,
With wanton ivie-twine entail'd athwart,
And eglantine and caprifole emong,
Fashion'd above within her inmost part,
That neither Phœbus' beams could through them throng,
Nor Æolus' sharp blast could work them any wrong.

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
To which sad lovers were transform'd of yore;
Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus' paramoure,
And dearest love;
Foolish Narcisse, that likes the wat'ry shore;
Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late;
Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Meseemes I see Amintas' wretched fate,
To whom sweet poets' verse hath given endless date.

§ 13. *Affections.* Ibid.

How great a toil to stem the raging flood,
When beauty stirs the mass of youthful blood!
When the swoln veins with circling torrents rise,
And softer passions speak thro' wishing eyes!

The voice of reason 's drown'd; in vain it speaks,
When hasty anger dies the gloomy cheeks;
And vengeful pride hurries the mortal on
To deeds unheard, and cruelties unknown.

Then 'gan the palmer thus; Most wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend:
In their beginning they are weak and wan,
But soon, thro' suff'rance, growe to fearfull end;
Whiles they are weak, betimes with them contend:
For when they once to perfect strength do growe,
Strong warres they make, and cruel batt'ry bend,
'Gainst fort of reason it to overthrowe:
Wrath, jealousy, grief, love, this squire have laid thus lowe.

Wrath, jealousy, grief, love, do thus expell:
Wrath is a fire, and jealousy a weed;
Grief is a flood, and love a monster fell.
The fire of sparke, the weed of little seed,
The flood of drops, the monster filth did breed:
But sparks, seed, drops, and filth do thus decay;
The sparks soon quench, the springing seed outweed,
The drops dry up, and filth wipe clean away;
So shall wrath, jealousy, griefe, love, die and decay.

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§ 14. *Ambition.* Ibid.

A rout of people there assembled were,
Of every sort or nation under sky,
Which with great uprore preassed, to draw near
To th' upper part, where was advanced hie
A stately seat of soveraigne majestie,
And thereon sate a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royaltie,
That never earthly prince in such array
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pride display.

Her face right wond'rous faire did seem to be,
That her broad beauties beam great brightness threw
Through the dim shade, that all men there might see:
Yet was not that same her own native hew,
But wrought by art, and counterfeited shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
Nath'less, more heavenly faire in deed and view
She by creation was, till she did fall;
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crimes withall.

There, as in glist'ring glory she did sit,
She held a great gold-chain ylinked well,
Whose upper end to highest heaven was knit,
And lower part did reach to lowest hell;
And all that prease did round about her swell,
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby

To

To climb aloft, and others to excell;
That was Ambition, rash desire to stie,
And ev'ry link thereof a step of dignitie.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward;
Some by close should'ring, some by flatteree;
Others through friends, others for base reward;
And all, by wrong ways, for themselves prepar'd.
Those that were up themselves, kept others lowe;
Those that were lowe themselves, held others hard,
Ne suffer'd them to rise, or greater growe;
But every one did strive his fellow down to throwe.

O sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raigne!
Who neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor laws of men, that common weals containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wild beasts restraine,
Can keep from outrage, and from doeing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdom to obtaine.
No faith so firm, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may enduren long.

§ 15. *Anguish.* SPENSER.

WHAT equal torment to the griefe of minde,
And pyning anguish hid in gentle heart,
That inly feeds itself with thoughts unkinde,
And nourisheth her own consuming smart?
What medicine can any leache's art
Yield such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart?

§ 16. *Arbour.* Ibid.

AND over him, art striveing to compaire
With nature, did an arbour green dispred,
Framed with wanton ivie, flowering faire,
Through which the fragrant eglantine did spred
Her pricking armes, entayl'd with roses red,
Which dainty odours round about him threw;
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That, when mild Zephyrus emongst them blew,
Did breathe out beauteous smells, and painted colours shew.

§ 17. *Avarice.* Ibid.

AND greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camel loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold,
And in his lap a heap of coin he told;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himself for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballance waide.

At last he came into a gloomie glade,
Cover'd with boughs and shrubs from heav'ns light,
Whereas he sitting found, in secret shade,
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivill wight,
Of griesly hew, and foul ill-favour'd sight;
His face with smoake was tann'd, and eyes were bleard;
His head and beard with soot were ill bedight;
His coale-black hands did seem to have been sear'd
In smithe's fire-speting forge, and nails like clawes appear'd.
His iron-coat, all over-grown with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold,
Whose glistring gloss, darkened with filthy dust,
Well it appeared to have been of old
A work of rich entaile, and curious mould,
Woven with anticks, and wild imagery;
And in his lap a mass of coine he told,
And turned up-side down, to feed his eye,
And covetous desire, with his huge treasury.

And round about him lay, on every side,
Great heaps of gold, that never could be spent;
Of which, some were ore not purifide
Of Mulciber's devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and distent
Into great ingots, and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten monument;
But most were stampt, and in their metall bare
The antick shapes of kings and Cæsars strange and rare.

§ 18. *Bashfulness.* Ibid.

THE whiles, the faerie knight did entertaine
Another damsel of that gentle crew,
That was right faire, and modest of demaine,
But that too oft she chang'd her native hue.
Strange was her tire, and all her garments blue,
Close round about her tuckt, with many a plight;
Upon her fist, the bird that shunneth view,
And keeps in coverts close from living wight,
Did sit, as if asham'd how rude Dan did her dight.

So long as Guyon with her communed,
Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anone, with rosie red,
The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did die,
And her became as polish'd ivorie,
Which cunning craftsman's hand hath overlaid
With fair vermillion, or pure lastery.
Great wonder had the knight to see the maid
So strangely passioned, and to her gently said;

Fair damsell, seemeth by your troubled cheare,
That either me too bold yee weene, this wise
You to molest, or other ill to feare,
That in the secret of your heart close lyes,
From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, arise.
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But if ought else that I mote not devise,
I will (if please you it discrue) assay
To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

She answered nought, but more abasht for shame,
Held down her head, the whiles her lovely face
The flushing blood with blushing did inflame,
And the strong passion marr'd her modest grace,

That Guyon marvail'd at her uncouth case:
Till Alma him bespake, Why wonder yee,
Fair sir, at that which you so much imbrace?
She is the fountaine of your modestee:
You shame-fac'd are, but Shame-fac'dness itself
is shee.

Another.

And next to her sate goodly Shame fac'dness;
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground up-reare,
Ne ever once did look up from her dress,
As if some blame of evill she did feare,
That in her cheek made roses oft appear.

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§ 19. *Beauty.* SPENSER.

NOUGHT is there under heav'n's wide hollowness
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought t'unworthy wretchedness
By envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind:
I, whether lately thro' her brightness blind,
Or thro' allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierc'd with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.
Eftsoons there stepped forth
A goodly lady, clad in hunter's weed,
That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance, borne of heav'nly
birth.

Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not,
But heav'nly portraict of bright angels hew,
Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,
Thro' goodly mixture of complexions dew
And in her cheeks the vermill' red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,
Able to heal the sick, and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above, at th' heav'nly Maker's light,
And darted fiery beams out of the same,
So passing preacant, and so wond'rous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholders of their
sight:
In them the blinded god his lustful fire
To kindle oft assay'd, but had no might;
For, with dread majesty, and awful ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base
desire.

Nought under heav'n so strongly doth allure
The sense of man, and all his mind possess,
As beauty's lovely bait, that doth procure
Great warriors of their rigor to repress,
And mighty hands forget their manliness,
Drawn with the pow'r of an heart-robbing [eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tress,
That can with melting pleasance mollify
Their harden'd hearts, enur'd to blood and
cruelty.

So whilome learn'd that mighty Jewish swain,
Each of whose locks did match a man of might,
To lay his spoils before his leman's train:
So also did the great Cetean knight,
For his love's sake, his lion's skin undight:
And so did warlike Anthony neglect
The world's whole rule, for Cleopatra's sight.
Such wond'rous pow're has women's faire
aspect, [reject.
To captive men, and make them all the world

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§ 20. *Boar.* *Ibid.*

AND then two boars with rankling malice met,
Their goary sides, fresh bleeding, fiercely
fret,
'Till breathless both, themselves aside retire,
Where foaming wrath their cruel tusks they
whet, [respire;
And trample th' earth the whiles they may
Then back to fight again, new breathed and
entire.

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§ 21. *Bower of Bliss* *Ibid.*

THENCE passing forth, they shortly do arrive
Whereas the Bower of Bliss was situate;
A place pick'd out by choice of best alive,
That nature's work by art can imitate;
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may daintiest fantasie aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentiful dispense,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
As well their enter'd guests to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin:
Nought feared their force that fortilage to win,
But wisdom's pow're and temperance's might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of substance
light,
Rather for pleasure than for battery or fight.

It framed was of pretious yvory,
That seem'd a work of admirable wit;
And therein all the famous historie
Of Jason and Medæa was ywrit;
Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fit,
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed faith, and love to lightly flit,
The wondred Argo, which invent'rous peece
First through the Euxian seas bore all the
flow'r of Greece.

Ye might have seen the frothy billowes fry
Under the ship, as thorough them she went,
That seemed waves were into yvory,
Or yvory into the waves were sent,
And other where the snowy substance sprent,
With vermell-lik the boyes bloud therein
A pitious spectacle did represent; [shed:
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled,
It seem'd th' enchanted flame which did Creüsa
wed.

All this, and more, might in this goodly gate
Be read; that ever open stood to all

Which

Which thither came; but in the porch there [sate
A comely perſonage of ſtature tall,
And ſemblance pleaſing more than natural,
That travellers to him ſeem'd to entice;
His looſer garments to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heels in wanton wiſe,
Not fit for ſpeedy pace or manly exerciſe.

The foe of life, that good envies to all,
That ſecretly doth us procure to fall,
Through guilefull ſemblaunce which he makes us [ſee,
He of this gardin had the governall,
And Pleaſure's porter was deviſ'd to be,
Holding a ſtaffe in hand for more formalitie.

Thus being entred, they behold around
A large and ſpatious plaine on every ſide
Strow'd with pleaſaunce, whoſe faire graſſie ground
Mantled with green, and goodly beatifide
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in ſcorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did deck her, and too laviſhly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowre ſhe comes th' early morne.

Thereto the heavens always joviall,
Lookt on them lovely, ſtill in ſtedfaſt ſtate,
Ne ſuffered ſtorme nor froſt on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate;
Nor ſcorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
But the milde air with ſeaſon moderate
Gently attempred and diſpos'd ſo well,
That ſtill it breathed forth ſweet ſpirit and wholeſome ſmell.

More ſweet and wholeſome than the pleaſant hill
Of Rhodopè, on which the nymph that bore
A giant-babe, her ſelfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Theſſalian Tempè, where of yore
Faire Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did gore,
Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repaire,
When-ever they their heavenly bowres forlore;
Or ſweet Parnaſſe, the haunt of muſes faire;
Or Eden, if that aught with Eden mote compare.

'Till that he came unto another gate,
No gate, but like one, beeing goodly dight
With boughes and branches, which did broad dilate
Their claſping armes, in wanton wreathings [intricate.
So faſhioned a porch with rare diviſe,
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whoſe bunches hanging downe, ſeem'd to en- [tice
All paſſers by to taſte their luſcious wine,
And did themſelves into their hands incline,
As freſh offering to be gathered:
Some deep empurpled as the hyacint,
Some as the rubine, laughing ſweetly red,
Some like the fair emeraudes not yet ripened.

And them amongſt, ſome were of burniſht [gold,
So made by art, to beautifie the reſt,
Which did themſelves emongſt the leaves enfould,
As lurking from the view of covetous gueſt,
That the weak boughes, with ſo rich load up- [preſt,
Did bow adown as over-burthened.

There the moſt dainty paradiſe on ground,
It ſelf doth offer to his ſober eye,
In which all pleaſures plentiouſly abound,
And none does others happineſs envie:
The painted flowres, the trees upſhooting hie,
The dales for ſhade, the hills for breathing place,
The trembling groves, the cryſtall running by;
And that which all faire works doth moſt aggrace,
The art which wrought it all appeared in no [place.

One would have thought (ſo cunningly the rude
And ſcorned parts were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonneſs enſude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So ſtriveing each the other to undermine,
Each did the other's worke more beautify;
So differing both in willes, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through ſweet diverſitie,
This garden to adorne with all varietie.

And in the midſt of all, a fountaine ſtood,
Of richeſt ſubſtance that on earth might be,
So pure and ſhiny, that the ſilver flood
Through't every channell running, one might [ſee;
Moſt goodly it with pure imageree
Was over-wrought, and ſhapes of naked [boyes,
Of which ſome ſeem'd with lively jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whiles others did themſelves embay in liquid joyes.

And over all, of pureſt gold, was ſpred
A tayle of ivie in his native hew:
For the rich metall was ſo coloured,
That wight that did not well adviſed view,
Would ſurely deem it to be ivie true:
Lowe his laſcivious armes adowne did creep,
That themſelves dipping in the ſilver dew,
Their fleecie flowres they tenderly did ſteepe,
Which drops cryſtall ſeem'd for wantonneſs to weepe.

Infinite ſtreames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, ſweet and faire to ſee,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And ſhortly grew to ſo great quantitie,
That like a little lake it ſeem'd to bee;
Whoſe depth exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waves one might the bottom ſee,
All pav'd beneath with jaſper ſhining bright
That ſeem'd the fountaine in that ſea did ſayle upright.

And all the margent round about was ſet
With ſhady lawrell-trees, thence to defend
The ſunny beames, which on the billows bet,
And thoſe which therein bathed, mote offend.

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§ 22. *Bower of Proteus.* SPENSER.

HIS bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
Under a mighty rock, 'gainſt which doe rave

The roring billoes in their proud disdaine;
That with the angry working of the wave,
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
That seems rough mason's hand, with engine keen,
Had long while laboured it to engrave:
There was his wonne, ne living wight was seen,
Save an old nymph, hight Panopè, to keep it clean.

§ 23. *Bull.* Spenser.

As salvage bull, whom two fierce mastives bait,
When rancour doth with rage him once begore,
Forgets with warie ward them to await,
But with his dreadful horns them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads down in the flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing out disdaine,
That all the forest quakes to hear him rore.

Another.

As two fierce bulls, that strive the rule to get
Of all the herd, meet with so hideous maine,
That both rebutted, tumble on the plaine:
So these two champions to the ground were feld.

Another.

Like a wild bull, that being at a bay,
Is baited of a mastiff and a hound,
And a curre-dog, that do him sharp assay
On every side, and beat about him round;
But most the curre, barking with bitter sound,
And creeping still behind, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellows like the thunder.

§ 24. *Calumny.* *Ibid.*

It is the monster bred of hellish race,
Then answer'd he, which often had annoy'd
Good knights and ladies true, and many else destroy'd.

Of Cerberus whylome he was begot,
And fell Chimæra in her darksome den,
Through foule commixture of his filthy blot,
Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,
'Till he to perfect ripeness grew, and then
Into this wicked world he forth was sent,
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
Ill sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

§ 25. *Cannon.* *Ibid.*

As when the devilish iron engine wrought
In deepest hell, aud fram'd by furies skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulpher fraught,
And ramm'd with bullet round, ordain'd to kill,
Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill
With thund'ring noise, and all the aire doth choke,
That none can breathe, nor see, nor hear at will,
Thro' smouldry cloud of duskish stinking smoke
That th' only breath him daunts who hath escapt his stroke.

§ 26. *Charity.* *Ibid.*

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easy to compare;
Full of great love, but Cupid's wanton snare
As hell she hated, chast in work and will;
Her neck and breasts were ever open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might suck their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arraied still.

A multitude of babes about her hang,
Plying their sports, that joy'd her to behold,
Whom still she fed, whilst they were weak and young,
But thrust them forth still, as they wexed old:
And on her head she wore a tire of gold,
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous fair,
Whoes passing price uneath was to be told;
And by her side there sate a gentle pair
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an ivory chaire.

§ 27. *Concord.* *Ibid.*

But lovely concord, and mon sacred peace,
Doth nourish virtue, and fast friendship breedes;
Weake she makes strong, and strong things does increase,
'Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds.
Brave be her warres, as honourable deedes,
By which she tryumphs over ire and pride,
And winnes an olive girlond for her meeds.

§ 28. *Contemplation.* *Ibid.*

There they doe find that godly aged sire,
With snowy locks adown her shoulders shed,
As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead.
Each bone might through his body well be read,
And every sinew seen through his long fast:
For nought he car'd, his carcasse long unfed;
His mind was full of spiritual repast,
And pyn'd his flesh, to keep his body lowe and chaste.

§ 29. *Cupid.* *Ibid.*

Like a Cupido on Idæan hill,
When having laid his cruel bowe away,
And mortal arrows, where-with he doth fill
The world with wondrous spoiles and bloudie prey:
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, graces three;
The goddesse pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers herself through sleep beguil'd to bee,
The whiles the other ladies mind their merry glee.

First, she him sought in court where most he used
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
But many there she found, which sore accused
His falshood, and with foule infamous blot,
His cruel deeds and wicked wiles did spot:

n Ladie

Ladis and lords ſhe every-where mote hear
Complaining, how with his empoyſned ſhot
Their woful hearts he wounded had why leare,
And ſo had left them languiſhing 'twixt hope
and feare.

She then the cities ſought from gate to gate,
And every one did aſk, did he him ſee;
And every one her anſwer'd, and too late
He had him ſeen, and felt the crueltie
Of his ſharp darts, and hot artillerie;
And every one threw forth reproaches rife
Of his miſchievous deeds, and ſaid, that hee
Was the diſturber of all civil life,
The enemie of peace, and author of all ſtrife.

Then in the country ſhe abroad him ſought,
And in the rural cottages enquired;
Where alſo many plaints to her were brought,
How he their heedleſs hearts with love had fired,
And falſe venim thorough their veines inſpired;
And eke the gentle ſhepheard ſwaines, which
ſate
Keeping their fleecie flocks, as they were hired:
Shee ſweetly heard complaine, both how and
what [ſmile thereat.
Her ſonne had to them doen: yet ſhe did

And at the upper end of the faire towne,
There was an altar built of precious ſtone,
Of paſſing value and of great renowne,
On which there ſtood an image all alone,
Of maſſie gold, which with his own light ſhone;
And wings it had with ſundry colours dight,
More ſundry colours than the proud pavone
Bears in his boaſted fan, or Iris bright,
When her diſcolour'd bow ſhe ſpreads thro'
heav'n bright.

Blindfold he was, and in his cruel fiſt
A mortal bow and arrowes keen did hold,
With which he ſhot at random when he liſt:
Some headed with ſad lead, ſome with pure gold;
(Ah! man beware how thou thoſe darts behold.)
A wounded dragon under him did lye,
Whoes hideous tayle his left foot did enfold,
And with a ſhaft was ſhot through eyther eye,
That no man forth could draw, ne no man
remedy.

Next after her, the winged God himſelf
Came riding on a lyon ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that elfe,
That man and beaſt, with powre imperious
Subdueth to his kingdom tyrannous:
His blindfold eyes he bad awhile unbind,
That his proud ſpoyle of that ſame dolorous
Faire dame he might behold in perfect kind;
Which ſeen he much rejoyceth in his cruel
mind.

Of which full proud, himſelf up-rearing hye,
He looked round about with ſterne diſdaine;
And did ſurvey his goodly company:
And marſhalling the evil ordered traine,
With that the darts which his right hand did
ſtraine,
Full dreadfully he ſhook, that all did quake,
And clapt on high his coloured wings twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho', binding him againe, his way he forth
did take.

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30. *Danger.* Spenser.

WITH him went Danger, cloth'd in ragged
weed, [made:
Made of a beares ſkyn, that him more dreadful
Yet his own-face was dreadful, ne did need
Strange horror to deform his grieſly ſhade;
A net in th' one hand, and a ruſty blade
In th' other was; this miſchiefe, that miſhap;
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other his friends ment to enwarp;
For, whom he could not kill, he practis'd to
entrap.

Another.

But in the porch did ever more abide
An hideous giant, dredful to behold, [ſtride;
That ſtopt the entrance with his ſpatious
And with the terror of his countenance bold,
Full many did affray, that elſe faine enter would.

His name was Danger, dreaded over all,
Who day and night did watch and duly ward,
From fearful cowards entrance to forſtall,
And faint-heart fooles, whom ſhew of perill
hard
Could terrifie from Fortune's faire award:
For, oftentimes, faint hearts at firſt eſpiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching ſcar'd;
Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from faire hope, withouten further
triall.

Yet many doughty warriors, often tride
In greater perills to be ſtout and bold,
Durſt not the ſternneſs of his look abide;
But ſoon as they his countenance behold,
Began to faint, and feel their courage cold.
Again, ſome other, that in hard aſſaies
Were cowards known, and little count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, he ſuch like
waies, [kaies.
Crept in by ſtooping lowe, or ſtealing of the

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§ 31. *Day-break.* *Ibid.*

BY this the northern waggoner had ſet
His ſevenfold teme behind the ſtedfaſt ſtar,
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and ſendeth light from far
To all, that in the wide deep wandering are:
And chearful Chaunticlere with his note ſhrill
Had warned once, that Phœbus' fiery carre
In haſte was climbing up the eaſtern hill;
Full envious that night ſo long his room did
fill.

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§ 32. *Death.* *Ibid.*

AND in his hand a bended bow was ſeene,
And many arrowes under his right ſide,
All deadly dangerous, all cruel keene,
Headed with flint, and feathers bloudie dide,
Such

Such as the Indians in their quivers hide:
Those could he well direct, and straite as line,
And bid them strike the mark which he had eyde;
Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds; so inly they did tine.

As pale and wan as ashes was his look,
His body lean and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered as a dried rook,
Thereto as cold and drery as a snake,
That seem'd to tremble evermore, and quake;
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake,
Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
Made of a dead man's scull, that seem'd a gastly sight.

§ 33. *Defamation.* Spenser.

HIM in a narrow place he overtook,
And fierce assailing forc't him turn againe;
Sternly he turn'd again, and he him strooke
With his sharp steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good peck within the utmost brim,
All set with iron teeth with ranges twaine,
That terrified his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus, grisly grim.

And therein were a thousand tongues empight,
Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality;
Some were of dogs that barked day and night,
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry:
And some of bears, that groynd continually;
And some of tygers that did seem to gren
And snarl at all that ever passed by:
But most of them were tongues of mortal men,
That spake reproachfully, not caring where nor when.

And then amongst were mingled here and there
The tongues of serpents, with three forked stings,
That spat out poison, and bore bloudy gere
At all that came within his ravenings,
And spake licentious words, and hateful things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie;
Ne Cesars spared he a whit, nor kings,
But either blotted them with infamy,
Or bit them with his baneful teeth of injury.

§ 34. *Desire.* *Ibid.*

AND him beside marcht amorous Desire,
Who seem'd of riper years than th' other swaine;
Yet was that other swaine the elder syre,
And gave him being, common to them twaine:
His garment was disguised very vaine,
And his embroidered bonet sate awry;
Twixt both his hands flew sparkes he close did strain,
Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
That soon they life conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

§ 35. *Detraction.* *Ibid.*

THE other nothing better was than she;
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kind,
But in bad manner they did disagree;
For, what-so Envie good or bad did find,
She did conceale and murder her own mind;
But this, whatever evil she conceaved,
Did spread abroad, and throw in th' open wind.
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was mens good names to have bereaved.

For whatsoever good by any said,
Or done, she heard, she would strait-waies invent
How to deprave, or slanderously upbraid,
Or to misconstrue of a man's intent,
And turn to ill the thing that well was ment.
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companys frequent,
To hark what any one did good report,
To bot the same with blame, or wrest it wicked sort.

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eke, and make it worse by telling,
And take great joy to publish it to many,
That every matter worse was for her melling:
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was near to Envy, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hagg, and Envy's self excelling
In mischiefe: for, herself she only vext:
But this same, both herself and others eke perplext.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foaming with poyson round about her gills,
In which her cursed tongue (full sharp and short)
Appear'd like aspis sting, that closely kills,
Or cruelly does wound whom-so she wills:
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she little spinnes, but spils,
And faines to weave false tales and leasings bad,
To throw among the good, when others had disprad.

§ 36. *Discord.* *Ibid.*

FIREBRAND of hell, first tin'd in Phlegeton,
By thousand furies, and from thence out-thrown,
Into this world, to work confusion,
And set it all on fire, (by force unknown)
Is wicked Discord, whose small sparkes once blowne,
None but a god, or god-like man, can slake:
Such as was Orpheus, that when strife was grown
Amongst those famous impes of Greece, did take
His silver harp in hand, and shortly friends them make.

§ 37.

§ 37. *Discord's House.*

HARD by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
There whereas all plagues and harmes abound,
Which punish wicked men, that walk amiss:
It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
With thorns and barren brakes environed round,
That none the same way may out-win;
Yet many ways to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in;
For discord harder is to end than to begin.

And all within the riven walles were hung
With ragged monuments of time fore-past,
Of which, the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent robes, and broken scepters
Altars defil'd, and holy things defac't, [plac't;
Dishevered spears, and shields ytorne in twaine,
Great citty's ransackt, and strong castles ras't,
Nations captived, and huge armies slaine:
Of all which ruines there some reliques did remaine.

There was the sign of antique Babylon,
Of fatal Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,
For memory of which, on high their hong
The golden apple (cause of all their wrong)
For which the three faire goddesses did strive;
There also was the name of Nimrod strong,
Of Alexander, and his princes five,
Which shar'd to them the spoiles which he had got alive.

And there the reliques of the drunken fray,
The which among the Lapithees befell,
And of the bloody feast, which sent away
So many centaurs drunken souls to hell,
That under great Alcides' furie fell,
And of the dreadful discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to out-rage fell:
That each of life sought other to deprive,
All mindless of the golden-fleece which made them strive.

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd unnatural;
Some of deare lovers, foes perpetual;
Witness their broken bands there to be seen,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres dispoiled all;
The monuments whereof there byding been,
As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh and green.

Such was the house within; but all without
The barren ground was full of wicked weeds,
Which she herself had sowen all about,
Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
The seedes of evil words, and factious deedes;
Which when to ripeness due they growen are,
Bring forth an infinite increase, that breedes
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jarre,
The which most often end in blood-shed and in warre.

And those same cursed seeds do also serve
To her for bread, and yield a living food:
For life it is to her, when others sterve
Through mischievous debate, and deadly feood,
That she may suck their life, and drink their blood,
With which she from her childhood had [been fed,
For she at first was born of hellish brood,
And by infernal furies nourished, [be read.
That by her monstrous shape might easily

Her face most foule and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrary ways extended,
And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to be;
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked words that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speak, and both contended;
And as her tongue, so was her heart de- [cided,
That never thought one thing, but doubly still was guided.

Als as she double speake, so heard she double,
With matchless eares deformed and distort,
Fil'd with false romours, and seditious trou-
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort, [ble,
That still are led with every light report.
And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,
And much unlike; th' one long, the other short,
And both misplac't; that when the one forward gode,
The other back retired, and contrary trode.

Likewise unequal were her handes twaine;
That one did reach, the other pusht away;
The one did make, the other mar'd againe,
And sought to bring all things unto decay;
Whereby great riches, gathered many a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay.
For all her study was, and all her thought,
How she might overthrowe the thing that concord wrought.

So much her malice did her might surpass,
That even th' Almighty self she did maligne,
Because to man so merciful he was,
And unto all his creatures so benigne,
Sith she her self was of his grace indigne:
For all this world's faire workmanship she
Unto his last confusion to bring, [tride,
And that great golden chain quite to divide,
With which it blessed concord hath together tide.

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§ 38. *Dolphin.* *Ibid.*

AS when a dolphin and a sele are met,
In the wide champian of the ocean plaine,
With cruel chaufe their courages they whet,
The masterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadful battaile 'twixt them do darraine:
They snuff, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,
That all the sea (disturbed with their traine)
Doth frie with some above the surges hore,
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome uprore.

§ 39. *Doubt.* Spenser.

NEXT after him went Doubt, yclad
In a discolour'd cote of strange disguise,
That at his back a brode cappucio had,
And sleeves dependant Albanese wise:
He lookt askew with his mistrustful eyes,
And nicely trode as thorns lay in his way,
Or that the flore to shrinke he did advise,
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunke, when hard thereon he lay.

Another.

That was to weet, the porter of the place,
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:
His name was Doubt, he had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, and th' other backward bent;
Therein resembling Janus auncient,
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proved perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill, whoes cause did not appeare.

§ 40. *Dungeon.* *Ibid.*

DEEP in the bottom of an huge great rocke
The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barrs, nor brazen lock
Did need to guard from force, or secret theft
Of all her lovers, which would have her reft.
For wal'd it was with waves, which rag'd and roar'd
As they the clift in pieces would have cleft:
Besides, ten thousand monsters, foule abhor'd,
Did waite about it, gaping griesly, all begor'd.

§ 41. *Eagle.* *Ibid.*

LIKE to an eagle in his kingly pride,
Soaring through his wide empire, [spide
To weather his broad sayles; by chance hath
A goshaulk, with hath seized for her share
Upon some fowle, that should her feast prepare:
With dreadful force he flies at her belive,
That with his souce, which none enduren dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rive.

Another.

As when Jove's harness-bearing bird from high,
Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdaine,
The stone-dead quarrey fals so forcibly,
That it rebounds against the lowlie plaine,
A second fall redoubling back againe.

§ 42. *Ease.* *Ibid.*

PROCEEDING to the midst he still did stand,
As if in minde he somewhat had to say,
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand
In signe of silence, as to hear a play,
By lively actions he began bewray
Some arguments of matter passioned;
Which doen, he back retired soft away;
And passing by, his name discovered,
Ease on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

§ 43. *Envy.* *Ibid.*

AND next to him malicious Envie rode,
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venemous toad,
That all the poyson run about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his own maw [sad,
At neighbour's wealth, that made him ever
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had: [drous glad.
But when he heard of harme, he waxed won-
All in a kirtle of discolour'd say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosom secretly there lay
An hateful snake, the which his tail up ties
In many folds, and mortal sting implies.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
Those heaps of gold with griple covetise,
And grudged at the great felicity
Of proud Lucifera, and his own company.
He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,
And him no less, that any like did use:
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse:
And eke the verse of famous poet's wit
He does back-bite, and spiteful poison spues
From leprous mouth, on all that ever writ:
Such on vile Envy was, that first in rowe did sit.

Another.

The one of them, that elder did appear,
With her dull eyes did seem to look askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt; and her foule haire
Hung loose and loathsomely: thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew
And all her bones might thro' her cheeks be read;
Her lips were like raw leather, pale and blue:
And as she spake, therewith she slavered;
Yet spake she seldome, but thought more the less she said.
Her hands were foule and dirty, never washt
In all her life, with long nails over-raught,
Like puttocks clawes, with th' one of which she scracht
Her cursed head, although it itched nought;
The other held a snake with venime fraught,
On which she fed and gnawed hungerly,
As that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her jaws one might descry
The bloudy gore and poison dropping lothsomly.
Her name was Envie, knowen well thereby,
Whoes nature is to grieve, and grudge at all

That ever she sees doen praise-worthily:
Whoes sight to her is greatest cross may fall,
And vexeth so, that makes her eat her gall.
For when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feeds on her own maw unnatural,
And of her own foul entrailes makes her meat;
Meat fit for such a monster's monsterous diat.
And if she hapt of any good to hear,
That had to any body happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and teare
Her flesh for felness, which she inward hid:
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harm that any had, then would she make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in another's loss great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby, and gained a great stake.

§ 44. *Error.* SPENSER.

THIS is a wandring wood, this Error's den;
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate.
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Half like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th' other half did woman's shape retaine,
Most lothsome, filthy, foul, and full of vile disdaine.
As she lay upon the durtie grownd,
Her huge long taile her den all over-spread,
Yet was in knots and many boughs upwound,
Pointed with mortal sting. Of her there bred
A thousand young ones, and she daily fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs, each one
Of sundry shape, yet all ill-favoured:
Soon as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

§ 45. *Excess.* *Ibid.*

BUT young Perissa was of other mind,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sister's kind;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight;
In wine and meat she flow'd above the bank,
And in excess exceeded her own might;
In sumptious tire she joy'd her self to prank;
But of her love to lavish, little have she thank.

Another.

Under that porch a comely dame did rest,
Clad in fair weedes, but foule disordered,
And garments loose, that seem'd unmeet for womanhood.
In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach.
Whoes sappy liquor with that fulness swell'd,
Into her cup she scruz'd, with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foule empeach.
That so faire wine-press made the wine more sweet:
Thereof she us'd to give to drink to each,
Whome passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise, all strangers goodly so to greet.

§ 46. *Faith.* *Ibid.*

OF which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her crystall face,
That could have daz'd the rash beholder's sight,
And round her head did shine like heaven's light.
She was arraid all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fill'd up to the height,
In which a serpent did himself enfold,
That horror made to all that did behold;
But she no whit did change her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A book that was both sign'd and seal'd with blood,
Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be understood.

§ 47. *Falcon.* *Ibid.*

——————AS a falcon faire
That once has failed of her souse full neare,
Remounts again into the open aire,
And unto better fortune does her self prepare.

Another.

As when a falcon hath with nimble flight
Flown at a flush of ducks, foreby he broke,
The trembling brood dismaid with dreadful fight
Of death, the which them almost overtook,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying look,
Amongst the flags and covert round about.

Another.

As when a cast of falcons make their flight
At an herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whiles they strike at him with heedless might,
The warie fowl his bill doth backward wring;
On which the first, whoes force her first doth bring
Her self quite through the body doth engore,
And falleth down to grownd like senseless thing;
But th' other, not so swift as she before,
Fails of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no more.

§ 48. *Fancy.* *Ibid.*

EMONGST them all sate he which wonned there,
That hight Phantastes by his nature trew;
A man in yeares, yet fresh as mote appeare,
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hue,
That him full of melancholy did shew;
Bent hollow beetle browes, sharp stairing eyes,
That mad or foolish seem'd: one by his view
Mote deeme him born with ill-disposed skyes,
When oblique Saturne sate in the house of agonies.

Another.

The first was Fancy, like a lovely boy,
Of rare aspect, and beauty without peare;
Matchable

Matchable eyther to that impe of Troy,
Whome Jove did love, and chose his cup to beare,
Or that fome dainty lad, which was fo deare
To great Alcides, that when as he did hide,
He wailed woman-like with many a teare,
And every wood and every valley wide,
He fill'd with Hylas' name, the nymphes eke Hylas cride.

His garment neither was of filk nor fay,
But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,
Like as the fun-burnt Indians do array
Their tawny bodies, in their proudeft plight:
As thofe fame plumes, fo feem'd he vain and light,
That by his gate might eafily appeare:
For ftill he far'd as dancing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the idle aire he mov'd ftill here and there.

---

§ 49. *Fear.* Spenser.

NEXT to him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himfelf not fafe enough thereby,
But fear'd each fhadow moving to and fro:
And his own armes when glittering he did fpy,
Or clafhing heard, he faft away did fly,
As afhes pale of hue, and wingy-heel'd;
And evermore on danger fixt his eye,
'Gainft whom he always bent a brazen fhield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield.

---

§ 50. *Ship.* *Ibid.*

AS when a fhip that flies faire under faile,
And hidden rock efcaped, hath unwares,
That lay in wait her wrack for to bewaile,
The mariner yet half amazed ftares
At perill paft, and yet it doubt ne dares
To joy at his fool-happy over fight.

Another.

As a tall fhip toffed in troublous feas,
Whome raging winds threating to make the prey
Of the rough rocks, do diverfly difeafe,
Meets two contrary billows by the way,
That her on either fide do fore affay,
And boaft to fwallow her in greedy grave;
She, fcorning both their fpights, does make wide way,
And with her breaft breaking the foamy wave,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire her felf doth fave.

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§ 51. *Feeling* *Ibid.*

BUT the fift troupe moft horrible of hue,
And fierce of force, was dreadful to reporte:
For fome like fnails, fome did like fpiders fhew,
And fome like ugly urchins, thick and fhort;
They cruelly affailed that fift fort,
Armed with darts of fenfuall delight,
With ftrings of carnall luft, and ftrong effort
Of feeling pleafure, with which day and night
Againft that fame fift bulwark they continued fight.

§ 52. *Fire.* *Ibid.*

LIKE as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long been under-kept and down fuppreft,
With murmurous difdain doth inly rave,
And grudge in fo ftreight prifon to be preft,
At laft breakes forth with furious unreft,
And ftrives to mount unto his native feat;
All that earft it hinder and moleft,
It now devoures with flames and fcorching heat,
And carries into fmoake with rage and horror great.

---

§ 53. *Firft Age.* *Ibid.*

THE antique world, in his firft flowing youth,
Found no defect in his Creator's grace;
But with glad thanks, and unreproved truth,
The gifts of foveraigne bounty did embrace:
Like angels life was then man's happy cafe;
But later ages pride (like corn-fed fteed)
Abus'd her plenty, and fat fwol'n encreafe,
To all licentious luft, and gan exceed
The meafure of her meane, and natural firft need.

Then gan a curfed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great grandmother with fteele to wound,
And the hid treafures in her facred tombe
With facriledge to dig. Therein he found
Fountaines of gold and filver to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge defire
And pompous pride eftfoones he did compound,
Then avarice gan through his veines to infpire
His greedy flames, and kendle life-devouring fire.

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§ 54. *Flood.* *Ibid.*

AS he that ftrives to ftop a fuddein flood,
And in ftrong bankes his violence enclofe,
Forceth his fwell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflowe the fruitful plaine,
That all the country feems to be a maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne:
The woful hufbandman doth loud complaine,
To his whole yeares labour loft fo foon,
For which to God he made fo many an idle boon.

---

§ 55. *Fury.* *Ibid.*

BUT Fury was full ill apparelled
In rags, that naked nigh fhe did appeare,
With ghaftfull lookes and dreadfull drery head;
For from her back her garments fhe did teare,
And from her head oft rent her fnaried haire:
In her right hand a fire-brand fhe did toffe
About her head, ftill roaming here and there;
As a difmayed deere in chace emboft,
Forgetful of his fafety hath his right way loft.

---

§ 56. *Giant.* *Ibid.*

————HIS monftrous enemy
With fturdy fteps came ftalking in his fight,
An hideous giant, horrible and hie,

That with his talnefs feem'd to threat the fky;
The ground eke groned under him for dreed;
His living like faw never living eye,
Ne durft behold; his ftature did exceed
The height of three the talleft fons of mortal feed.

§ 57. *Gluttony.* SPENSER.

AND by his fide rode loathfome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthy fwine,
His belly was up-blown with luxury,
And eke with fatnefs fwollen were his eyne:
And like a crane his neck was long and fine,
With which he fwallowed up exceffive feaft,
For want whereof poor people oft did pine;
And all the way, moft like a brutifh beaft,
He fpewed up his gorge, that all did him deteaft.

In green vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not wear for heat,
And on his head an ivory girlond had,
From under which faft trickled down the fweat:
Still as he rode he fomewhat did eat,
And in his hand did bear a bouzing cann,
On which he fupt fo oft, that on his feat
His drunken corfe he fcarce upholden can,
In fhape and life more like a monfter than a man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unable once to ftirre or go,
Not meet to be a councel to a king,
Whoes minde in meat and drink was drowned fo;
Full of difeafe was his carcaffe blue,
And a dry dropfy thro' his flefh did flow;
Which by mifdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was Gluttony, the fecond of that crew.

§ 58. *Greedinefs.* *Ibid.*

THAT is the Gulfe of Greedinefs, they fay,
That deep engorgeth all this world's prey:
Which having fwallowed up exceffively,
He foon in vomit up again doth lay,
And belcheth forth his fuperfluitie.
That all the feas for fear doe feem away to fly.

§ 59. *Grief.* *Ibid.*

NEXT him went Grief and Fury matcht yfere;
Griefe, all in fable forrow fully clad,
Down-hanging his dull head with heavy cheere,
Yet inly being more than feemly fad:
A pair of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the heart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they had,
In wilful languor and confuming fmart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

§ 60. *Griffon.* *Ibid.*

AS when a griffon feized on his prey,
A dragon fierce encountreth in his flight:
Thro' wildeft ayre making his idle way,
That would his rightful ravine rend away;
With hedious horrour, both together fmight,
And fouce fo fore, that they the heavens affray.
The wife fouthfayer feeing fo fad a fight,
The amazed vulgar tells of warres and mortal fight.

§ 61. *Grove.* *Ibid.*

INTO that forreft farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleafant glade
With mountains round about environed,
And mighty woods, which did the valley fhade,
And like a ftately theatre it made,
Spreading itfelf into a fpatious plaine,
And in the midft a little river plaid
Emongft the pumy ftones, which feem'd to plaine
With gentle murmur that his courfe they did reftraine.

Enforc't to feek fome covert nigh at hand,
A fhady grove not farre away they fpide,
That promis't ayde the tempeft to withftand:
Whoes lofty trees yclad with fummer's pride,
Did fpread fo broad that heaven's light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any ftarre:
And all within were paths and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harboure, that them feemes; fo in they entred are.

§ 62. *Harmony.* *Ibid.*

EFTSOONES they heard a moft melodious found,
Of all that mote delight a dainty eare,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradife, be heard elfewhere:
Right hard it was for wight that did it heare,
To read what manner mufick that mote be:
For all that pleafing is to living eare,
Was there conforted in one harmonie,
Birds, voices, inftruments, windes, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, fhrouded in chearful fhade,
Their notes unto the voyce attempred fweet;
The angel call foft treambling voyces made
To the inftruments divine refpondence meet:
The filver founding inftruments did meet
With the bafe murmure of the waters fall:
The waters fall, with difference difcreet,
Now foft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind lowe anfwering to all.

§ 63. *Hearing.* *Ibid.*

THE fecond bulwarke was the hearing fenfe,
'Gainft which the fecond troupe affignment makes;
Deformed creatures, in ftrange difference,
Some having heads like harts; fome like to fnakes,
Some like wild bores late rous'd out of the breakes,
Slandrous reproches, and foule infamies,
Leafings, backbitings, and vain-glorious crakes,
Bad counfels, prayfes, and falfe flatteries,
All thofe againft that fort did bend their batteries.

§ 64.

§ 64. *Hermitage.* Spenser.

A Little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale hard by a foreft fide,
Farre from refort of people that did pafs
In travell to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy chappell edified,
Wherein the hermit duly went to fay
His holy things each morn and even tide:
Thereby a cryftal ftreame did gently play,
Which from a facred fountain welled forth away.

He thence led me into this hermitage,
Letting his fteeds to graze upon the green:
Small was his houfe, and like a little cage,
For his own turne, yet inly neat and clean,
Deckt with green boughes, and flowers gay be feene;
Therein he them full faire did entertaine,
Not with fuch forged fhowes, as fitter beene
For courting fools that courtifies would faine,
But with entire affection, and appearance plaine.

§ 65. *Hippolytus.* *Ibid.*

HIPPOLYTUS a jolly huntfman was,
That wont in charot chafe the foaming boar;
He all his peers in beauty did furpafs,
But lady's love, as lofs of time forbore;
His wanton ftepdame loved him the more,
But when fhe faw her offer'd fweet refufed,
Her love fhe turn'd to hate, and him before
His father fierce, of treafon falfe accufed,
And with her jealous termes his open ears abufed.

Who all in rage his fea-god fire befought
Some curfed vengeance on his fon to caft;
From furging gulph two monfters ftraight were brought,
With dread whereof his chafing fteeds aghaft,
Both charot fwift and huntfman overcaft;
His goodly corps on ragged clifts yrent
Was quite difmembred, and his members chaft
Scattred on every mountaine, as he went,
That of Hippolytus was left no monument.

§ 66. *Honour.* *Ibid.*

WHOSO in pompe of proud eftate (quoth fhe)
Does fwim, and bathes himfelf in courtly blifs,
Does waft his daies in darke obfcurity,
And in oblivion ever buried is:
Where eafe abounds, it's each to doe amifs;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaves with cares, cannot fo eafie mifs,
Abroad in arms, at home in ftudious kind,
Who feekes with painefull toile, fhall honour fooneft find.

In woods, in waves, in warres fhe wonts to dwell,
And will be found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell,
Unto her happy manfion attaine:
Before her gate high God did fweat ordaine,
And wakeful watches ever to abide;
But eafie is the way, and paffage plaine
To Pleafure's palace; it may foon be fpide,
And day and night her dores to all ftand open wide.

§ 67. *Hope.* *Ibid.*

WITH him went Hope in rank, a handfome mayd,
Of chearful look, and lovely to behold;
In filken famile fhe was light arraid,
And her faire locks were woven up in gold;
She always fmil'd, and in her hande did hold
An holy water fprinkle dipt in deawe,
In which fhe fprinkled favours manyfold,
And whome fhe lift, and did great liking fhewe;
Great liking unto many, but true love to fewe.

Another.

Her youngeft fifter, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her befeemed well,
Not all fo chearful feemed fhe of fight,
As was her fifter; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguifh in her heart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a filver anchor lay,
Whereon fhe leaned ever, as befell:
And ever up to Heaven, as fhe did pray,
Her ftedfaft eyes were bent, ne fwarved other way.

§ 68. *Hydra.* *Ibid.*

OR like the hell-borne Hydra, which they faine,
That great Alcides whylome over-threw,
After that he had labour'd long in vaine,
To crop his thoufand heads, the which ftill new
Forth budded, and in greater numbers grew.

Another.

Such own it was, as that renowned fnake
Which great Alcides in Stremona flew,
Long fofter'd in the filth of Lerna lake,
Whofe many heads, out-budding ever new,
Did breed him endlefs labour to fubdue.

§ 69. *Hypocrite.* *Ibid.*

AT length they chanc't to meet upon the way
An aged fire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoarie graie,
And by his belt his book he hanging had;
Sober he feem'd, and very fagely fad,
And to the ground his eyes very lowly bent,
Simple in fhewe, and void of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his breaft, as one that did repent.

§ 70. *Idlenefs.* *Ibid.*

OF which the firft that all the reft did guide,
Was fluggifh Idlenefs, the nurfe of fin;
Upon a flothful afs he chofe to ride,
Arraid in habit black, and amis thin,
Like an holy monk the fervis to begin.
And in his hand a portefle ftill he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red;

For

For of devotion he had little care,
Still drown'd in sleep, and most of his days dead,
Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head.
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seem the waine was very evil led,
When such an one had guiding the way,
That knew not whether right he went, or else astray.

From worldly cares himself he did esloine,
And greatly shunned manly exercise:
For every work he challenged essoine,
For contemplation sake; yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawless riotise;
By which he grew to grievous maladie;
For in his lustless limbs through evil guise
A shaking fever raign'd continually:
Such one was Idleness, first of this company.

§ 71. *Ignorance.* SPENSER.

AT last, with creeping crooked pace, forth came
An old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his weary steps both to and fro;
For his eye-sight him failed long ago:
And on his arme a bunch of keys he bore,
The which, unused, rust did over-growe:
Those were the keys of every inward dore;
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

But very uncouth sight was to behold
How he did fashion his untoward pace:
For as he forward mov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face;
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead;
This was the ancient keeper of that place,
And foster-father of the giant dead,
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

§ 72. *Inconstancy.* *Ibid.*

FOR those same islands, seeing now and then,
Are not firm land, or any certein wonne,
But straggling plots; which to and fro do ronne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The Wandring Islands: therefore do them shonne; [wight
For they have oft drawn many a wandring
Into most deadly danger and distressed plight.

Yet well they seem to him, that farre doth view,
Both faire and fruitful, and the ground dispred
With grassie green of delectable hew,
And the tall trees with leaves unparelled,
Are deckt with blossomes dyed in white and red,
That more the passengers thereto allure;
But whosoever once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may never it recure,
But wandreth evermore uncertain and unsure.

§ 73. *Incontinence.* *Ibid.*

THE wanton lady with her lover lose,
Whoes sleepy head she in her lap did soft dispose.
Upon a bed of roses she was laid,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
And was arraid, or rather disarraid,
All in a veil of silk and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather shew'd more white, if more might [be:
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
Of scorched dew, doe not in th' aire more lightly flee.

§ 74. *Lechery.* *Ibid.*

AND next to him rode lustfull Lechery,
Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged haire,
And whaley eyes (the signe of jealousie)
Was like the person self whom he did beare;
Who rough, and black, and filthy did appeare,
Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye;
Yet he of ladies oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O! who does know the bent of woman's fantasie?

In a green gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthiness,
And in his hand a burning heart did bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new fangleness:
For he was false, and fraught with fickleness,
And learned had to love with secrett lookes,
And well could dance and sing with ruefulness,
And fortunes tell, and read in loveing books,
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly hooks.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love,
Ne would his looser life be tied to law, [prove,
But joy'd weak womens hearts to tempt and
If from their loyal loves he might them move;
Which lewdness fill'd him with reproachful
Of that foul evill which all men reprove, [paine
That rots the marrow and consumes the braine:
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

§ 75. *Life.* *Ibid.*

O WHY doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their daies unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soon expire,
Knowing the misery of their estate,
And thousand perils which them still awaite,
Tossing themselves like a boat amid the maine
That every hour they knock at deathes gate!
And he that happy seemes, and least in paine,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth plaine.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely
Ah see, who so faire thing doost faine to see, [lay:
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
Ah see thy virgin rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peep forth with bashful modestie,
That fairer seems, the less you see her may;
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls away.

So passeth in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a lady, and many a paramoure:
Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime.

§ 76. *Lion.* SPENSER.

LIKE as a lion that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunters toyle, doth rage and roare,
In royal heart disdaining to be thrall;
But all in vaine; for what might one do more?
They have him taken captive, tho' it grieve him sore.

Another.

Like as a lion, whoes imperial powre
A proud rebellious unicorn defies,
T' avoid the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his feirce foe, him to a tree applies,
And when him running in full course he spies,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horne, sought of his enemies,
Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

§ 77. *Love.* Ibid.

O Sacred fire that burnest mightily
In living beasts, ykindled first above,
Emongst th' eternal spheres and lamping sky,
And thence pour'd into men, which men call love;
Not that same which doth base affections move
In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame;
But that sweet fit, that does true beauty love,
And choseth vertue for his dearest dame,
Whence spring all noble deeds, and never-dying fame.

Well did antiquitie a god thee deeme,
That over mortal minds has so great might,
To order them as best to thee doth seeme,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatal purpose of divine foresight
Thou dost effect in destined descents,
Through deep impression of thy secret might,
And stirredst up the heroes high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous monuments.

Wondrous it is to see in diverse mindes,
How diversly Love doth his pageants play,
And shews his power in variable kinds:
The baser wit, whoes idle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It stirreth up to sensual desire,
And in lewd sloth to wast its careless day;
But in brave sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth uncomely idleness,
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest;
Ne suffereth it thought of ungentleness,
Ever to creep into his noble brest;
But to the highiest and the worthiest
Lifteth it up, that else would lowly fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:
It lets not scarce this prince to breath at all,
But to his first pursuit him forward still doth call.

§ 78. *Madness.* Ibid.

WITH hundred iron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knotts that did him sore constraine;
Yet his great iron teeth he still did grind,
And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine,
His burning eyn, whom bloudy strakes did staine:
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire,
And more for ranke despight, then for great paine,
Shak't his long locks, colour'd like copper wire,
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

§ 79. *Mastiff.* Ibid.

LIKE as a mastiffe, having at a bay
A salvage bull, whoes cruel hornes do threat
Desperate danger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat
To spy where he may some advantage get;
The whilst the beast doth rage and loudly roar.

§ 80. *Mediocrity.* Ibid.

OF second sister, who did far excel
The other two; Medina was her name,
A sober, sad, and comely courteous dame;
Who rich arrayd, and yet in modest guize,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Faire marching forth in honourable wise,
Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprize.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie,
Ne in her speech, ne in her haviour,
Was lightness seene, or looser vanitie,
But gratious womanhood, and gravitie,
Above the reason of her youthful years:
Her golden locks she roundly did uptie
In brayded tramells, that no looser hares
Did out of order stray about her dainty eares.

Betwixt them both the fair Medina sate,
With sober grace, and goodly cariage:
With equall measure she doth moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage;
That forward paire she ever would asswage,
When they would strive due reason to exceed,
But that same froward twaine would accourage,
And of her plenty add unto their need:
So kept she them in order, and her self in heed.

§ 81. *Mercy.* Ibid.

THEY, passing by, were guided by degree
Unto the pressance of that gratious queen:
Who sate on high, that she might all men see,

And

And might of all men royally be ſeene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and ſheene;
Adorned all with gemmes of endleſs price,
As either might for wealth have gotten been,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare device;
And all emboſt with lyons and with flour-de-lice.
And over all her cloth of ſtate was ſpred,
Not of rich tiſſew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought elſe, that may be richeſt red,
But like a cloud, as likeſt may be told,
That her broad ſpreading wings did wide unfold;
Whoes ſkirts were bordered with bright ſunny beames,
Gliſtring like gold, amongſt the plights enrold,
And here and there ſhooting forth ſilver ſtreames,
Mongſt which crept little angels thro' the glittering gleames.
Seemed thoſe little angels did uphold
The cloth of ſtate, and on their purpled wings
Did bear the pendants, through their nimbleſs bold,
Beſides a thouſand more of ſuch, as ſings
Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompaſſed the throne on which ſhe ſate:
She angel-like, the heir of antient kings
And mighty conquerors, in royal ſtate,
Whilſt kings and Cæſars at her feet did them proſtrate.

Thus ſhe did ſit in ſovereign majeſtie,
Holding a ſcepter in her royal hand,
The ſacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had bleſt her happy land,
Maugre ſo many foes which did withſtand.
But at her feet her ſword was likewiſe layd,
Whoes long reſt ruſted the bright ſteedly brand,
Yet when as foes enforc't, or friends ſought ayde,
She could it ſternly draw, that all the world diſmaide.

And round about her feet there ſate
A beautie of faire virgins clad in white,
That goodly ſeem'd t'adorne her royal ſtate,
All lovely daughters of high Jove, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in love's delight,
Upon the righteous Themis: thoſe they ſay
Upon Jove's judgment ſeat waite day and night,
And when in wrath he threats the world's decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruel vengeance ſtay.

They alſo doe, by his divine permiſſion,
Upon the throne of mortal princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remiſſion
To ſuppliants through frailtie which offend;
Thoſe did upon Marcillae's throne attend:
Juſt Dice, wiſe Eunomie, mild Eirene;
And them amongſt, her glory to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance, in garments clene,
And ſacred Reverance, yborne of heavenly ſtrene.

Some clerkes doe doubt in their deviceful art,
Whether this heavenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten, mercy, be of juſtice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate.
This well I wote, that ſure ſhe is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almighties everlaſting ſeat
She firſt was bred, and borne of heavenly race;
From thence pour'd down on men, by influence of grace.

For if that virtue be of that great might,
Which from juſt verdict will for nothing ſtart,
But to preſerve inviolated right,
Oft ſpoils the principal to ſave the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That ſeekes to ſave the ſubject of her ſkill,
Yet never doth from doom of right depart:
As it is greater praiſe to ſave, than ſpill;
And better to reforme, than to cut off the ill.

§ 82. *Minerva.* SPENSER.

LIKE as Minerva, being late return'd
From ſlaughter of the giants conquered;
Where proud Encelade, whoes wide noſetrils burn'd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
Transfixed with his ſpear, down tumbled dead
From top of Hemus, by him heaped hie,
Hath loos'd her helmet from her lofty head,
And her Gorgonian ſhield gins to untie
From her left arme, to reſt in glorious victorie.

§ 83. *Morning.* *Ibid.*

AT laſt fair Heſperus, in his higheſt ſky
Had ſpent his lamp, and brought forth dawning light,
Then up he roſe, and clad him haſtily;
The dwarfe him brought his ſteed: ſo both away did fly.

Another.

Now when the roſy-finger'd morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithon's ſaffron bed,
Had ſpred her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hills Titan diſcovered,
The royal virgin ſhook her drowſy head.

Another.

At laſt, the golden oriental gate
Of greateſt heaven gan to open faire,
And Phœbus freſh, as bridegrome to his mate,
Came dancing forth, ſhaking his deawy heare:
And hurles his gliſtering beames through gloomy aire.

Another.

Soon as the fiery ſtreakes with purple beames
Diſperſe the ſhadowes of the miſty night,
And Titan playing on the eaſterne ſtreames,
Gan cleare the deawy aire with ſpringing light;
So ſoon as day, forth dawning from the eaſt,
Night's humid curtaine from the heavens withdrew,
And early calling forth both man and beaſt,
Commanded them their daily workes renew.

§ 84. *Mountain.* *Ibid.*

IT was an hill plac't in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchleſs height, that ſeem'd th' earth to diſdaine,

In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in summer bud,
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lowly branches sung aloud,
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in majesty and powre.

And at the foot thereof, a gentle flood
His silver waves did softly tumble down,
Unmarr'd with rugged moss and filthy mud;
Ne mote wild beasts, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drowne:
But nymphs and faries by the bankes did sit,
In the wood shade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noisome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a spatious plaine
Did spread itself, to serve to all delight,
Either to dance, when they to dance would faine,
Or else to course about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasantly the hill, with equal height,
Did seem to over-look the lowly vale,
Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount Aci- [dale.

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§ 85. *Mutability*. SPENSER.

SUCH is the weakness of all mortall hope,
So fickle is the state of earthly things,
That ere they come into their aimed scope,
They fall so short of our fraile reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,
Instead of comfort which we should embrace:
This is the state of Cæsars and of kings;
Let none therefore that in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case.

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§ 86. *Night*. *Ibid.*

WHERE griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus' chearfull face durst never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
She finds forth comeing from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her iron charot stood,
Already harnessed for journey new;
And cole-black steeds yborne of hellish brood,
That on their nasty bits did champ, as they [were wood.
By this eternall lamps, where-with high Jove
Doth light the world, were half yspent
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas shove
Into the ocean deep to drive their wearie drove,
Now when as all the world in silence deep
Yshrowded was, and every mortal wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleep.

Night, thou foule mother of annoyance sad,
Sister of heavy death, and nurse of woe,
Which wast begot in heaven, but for thy bad
And brutish shape, thrust downe to hell below,
Where, by the grim floud of Cocytus flowe,
That dwelling is Herebus' black hous,
(Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe
Of all the gods) where thou ungracious,
Half of thy days doest lead in horrour hedeous.

What had th' Eternal Maker need of thee,
The world in his continual course to keep,
That doest all things deface, ne lettest see
The beautie of his work? indeed in sleep
The slothful body doth love to steep
His lustless limbs, and drowne his baser mind,
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deep
Calls thee his goddess, in his errour blind,
And great dame Nature's hand-maid chearing every kind.

But well I wote, that to an heavy heart
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts;
Instead of rest, thou lendest rayling teares,
And dreadful visions, in the which alive,
The dreary image of sad death appears:
So from the warie spirite thou dost drive
Desired rest, and men of happiness deprive.

Under thy mantle black there hidden lye,
Light-shunning theft, and trayterous intent,
Abhorred bloudshed and vile felony,
Shamefull deceipt, and danger iminent,
Foule horror, and eke hellish dreriment:
All these (I wote) in thy protection bee,
And light doe shunne, for fear of being shent:
For, light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
And all that lewdness love, do hate the light to see.

For day discovers all dishonest wayes,
And sheweth each thing as it is indeed,
The prayses of high God he fair displayes,
And his large bounty rightly doth areed,
Days blessed children be the blessed seed,
Which darkness shall subdue, and heaven win:
Truth is his daughter, he her first did breed,
Most sacred virgin, without spot or sin:
Our life is day; but death with darkness doth begin.

Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground
With pearly dew, and the earth's gloomy shade
Did dim the brightness of the welkin round,
That every bird and beast awarned made
To shrowd themselves, while sleep their senses did invade.

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§ 87. *Occasion*. *Ibid.*

AND him behind, a wicked hagg did stalke,
In ragged robes, and filthy disarray;
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walk,
But on a staff her feeble steps did stay;
Her locks, that loathly were, and hoary grey,
Grew all afore, and loosely hung unroll'd;
But all behind was bald, and worn away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold,
And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinkles [old.

And ever as she went, her tongue did walk
In foul reproach, and terms of vile despight,
Provoking him, by her outrageous talk,
To heap more vengeance on that wretched wight.

Sometimes

Sometimes she raugh him stones, wherewith to smite,
Sometimes her staff, tho' it her own leg were,
Withouten which she could not go upright;
Ne evil means she did forbeare, [reare.
That might him move to wrath, and indignation

§ 88. *Palace of Sleep.* SPENSER.

TO Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire:
Amid the bowels of the earth full steep
And lowe, where dawning day doth never peep,
His dwelling is; there Thetys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep
In silver dew his ever drooping head,
Whiles sad night over him her mantles black doth spread.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd with burnish'd ivory,
The other all with silver over-cast;
And wastefull dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleep.
By them the spright doth pass in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drownded deep
In drowsie fit he finds: of nothing he takes keep.

And more to lull him in his slumbers soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,
And ever drizling raine upon the loft, [sound
Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoone:
No other noise, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled town,
Might there be heard: but careless quiet lies,
Wrapt in eternall silence, farre from enemies.

§ 89. *Tyger.* *Ibid.*

AS when two tygers, pinch'd with hunger's rage, [spoyle,
Have by good fortune found some beast's fresh
On which they ween their famin to asswage,
And gaine a feastful guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out, do stir up strife-full broyle,
And cruell battell 'twixt themselves do make.
Whiles neither lets the other touch the spoyle,
But either 'sdeignes with other to partake.

Another.

As when a tyger and a lyoness
Are met a spoyling of some hungry prey,
Both challenge it with equal greediness:
But first the tyger clawes thereon did lay;
And therefore, loth to loos her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond:
To which the lyon strongly doth gainsay,
That she to hunt the beast first took in hond;
And therefore ought it have, where ever she it found.

§ 90. *Winds.* *Ibid.*

——LIKE as a boistrous wind, [hid,
Which in th' earth's hollow caves hath long been
And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
Makes the huge element against her kind
To move, and tremble as it were aghast,
Untill that it an issue forth may find,
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
Confound both land and seas, and sky doth over-cast.

§ 91. *Sun.* *Ibid.*

AS when two suns appear in th' azure sky,
Mounted in Phœbus' chariot fierie bright:
Both darting forth faire beames to each man's eye,
And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming light,
All that behold such strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing nature's work, nor what to weene,
Are wrapt with wonder and with rare affright.

§ 92. *Phaëton.* *Ibid.*

EXCEEDING shone, like Phœbus' fairest childe,
That did presume his father's fierie waine,
And flaming mouthes of steeds unwonted wild,
Thro' highest heaven with weaker hand to raine;
Proud of such glory and advancement vaine,
While flashing beams doe daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the wilkin way most beaten plaine,
And wrapt with whirling wheels enflame the skyen [shine.
With fire not made to burn, but fairly for to

§ 93. *Sight.* *Ibid.*

THE first troupe was a monstrous rablement
Of fowle mishapen wights, of which some were
Headed like owles, with beaks uncomely bent,
Others like dogs, others like gryphons dreare,
And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare,
And every one of them had lynces eyes,
And every one did bowe and arrowes beare,
All those were lawless lusts, corrupt envies,
And covetous aspects, and cruell enemies.

Those same against the bulwarke of the sight
Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,
Ne once did yield it respit day nor night,
But soon as Titan gan his head exault,
And soon again as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engines they against it bent:
That is, each thing, by which the eyes may fault;
But two than all more huge and violent, [rent.
Beauty and money, they that bulwarke sorely

§ 94. *Slander.* *Ibid.*

SO when that forest they had passed well,
A little cottage farre away they spide,
To which they drew, ere night upon them fell;
And entering in, found none therein abide,
But an old woman sitting there beside,
Upon the ground, in ragged rude attire,
With filthy locks about her scattered wide,

Gnawing

Gnawing her nayles for felnefs and for ire,
And thereout fucking venim to her parts intire.

A foule and loathly creature fure in fight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no lefs:
For fhee was ftuft with rancour and defpight
Up to the throat; that oft with bitternefs
It forth would break, and gufh in great excefs,
Pouring out ftreames of poyfon and of gall,
Gainft all that truth or virtue doe profeffe;
Whome fhe with leefings lewdly did mifcall,
And wickedly back-bite: Her name men Slander call.

Her nature is, all goodnefs to abufe,
And caufelefs crimes continually to frame;
With which fhe guiltlefs perfons may accufe,
And fteale away the crown of their good name:
Ne ever knight fo bold, ne ever dame
So chafte and loyall liv'd, but fhe would ftrive
With forged caufe them falfely to defame:
Ne ever thing was done fo well alive,
But fhe with blame would blot, and of due praife deprive.

Her words were not as common words are ment,
T'exprefs the meaning of the inward minde;
But noifome breath, and poys'nous fpirit fent
From inward parts, with cancar'd malice lin'd,
And breathed forth with blaft of bitter winde;
Which paffing through the eares, would pearce the heart,
And wound the foul itfelf with grief unkind:
For, like the ftings of afpes, that kill with fmart,
Her fpightfull words did prick and wound the inner part.

§ 95. *Storm.* SPENSER.

HEE cryde, as rageing feas are wont to rore,
When wintry ftorme his wrathfull wreck does threat,
The rolling billows beat the ragged fhore,
As they the earth would fhoulder from her feat,
And greedy gulf does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the bluftering breathren boldly threat,
To move the world from off his ftedfaft henge,
And boyftrous battell make, each other to avenge.

Another.

Like to a ftorm that hovers under fkie
Long here and there, and round about doth flie,
At length breaks down in raine, and haile, and fleet,
Firft from one coaft, till nought thereof be dry;
And then another, till that likewife fleet;
And fo from fide to fide, till all the world be weet.

§ 96. *Superftition.* *Ibid.*

WHERE that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beades devoutly penitent;
Nine hundred Patar-nofters every day, [fay.
And thrice nine hundred Aves fhe was wont to
And to augment her painefull penance more,
Thrice every week in afhes fhe did fit,
And next her wrinkled fkin rough fackcloth wore,
And thrice three times did faft from any bit.

Upon the image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there fhe ftroke;
And the third time, out of an hidden fhade,
There forth iffued from under the altar fmoake,
A dreadful fiend, with foul deformed look,
That ftretcht it felf, as it had laid long ftill;
That her long taile and feathers ftrongly fhook,
That all the temple did with terror fill; [ill.
Yet him nought terrified, that feared nothing

An huge great beaft it was, when it in length
Was ftretched forth, that nigh fill'd all the place,
And feem'd to be of infinite great ftrength;
Horrible, hideous, and of hellifh race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna bafe,
Or other like infernall furies kind:
For of a maide fhe had the outward face,
To hide the horrour which did lurk behind,
The better to beguile whom fhe fo fond did find.

Thereto the body of a dog fhe had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedinefs;
A lyon's clawes with power and rigour clad,
To rend and teare what fo fhe can opprefs;
And dragon's taile, whoes fting without redrefs
Full deadly wounds, when fo it is empight;
An eagle's wings for fcope and fpeedinefs,
That nothing may efcape her ravening might,
Whereto fhe ever lift to make her hardy flight,

Much like in foulnefs and deformitie
Unto that monfter, whome the Theban knight,
The father of that fatal progeny,
Made kill herfelf for very heart's defpight,
That he had read her riddle, which no wight
Could ever loofe, but fuffred deadly doole;
So alfo did this monfter ufe like flight
To many a one, which came into her fchool,
Whom fhe did put to death, deceived like a fool.

§ 97. *Sufpicion.* *Ibid.*

BUT he was foule, ill-favoured, and grim,
Under his eye-brows looking ftill afcaunce;
And ever as Diffemblance laught on him,
He lowr'd on her with dangerous eye-glance,
Shewing his nature in his countenance.
His rolling eyes did never reft in place,
But walkt each way for fear of hid mifchance,
Holding a lattice ftill before his face,
Through which he ftill did peep as forward he did pafs.

§ 98. *Venus.* *Ibid.*

RIGHT in the midft the goddeffe felf did ftand,
Upon an altar of fome coftly maffe;
Whoes fubftance was uneath to underftand;
For neither precious ftones, nor durefull braffe,
Nor fhining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But yet more rare and pretious to efteeme,
Pure in afpect, and like to cryftall glafs;
Yet glafs was not, if one did rightly deem;
But being faire and brittle, likeft glafs did feeme.

But ſhe in ſhape and beauty did excell
All other idols which the heathen do adore;
Farre paſſing that, which by ſurpaſſing ſkill
Phidias did make in Paphos iſle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke that life forlore
Did fall in love: yet this much fairer ſhined,
But covered with ſlender veile afore;
And both her feet and legs together twined
Were with a ſnake, whoes head and taile were faſt combined.

The cauſe why ſhe was covered with a veile,
Was hard to know, for that her prieſts the ſame
From people's knowledge labour'd to conceale.
But ſooth it was not ſure for womaniſh ſhame,
Nor any blemiſh which the work might blame;
But for (they ſay) ſhe hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name:
She ſire and mother is herſelf alone;
Begets, and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

And all about her neck and ſhoulders flew
A flock of little loves, and ſports and joyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whoes ſhapes ſeem'd not like to terreſtrial boyes,
But like to angels playing heavenly toyes;
The whilſt their elder brother was away,
Cupid, their elder brother; he enjoyes
The wide kingdome of love with lordly ſway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

And all about her altar ſcattered lay
Great ſorts of lovers piteouſly complaining,
Some of their loſs, ſome of their love's delay,
Some of their pride, ſome paragons diſdaining,
Some fearing fraude, ſome fraudulently fayning,
As ever one had cauſe of good or ill.

§ 99. *Temple of Venus.* SPENSER.

THE temple of great Venus, that is hight
The queen of beauty, and of love the mother,
There worſhipped of every living wight;
Whoſe goodly workmanſhip farre paſſe all other
That ever were on earth, all were they ſet together.

Not that ſame famous temple of Diane,
Whoes height all Epheſus did over-ſee,
And which all Aſia ſought with vows profane,
One of the world's ſeven wonders ſaid to be,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that, which that wiſe king of Jurie framed,
With endleſs coſt to be the Almighty's ſee;
Nor all that elſe through all the world is named
To all the heathen gods, might like to this be clamed.

I much admiring that ſo goodly frame,
Unto the porch approacht, which open ſtood,
But therein ſate an amiable dame,
That ſeem'd to be of very ſober mood,
And in her ſemblance ſhew'd great womanhood:
Strange was her tire; for on her head a crown
She wore, much like unto a Daniſk hood,
Poudred with pearl and ſtone; and all her gowne
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low adowne.

On either ſide of her two young men ſtood,
Both ſtrongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
Yet were they brethren both of half the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrary natures each to other:
The one of them hight Love, the other Hate;
Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother;
Yet was the younger ſtronger in his ſtate
Than th' elder, and him maſtred ſtill in all debate.

Nath'leſs, that dame ſo well them tempred both,
That ſhe them forced hand to join in hand,
Albe that Hatred was thereof full loth,
And turn'd his face awry as he did ſtand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely band;
Yet ſhe was of ſuch grace and vertuous might,
That her commandment he could not withſtand,
But bit his lip for felonous deſpight,
And gnaſht his iron tuſkes at that diſpleaſing ſight.

Concord ycleeped was in common reed,
Mother of bleſſed Peace, and Friendſhip true;
They both her twins, both born of heavenly ſeed,
And ſhe her ſelf likewiſe divinely grew;
The which right well her workes divine did ſhew:
For ſtrength, and wealth, and happineſs ſhe lends,
And ſtrife, and war, and anger, does ſubdue:
Of little, much; of foes ſhe maketh friends,
And to afflicted minds ſweet reſt and quiet ſends.

By her the heaven is in her courſe contained,
And all the world in ſtate unmoved ſtands,
As their Almighty Maker firſt ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands,
Elſe would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devour the aire, and hell them quite,
But that he holds them with his bleſſed hands.
She is the nurſe of pleaſure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

Into the inmoſt temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankenſenſe I found,
And odours riſeing from the altars flame;
Upon an hundred marble pillers round,
The roof up high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crowns, and chains, and girlonds gay,
A thouſand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which ſad lovers for their vowes did pay;
And all the ground was ſtrew'd with flowers as freſh as May.

An hundred altars round about were ſet,
All flaming with ſacrifices of fire,
That with the ſteme thereof the temple ſwet,
Which roul'd in cloudes, to heaven did aſpire,
And in them bore true lovers vows entire:
And eke an hundred brazen cauldrons bright,
To bathe in joy and amorous deſire,

Every which was to a damzell hight;
For all the priests were damzells in soft linnen dight.

§ 100. *Wrath.* SPENSER.

AFTER that varlet's fight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guion spide
One in bright armes embattailed full strong,
That as the sunny beames doe glance and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemed him to enflame on every side:
His steed was bloody red, and fomed ire,
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly stire.

Approaching nigh, he never staid to greet,
Ne chaffer words, proud courage to provoke,
But prickt so fierce, that underneath his feet
The smouldring dust did round about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And fairely couching his steel-headed spear,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a lyon, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his head;
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
And stared stern on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hue, and seeming dead;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling thro' hasty rage, when cholor in him swell'd.

His ruffin raiment all was stain'd with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rage yrent,
Thro' unadvised rashness woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for bloud in his avengement;
But when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent,
Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast,
How many mischiefs should ensue his heedless hast.

Full many mischiefs follow cruel Wrath;
Abhorred bloudshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murther, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancour's rusty knife,
And fretting grief, the enemy of life;
And these, and many evils more, haunt ire,
The swelling splene, and phrenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsey, and St. Francis' fire,
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

MILTON's PARADISE LOST.

§ 101. *The Arrival of Satan at Hell; and the Allegory of Sin and Death.*

SATAN, with thoughts inflam'd of high'st design,
Puts on swift wings, and tow'rds the gates of hell
Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly tow'rd the pole: so seem'd
Far off the flying fiend: at last appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three-fold the gates; three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock;
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates were sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant-blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valu'd he nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began:
Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven.
To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd:
Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heav'n, and faith, till then
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's sons,
Conjur'd against the Highest; for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd

To waſte eternal days in woe and pain?
And reck'neſt thou thyſelf with ſpirits of heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'ſt defiance here and
ſcorn
Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy puniſhment,
Falſe fugitive, and to thy ſpeed add wings;
Leſt with a whip of ſcorpions I purſue
Thy ling'ring, or with one ſtroke of this dart
Strange horror ſeize thee, and pangs unfelt
before.

So ſpake the griſly terror, and in ſhape
So ſpeaking, and ſo threat'ning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On th' other ſide
Incens'd with indignation Satan ſtood
Unterrify'd; and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic ſky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes peſtilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No ſecond ſtroke intend; and ſuch a frown
Each caſt at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caſpian, then ſtand front to front,
Hovering a ſpace, till winds the ſignal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid-air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown; ſo match'd they
ſtood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet ſo great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been atchiev'd, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the ſnaky ſorcereſs that ſat
Faſt by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry ruſh'd between:

O father, what intends thy hand, ſhe cry'd,
Againſt thy only ſon? What fury, O ſon,
Poſſeſſes thee to bend that mortal dart [whom:
Againſt thy father's head? and know'ſt for
For him who ſits above and laughs the while
At thee, ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls juſtice, bids:
His wrath, which one day will deſtroy ye both.

She ſpake, and at her words the helliſh peſt
Forbore; then theſe to her Satan return'd:

So ſtrange thy outcry, and thy words ſo ſtrange
Thou interpoſeſt, that my ſudden hand
Prevented ſpares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till firſt I know of thee, [why
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and
In this infernal vale firſt met thou call'ſt
Me father, and that fantaſm call'ſt my ſon:
I know thee not, nor ever ſaw till now
Sight more deteſtable than him and thee.

T' whom thus the portreſs of hell-gate reply'd:
Haſt thou forgot me then, and do I ſeem
Now in thine eye ſo foul? once deem'd ſo fair
In Heav'n, when at th' aſſembly, and in ſight
Of all the ſeraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conſpiracy againſt Heav'n's King,
All on a ſudden miſerable pain
Surpriz'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy ſwum
In darkneſs, while thy head flames thick and faſt
Threw forth; till on the left ſide op'ning wide,
Likeſt to thee in ſhape and count'nance bright,
Then ſhining heav'nly fair, a goddeſs arm'd
Out of thy head I ſprung: amazement ſeiz'd
All th' hoſt of heav'n; back they recoil'd, afraid
At firſt, and call'd me Sin, and for a ſign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The moſt averſe, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyſelf in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'ſt enamour'd, and ſuch joy thou took'ſt
With me in ſecret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Meanwhile war aroſe,
And fields were fought in heav'n; wherein re-
main'd
(For what could elſe?) to our almighty foe
Clear victory, to our part loſs and rout
Through all the empyréan, down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of heav'n, down
Into this deep; and in the general fall
I alſo; at which time this pow'rful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
Theſe gates for ever ſhut, which none can paſs
Without my opening. Penſive here I ſat
Alone, but long I ſat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now exceſſive grown,
Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.
At laſt this odious offspring whom thou ſeeſt,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Diſtorted, all my nether ſhape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
Forth iſſu'd, brandiſhing his fatal dart
Made to deſtroy: I fled, and cry'd out, Death;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and ſigh'd
From all her caves, and back reſounded, Death.
I fled; but he purſu'd, (though more, it ſeems,
Inflam'd with luſt than rage) and, ſwifter far,
Me overtook, his mother, all diſmay'd,
And in embraces, forcible and foul
Ingend'ring with me, of that rape begot
Theſe yelling monſters, that with ceaſeleſs cry
Surround me, as thou ſaw'ſt, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with ſorrow infinite
To me; for when they liſt, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw
My bowels, their repaſt! then burſting forth
Afreſh with conſcious terrors vex me round,
That reſt or intermiſſion none I find.
Before mine eyes in oppoſition ſits
Grim Death, my ſon and foe; who ſets them on,
And me his parent would full ſoon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd: and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morſel, and his bane,
Whenever that ſhall be; ſo fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, ſhun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in thoſe bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly; for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can reſiſt.

She finiſh'd; and the ſubtle fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus anſwer'd
ſmooth: [ſire,

Dear daughter, ſince thou claim'ſt me for thy
And my fair ſon here ſhow'ſt me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in heav'n, and joys

Then

Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us, unforeseen, unthought of; know
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee; and all the heav'nly host
Of spirits, that in our just pretences arm'd
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round; a place of bliss
In the pourlieus of heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room; though more remov'd,
Lest heav'n, surcharg'd with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or ought
Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste
To know; and this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd,
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd; and bless'd his maw
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:
The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of heav'n's all-powerful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly born,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamours compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And tow'rds the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew;
Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers
Could once have mov'd! then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her pow'r: the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host,
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array:
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, whose length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.

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§ 102. *Milton's Address to the Sun.*

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of th' Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to th' Orpéan lyre,
I sung of chaos and eternal night;
Taught by the heav'nly muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim diffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
That wash'd thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns

Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the chearful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works to me expung'd and raz'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

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§ 103. *Address from the Deity to his Son.* MILTON.

O THOU in Heaven and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
To me are all my works, nor man the least,
Though last created; that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee awhile, the whole race lost.
Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thyself Man among men on earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee,
As from a second root, shall be restor'd
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man, be judg'd, and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss,
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all, to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds;
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shall reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed universal King; all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under thee, as head supreme,
Thrones, princedoms, pow'rs, dominions I reduce:
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
In heav'n, or earth, or under earth in hell.
When thou attended gloriously from heav'n
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning archangels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men and angels; they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath thy sentence; hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New heav'n and earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth;
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall need,
God shall be all in all. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies;
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.
No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from bless'd voices, uttering joy, heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions: lowly reverent,
Tow'rds either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;
Immortal amarant, a flow'r which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of heav'n
Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her amber stream:
With these that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks, inwreath'd with beams;
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.
Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took;
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in heav'n.

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§ 104. *Satan's Address to the Sun.* Ibid.

O THOU that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,

That

That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heav'n against heav'n's matchless
King.
Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was,
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?
O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? some other power
As great might have aspir'd, and me though
mean
Drawn to his part; but other pow'rs as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Had'st thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then, or what
t' accuse,
But Heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay, curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission: and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spi'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would height recal high thoughts, how soon
unsay
What feign'd submission swore! ease would re-[cant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so
deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher: therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold instead
Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewel hope, and with hope farewel fear,
Farewel remorse: all good to me is lost:
Evil, be thou my good: by thee at least
Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world shall know.

§ 105. *Description of Adam and Eve.*

MILTON.

TWO of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all:
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd),
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd:
For contemplation he, and valour form'd;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthian locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity, and spotless innocence!
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or angel; for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve,
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain-side
They sat them down; and after no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labour than suffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell;
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline

On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:
The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they.

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§ 106. *Adam's Address to Eve relative to the Tree of Knowledge, and Eve's Reply.*

MILTON.

SOLE partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite;
That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath need; he who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing, no doubt; for well thou know'st
God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of pow'r and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.
To whom thus Eve reply'd: O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we indeed to him all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanse of heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answ'ring looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watry image: back I turn'd;
Then following cry'dst aloud, Return, fair Eve,
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest to my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half: with that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine: I yielded; and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wisdom which alone is truly fair.
So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father: half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure.

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§ 107. *Discourse between Adam and Eve, retiring to Rest, with the Description of their Bower.* *Ibid.*

NOW came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung:
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living saphirs: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve: Fair consort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive;

Succeſſive; and the timely dew of ſleep,
Now falling with ſoft ſlumb'rous weight, inclines
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and leſs need reſt;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere freſh morning ſtreak the eaſt
With firſt approach of light, we muſt be riſen,
And at our pleaſant labour, to reform
Yon flow'ry arbors, yonder allies green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our ſcant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Thoſe bloſſoms alſo, and thoſe dropping gums,
That lie beſtrown, unſightly and unſmooth,
Aſk riddance, if we mean to tread with eaſe:
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us reſt.
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty a-
My author and diſpoſer, what thou bidſt [dorn'd:
Unargu'd I obey: ſo God ordains:
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is womens happieſt knowledge and her praiſe.
With thee converſing, I forget all time,
All ſeaſons and their change; all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun,
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Gliſt'ning with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhow'rs; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; the ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of Heav'n, her ſtarry train:
But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends,
With charm of earlieſt birds; nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Gliſt'ning with dew; nor fragrance after ſhowers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring ſtar-light, without thee is ſweet.
But wherefore all night long ſhine theſe? for
whom
This glorious ſight, when ſleep hath ſhut all eyes?
To whom our general anceſtor reply'd:
Daughter of God and Man, accompliſh'd Eve,
Theſe have their courſe to finiſh round the earth,
By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Miniſt'ring light prepar'd, they ſet and riſe;
Leſt total darkneſs ſhould by night regain
Her old poſſeſſion, and extinguiſh life
In nature and all things; which theſe ſoft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nouriſh, or in part ſhed down
Their ſtellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the ſun's more potent ray.
Theſe then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were
none, [praiſe:
That heav'n would want ſpectators, God want
Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth
Unſeen, both when we wake, and when we ſleep:
All theſe with ceaſeleſs praiſe his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the ſteep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celeſtial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or reſponſive each to others note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds,
In full harmonic number join'd, their ſongs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heav'n.
Thus talking, hand in hand alone they paſs'd
On to their bliſsful bow'r: it was a place
Choſ'n by the ſov'raign Planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful uſe. The roof
Of thickeſt covert was inwoven ſhade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either ſide
Acanthus, and each odorous buſhy ſhrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous
Iris all hues, roſes and jeſſamin [flower,
Rear'd high their flouriſh'd heads between, and
Moſaic; under foot the violet, [wrought
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay [ſtone
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with
Of coſtlieſt emblem: other creature here,
Beaſt, bird, inſect, or worm, durſt enter none;
Such was their awe of man. In ſhadier bower
More ſacred and ſequeſter'd, tho' but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never ſlept, nor nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in cloſe receſs,
With flowers, garlands, and ſweet-ſmelling herbs
Eſpouſed Eve deck'd firſt her nuptial bed,
And heav'nly quires the hymenæan ſung,
What day the genial angel to our ſire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In ſad event, when to th' unwiſer ſon
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, ſhe enſnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had ſtole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus at their ſhady lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
Both turn'd, and under open ſky ador'd
The God that made both ſky, air, earth, and heav'n,
Which they beheld, the moon's reſplendent globe,
And ſtarry pole: Thou alſo mad'ſt the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finiſh'd, happy in our mutual help,
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliſs
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place,
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou haſt promis'd from us two, a race
To fill the earth, who ſhall with us extol
Thy goodneſs infinite, both when we wake,
And when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep.

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§ 108. *Wedded Love.* MILTON.

HAIL wedded love, myſterious law, true ſource
Of human offspring, ſole propriety
In Paradiſe of all things common elſe.

By thee adult'rous luſt was driv'n from men
Among the beſtial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon, and brother, firſt were known.
Far be it, that I ſhould write thee ſin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holieſt place,
Perpetual fountain of domeſtic ſweets,
Whoſe bed is undefil'd and chaſte pronounc'd,
Preſent, or paſt, as ſaints and patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden ſhafts employs, here lights
His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought ſmile
Of harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unendear'd,
Caſual fruition; nor in court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton maſk, or midnight ball;
Or ſerenate, which the ſtarv'd lover ſings
To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain.

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§ 109. *Adam's Morning Salutation; and Eve's Account of her Dream.* MILTON.

NOW morn her roſy ſteps in th' eaſtern clime
Advancing, ſow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, ſo cuſtom'd, for his ſleep
As airy light from pure digeſtion bred,
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only ſound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly diſpers'd, and the ſhrill matin ſong
Of birds on ev'ry bough; ſo much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet reſt: he on his ſide,
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand ſoft touching, whiſper'd thus: Awake,
My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
Heav'n's laſt beſt gift, my ever new delight,
Awake: the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us; we loſe the prime, to mark how ſpring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid ſweet.
Such whiſp'ring wak'd her, but with ſtartled eye
On Adam; whom embracing, thus ſhe ſpake:
O ſole in whom my thoughts find all repoſe,
My glory, my perfection, glad I ſee
Thy face, and morn return'd: for I this night
(Such night till this I never paſs'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day paſt, or morrow's next deſign;
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irkſome night. Methought
Cloſe at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it ſaid,
Why ſleep'ſt thou, Eve? Now is the pleaſant time,
The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labour'd ſong; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleaſing light
Shadowy ſets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard: Heav'n wakes with all his eyes;
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's deſire?
In whoſe ſight all things joy, with raviſhment
Attracted by the beauty ſtill to gaze.
I roſe as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I paſs'd, through ways
That brought me on a ſudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it ſeem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And as I wond'ring look'd, beſide it ſtood
One ſhap'd and wing'd like one of thoſe from heav'n
By us oft ſeen; his dewy locks diſtill'd
Ambroſia; on that tree he alſo gaz'd;
And O fair plant, ſaid he, with fruit ſurcharg'd,
Deigns none to eaſe thy load and taſte thy ſweet,
Nor God, nor Man? Is knowledge ſo deſpis'd?
Or envy, or what reſerve forbids to taſte?
Forbid who will, none ſhall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good; why elſe ſet here?
This ſaid, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
He pluck'd, he taſted: me damp horror chill'd
At ſuch bold words vouch'd with a deed ſo bold.
But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyſelf, but much more ſweet thus cropt,
Forbidden here, it ſeems, as only fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men:
And why not Gods of Men, ſince good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd, but honour'd more?
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou alſo; happy though thou art,
Happier thou may'ſt be, worthier can'ſt not be:
Taſte this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thyſelf a Goddeſs, not to earth confin'd,
But ſometimes in the air, as we, ſometimes
Aſcend to heav'n, by merit thine, and ſee
What life the Gods live there, and ſuch live thou.
So ſaying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Ev'n to my mouth, of that ſame fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd; the pleaſant ſavoury ſmell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taſte. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outſtretch'd immenſe, a proſpect wide
And various: wond'ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; ſuddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, ſunk down,
And fell aſleep: but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam anſwer'd ſad:
Beſt image of myſelf, and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in ſleep
Affects me equally: nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil ſpring, I fear:
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know, that in the ſoul
Are many leſſer faculties, that ſerve

Reaſon

Reason as chief: among these Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, airy shapes,
Which Reason joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell when nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
Evil in the mind of God or Man
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope,
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more chearful and serene,
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;
And let us to our fresh employments rise,
Among the groves, the fountains and the flow'rs
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.
So chear'd he his fair spouse, and she was chear'd;
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fall,
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arbo'rous roof,
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen,
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wild landskip all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd, or sung
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness; and they thus began.

§ 110. *The Battle of Angels.* MILTON.

THE shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst, exalted as a God,
Th' apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,
Idol of majesty divine, inclos'd
With flaming cherubim and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold;
Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores:
O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and realty
Remain not: wherefore should not strength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whose reason I have try'd
Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,
That he who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contest, and foul,
When reason hath to deal with force, yet so
Most reason is that reason overcome.
So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth stepping opposite, half-way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus securely him defy'd:
Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
The throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon'd at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue: fool, not to think how vain
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms;
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitary hand,
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
Unaided, could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness; but thou seest
All are not of thy train; there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all: my sect thou seest; now learn too late
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.
Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,
Thus answer'd: Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour
Of my revenge, first sought for thou return'st
From flight, seditious angel, to receive,
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue,
Inspir'd with contradiction, durst oppose
A third part of the Gods, in synod met,
Their deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between
(Unanswer'd lest thou boast) to let thee know;
At first I thought that Liberty and Heav'n
To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now
I see

I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Minist'ring spirits, train'd up in feast and song;
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heav'n,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.
To whom, in brief, thus Abdiel stern reply'd:
Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
Of servitude to serve whom God ordains,
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules it worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
Thyself not free, but to thyself inthrall'd;
Yet lewdly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid.
Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom; let me serve
In heav'n God ever blest, and his divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd;
Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect; mean-while
From me return'd, as er'st thou said'st from flight
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.
So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstaid; as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
The rebel thrones, but greater rage to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and shout,
Presage of victory, and fierce desire
Of battle: whereat Michael bid sound
Th' arch-angel trumpet; through the vast of heav'n
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosanna to the High'est; nor stood at gaze
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
And clamour such as heard in heav'n till now
Was never; arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage: all Heav'n
Resounded: and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when
Millions of fierce encount'ring angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of pow'r
Army against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;
Had not th' eternal King omnipotent,
From his strong hold of heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited their might; though number'd such
As each divided legion might have seem'd
A numerous host, in strength each armed hand
A legion, led in fight, yet leader seem'd
Each warrior, single as in chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear; each on himself rely'd,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory: deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
That war, and various; sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
Conflicting fire: long time in even scale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious pow'r had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the sword of Michaël smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
Of ten-fold adamant, his ample shield,
A vast circumference. At his approach
The great arch-angel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in heav'n, the arch-foe subdu'd
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
And visage all inflam'd, first thus began:
Author of evil unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself,
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
Heav'n's blessed peace, and into nature brought
Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion! How hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright
And faithful, now prov'd false! But think not here
To trouble holy rest; Heav'n casts thee out
From all her confines. Heav'n, the seat of bliss,
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.
So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus
The adversary: Nor think thou with wind
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquish'd easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
To chase me hence? Err not, that so shall end
The

The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of glory; which we mean to win,
Or turn this heav'n itself into the hell
Thou fablest: here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: meanwhile thy utmost force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.
They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such height
Of godlike pow'r? for likest gods they seem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great heav'n.
Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horror: from each hand with speed retir'd,
Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth
Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition in mid-sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
Together both, with next to' Almighty arm
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or swift prevention: but the sword
Of Michaël from the armoury of God
Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd,
But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring, shar'd
All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
And writh'd him, to and fro convolv'd; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him: but th' ethereal substance clos'd
Not long divisible; and from the gash
A stream of nect'rous humour issuing flow'd
Sanguine, such as celestial spi'rits may bleed,
And all his armour stain'd, ere while so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
By angels many and strong, who interpos'd
Defence, while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd
From off the files of war: where they him laid
Gnashing for anguish, and despight, and shame,
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in pow'r.
Yet soon he heal'd; for spi'rits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense; and as they please,
They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.
Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king; who him defy'd,
And at his chariot wheels do drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing,
Uriel and Raphaël, his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd Adramalech, and Asmadai,
Two potent thrones, that to be less than Gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail.
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The athiest crew, but with redoubled blow
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternize here on earth; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in Heav'n,
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort
In might though wond'rous, and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For strength from truth divided, and from just,
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
And ignominy, yet to glory aspires,
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

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§ III. *The Angels' second Battle, and the Messiah's Victory on the third Day.*

MILTON.

NOW when fair morn orient in heav'n appear'd,
Up rose the victor angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon banded; others from the drawing hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt: him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion; back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying, and in mid-air aloud thus cry'd:
Arm, warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see
Sad resolution and secure: let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbed shield,
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,

If

If I conjecture ought, no drizzling show'r,
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.
So warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward move imbattled: when behold
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginry, impal'd
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
Awhile; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud:
Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse:
But that I doubt; however witness Heav'n,
Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part; ye who appointed stand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.
So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended; when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd:
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A tripple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
Wide hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each behind
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense,
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd:
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all heav'n appear'd,
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Imbowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts, and hail
Of iron globes; which on the victor host
Levell'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
By thousands. Angel on arch-angel roll'd;
The sooner for their arms; unarm'd they might
Have easily, as spirits, evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul dissipation follow'd and forc'd rout;
Nor serv'd it to relax their serried files.
What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire
Of thunder: back defeated to return
The worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd:
O friends, why come not on these victors proud?
Ere while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front
And breast (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
If our proposal once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.
To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood:
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many: who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They show us when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; eternal might,
To match with their inventions they presum'd
So easy', and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
Awhile in trouble: but they stood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r,
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from heav'n
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
Light as the light'ning glimpse they ran, they flew;
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Up lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be sure, and terror seiz'd the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on those cursed engines triple row
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd;
Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruis'd
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such pris'n, though spi'rits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest in imitation to like arms
Betook them, and the neighbouring hills uptore;
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills

Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise; war seem'd a civil game
To this uproar: horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose. And now all heav'n
Had gone to wreck, with ruin overspread!
Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits
Shrin'd in his sanctuary of heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
To honour his anointed Son, aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All pow'r on him transferr'd: whence to his Son,
Th' assessor of his throne, he thus began:
Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd,
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are past,
Two days, as we compute the days of heav'n,
Since Michaël and his pow'rs went forth to tame
These disobedient; sore has been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;
For to themselves I left them, and thou know'st,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,
Save what sin hath impair'd; which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found:
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd: which makes
Wild work in heav'n, and dang'rous to the main.
Two days are therefore past; the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it; and thus far
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue' and grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In heav'n and hell thy pow'r above compare;
And this perverse commotion, govern'd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be heir
Of all things, to be heir and to be king
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.
Go then, thou mightiest, in thy Father's might,
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh:
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
From all heaven's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God, and Messiah, his anointed king.
He said, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full; he all his Father full express'd
Ineffably into his face receiv'd;
And thus the Filial Godhead answ'ring spake:
O Father, O Supreme of heav'nly Thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best; thou always seek'st
To glorify thy Son, I always thee,
As is most just: this I my glory' account
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
Sceptre and pow'r, thy giving I assume;
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st:
But whom thou hatest, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things: and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,
To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from th' impure
Far separate, circling thy holy mount
Unfeigned Hallelujahs to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.
So said, he o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of glory where he sat;
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through heav'n. Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a saphir throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the show'ry arch.
He in celestial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow,
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd;
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
Of smoke, and bick'ring flame, and sparkles dire.
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
He onward came, far off his coming shone;
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen:
He on the wings of cherub rode sublime
On the crystalline sky, in saphir thron'd,
Illustrious far and wide; but by his own
First seen: then unexpected joy surpriz'd,
When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd
Aloft by angels borne, his sign in heav'n;
Under whose conduct Michaël soon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their head imbodied all in one.
Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd;
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious; heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their pow'rs
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.

In

In heav'nly ſpirits could ſuch perverſeneſs dwell?
But to convince the proud what ſigns avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
They harden'd more by what might moſt reclaim,
Grieving to ſee his glory, at the ſight
Took envy; and aſpiring to his height,
Stood reimbattled fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to proſper; and at length prevail
Againſt God and Meſſiah, or to fall
In univerſal ruin laſt; and now
To final battle drew, diſdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his hoſt on either hand thus ſpake:
 Stand ſtill in bright array, ye ſaints, here ſtand,
Ye angels arm'd, this day from battle reſt;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearleſs in his righteous cauſe;
And as ye have receiv'd, ſo have ye done
Invincibly: but of this curſed crew
The puniſhment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whoſe he ſole appoints;
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude; ſtand only, and behold
God's indignation on theſe godleſs pour'd
By me; not you, but me, they have deſpis'd,
Yet envied: againſt me is all their rage,
Becauſe the Father, t'whom in heav'n ſupreme
Kingdom, and pow'r, and glory appertains,
Hath honour'd me, according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath aſſign'd;
That they may have their wiſh, to try with me
In battle which the ſtronger proves, they all,
Or I alone againſt them, ſince by ſtrength
They meaſure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excells;
Nor other ſtrife with them do I vouchſafe.
 So ſpake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His count'nance too ſevere to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the four ſpread out their ſtarry wings
With dreadful ſhade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the ſound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous hoſt.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The ſtedfaſt empyréan ſhook throughout,
All but the throne itſelf of God. Full ſoon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
Graſping ten thouſand thunders, which he ſent
Before him, ſuch as in their ſouls infix'd
Plagues; they aſtoniſh'd, all reſiſtance loſt,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt:
O'er ſhields and helms, and helmed heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim proſtrate,
That wiſh'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a ſhelter from his ire.
Nor leſs on either ſide tempeſtuous fell
His arrows, from the four-fold viſag'd Four
Diſtinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Diſtinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One ſpirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and ſhot forth pernicious fire
Among the accurs'd, that wither'd all their ſtrength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his ſtrength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to deſtroy, but root them out of heav'n;
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunder-ſtruck, purſu'd
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of heav'n; which op'ning wide,
Roll'd inward, and a ſpacious gap diſclos'd
Into the waſteful deep: the monſtrous ſight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worſe
Urg'd them behind; headlong themſelves they threw
Down from the verge of heav'n; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomleſs pit.
 Hell heard th' unſufferable noiſe, Hell ſaw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted; but ſtrict fate had caſt too deep
Her deep foundations, and too faſt had bound.
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confuſion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, ſo huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: Hell at laſt
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the houſe of woe and pain.
Diſburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and ſoon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
 Sole victor from th' expulſion of his foes,
Meſſiah his triumphal chariot turn'd;
To meet him all his ſaints, who ſilent ſtood
Eye-witneſſes of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him ſung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion giv'n,
Worthieſt to reign; he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid-heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
On high: who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he ſits at the right hand of bliſs.

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§ 112. *Formation of the World, and Man, related by Raphael to Adam.* MILTON.

THE Son on his great expedition now appear'd;
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majeſty divine; ſapience and love
Immenſe, and all his Father in him ſhone.
About his chariot numberleſs were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God; where ſtand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſs'd at hand,
Celeſtial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious ſound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word

 And

And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
Said then th' omnific Word, your discord end;
Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into chaos and the world unborn;
For chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might,
Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumferance, O world.
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void; Darkness profound
Cover'd th' abyss; but on the watry calm
His brooding wings the Spi'rit of God outspread,
And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the air,
And Earth self-balanc'd on her centre hung.
Let there be light, said God, and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
Was not: she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was [good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided; light the day, and darkness night
He nam'd. Thus was the first day ev'n and
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung [morn,
By the celestial quires, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and
The hollow universal orb they fill'd. [shout
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd
God and his works, Creator him they sung,
Both when first ev'ning was, and when first morn.
Again, God said, Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters: and God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round; partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystaline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far remov'd, lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he nam'd the firmament: so ev'n
And morning chorus sung the second day.
The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involv'd,
Appear'd not: over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd; not idle, but with warm
Prolific humour, soft'ning all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moisture; when God said,
Be gather'd now ye waters under heav'n
Into one place, and let dry land appear.
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the dry;
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry;
Part rise in chrystal wall, or ridge direct, [press'd
For haste; such flight the great command im-
On the swift floods: as armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their standard, so the watry throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With serpent error wand'ring, found their way,
And on the washy oose deep channels wore;
Easy ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he call'd seas;
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desart and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd, [clad
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure
Her universal face with pleasant green;
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flow'r'd
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown, [crept
Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth
The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Imbattled in her field, and th' humble shrub,
And bush with frizzl'd hair implicit: last
Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd [crown'd,
Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain-side,
With borders long the rivers: that earth now
Seem'd like to heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,

Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her ſacred ſhades: though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was; but from the earth a dewy miſt
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which, ere it was in th' earth
God made, and every herb before it grew
On the green ſtem; God ſaw that it was good:
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.
Again th' Almighty ſpake, Let there be lights
High in th' expanſe of Heav'n, to divide
The day from night; and let them be for ſigns,
For ſeaſons, and for days, and circling years,
And let them be for lights as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heaven
To give light on the earth; and it was ſo.
And God made two great lights, great for their
To Man, the greater to have rule by day [uſe
The leſs by night altern; and made the ſtars,
And ſet them in the firmament of heav'n
To illuminate the earth, and rule the day
In their viciſſitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkneſs to divide. God ſaw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For of celeſtial bodies firſt the ſun
A mighty ſphere he fram'd, unlightſome firſt,
Though of etherial mould: then form'd the moon
Globoſe, and every magnitude of ſtars,
And ſow'd with ſtars the heav'n thick as a field;
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Tranſplanted from her cloudy ſhrine, and plac'd
In the ſun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other ſtars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning-planet gilds her horns;
By tincture of reflection they augment
Their ſmall peculiar, though from human ſight
So far remote, with diminution ſeen.
Firſt in his eaſt the glorious lamp was ſeen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Inveſted with bright rays, jocund to run [gray
His longitude through heav'n's high road; the
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
Shedding ſweet influence: leſs bright the moon,
But oppoſite in levell'd weſt was ſet
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other light ſhe needed none
In that aſpect, and ſtill that diſtance keeps
Till night, then in the eaſt her turn ſhe ſhines,
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign
With thouſand leſſer lights dividual holds,
With thouſand thouſand ſtars, that then ap-pear'd
Spangling the hemiſphere: then firſt adorn'd
With their bright luminaries that ſet and roſe,
Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth
And God ſaid, Let the waters generate [day.
Reptile with ſpawn abundant, living ſoul:
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Diſplay'd on the open firmament of heaven.
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteouſly
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind; [ing,
And ſaw that it was good, and bleſs'd them, ſay-
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the ſeas
And lakes, and running ſtreams, the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.
Forthwith the ſounds and ſeas, each creek and
With fry innumerable ſwarm, and ſhoals [bay
Of fiſh, that with their fins and ſhining ſcales
Glide under the green wave, in ſculls that oft
Bank the mid ſea: part ſingle or with mate
Graze the ſea-weed their paſture, and through groves
Of coral ſtray, or ſporting with quick glance,
Show to the ſun their wav'd coats dropt with
Or in their pearly ſhells at eaſe, attend [gold,
Moiſt nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on ſmooth the ſeal,
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempeſt the ocean: there leviathan,
Hugeſt of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, ſleeps or ſwims,
And ſeems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk ſpouts out, a ſea.
Mean while the tepid caves, and fens and ſhores,
Their brood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that ſoon
Burſting with kindly rupture forth diſclos'd
Their callow young, but feather'd ſoon and fledge
They ſumm'd their pens, and ſoaring th' air ſublime,
With clang deſpis'd the ground, under a cloud
In proſpect; there the eagle and the ſtork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
Part looſely wing the region, part more wiſe
In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
Intelligent of ſeaſons, and ſet forth
Their airy caravan high over ſeas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Eaſing their flight; ſo ſteers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on wings; the air
Flotes, as they paſs, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes; [ſong
From branch to branch the ſmaller birds with
Solac'd the woods, and ſpread their painted wings
Till ev'n; nor then the ſolemn nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her ſoft lays:
Others on ſilver lakes and rivers bath'd
Their downy breaſt; the ſwan with arched neck,
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her ſtate with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The bank, and riſing on ſtiff pennons, tower
The mid aerial ſky: others on ground [ſounds
Walk'd firm; the creſted cock, whoſe clarion
The ſilent hours, and th' other whoſe gay train
Adorns him, coloured with the florid hue
Of rainbows and ſtarry eyes. The waters thus
With fiſh repleniſh'd, and the air with fowl,
Ev'ning and morn ſolemniz'd the fifth day.
The ſixth, and of creation laſt, aroſe
With ev'ning harps and matin; when God ſaid,
Let

Let th' earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and straight
Op'ning her fertile womb teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose,
As from his lair, the wild beast where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd;
The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
The grassy clods now calv'd; now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tyger, as the mole
Rising the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheav'd
His vastness; fleec'd the flocks, and bleating rose,
As plants: ambiguous, between sea and land,
The river-horse and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or worm: those wav'd their limber fans
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green:
These as a line their long dimension drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of nature; some of serpent-kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd,
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: swarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them names,
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy main terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.
Now Heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course; earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd
Frequent: and of the sixth day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature who not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endu'd
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore th' omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake:
Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of life: in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female for race; then bless'd mankind, and said,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
And every living thing that moves on th' earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet distinct by name: thence, as thou know'st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee; all sorts are here that all th' earth yields,
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which tasted, works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st;
Death is the penalty impos'd; beware,
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.
Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day;
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unweary'd, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, his high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created world,
Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)
The Heav'ns and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their stations list'ning stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in
The great Creator, from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days work, a world:
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace. So sung

The glorious train ascending. He through Heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
To God's eternal house direct the way;
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest
Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh
Ev'ning arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav'n's high-seated top, th' imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Pow'r arriv'd, and set him down
With his great Father; for he also went
Invisible, yet stay'd, (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence), and the work ordain'd,
Author and end of all things; and from work
Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day.
As resting on that day from all his work,
But not in silence holy kept; the harp
Had work, and rested not; the solemn pipe
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or unison: of incense clouds,
Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.
Creation and the six days acts they sung,
Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
Thy pow'r! what thought can measure thee, or tongue
Relate thee? greater now in thy return
Than from the giant angels: thee that day
Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create
Is greater than created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? Easily the proud attempt
Of spi'rits apostate, and their counsels vain
Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might: his evil
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
Witness this new-made world, another heav'n,
From Heav'n gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st
Their seasons: among these the seat of men,
Earth, with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,
And sons of men whom God hath thus advanc'd,
Created in his image, there to dwell,
And worship him; and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers
Holy and just: thrice happy, if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright.
So sung they, and the empyréan rung
With Hallelujahs: Thus was Sabbath kept.

§ 113. *Adam's Account of himself to Raphael.* MILTON.

As new wak'd from soundest sleep
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.
Straight toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd awhile the ample sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet: about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams; by these,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling, all things smil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not: to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light;
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay;
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in pow'r pre-eminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light, when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sat me down: there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd. One came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
First Man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First Father; call'd by thee, I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I saw
Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to th' eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream

Had lively ſhadow'd. Here had now begun
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Preſence divine! Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiſs: he rear'd me, and Whom thou
    ſought'ſt I am,
Said mildly, Author of all this thou ſeeſt
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradiſe I give thee, count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the tree whoſe operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have ſet
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, ſhun to taſte,
And ſhun the bitter conſequence; for know,
The day thou eat'ſt thereof, my ſole command
Tranſgreſs'd, inevitably thou ſhalt die,
From that day mortal, and this happy ſtate
Shalt loſe, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and ſorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which reſounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur; but ſoon his clear aſpect
Return'd, and gracious purpoſe thus renew'd:
Not only theſe fair bounds, but all the earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
Poſſeſs it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in ſea, or air, beaſt, fiſh, and fowl.
In ſign whereof each beaſt and bird behold
After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
With low ſubjection; underſtand the ſame
Of fiſh within their watry reſidence,
Not hither ſummon'd, ſince they cannot change
Their element, to draw the thinner air.
As thus he ſpake, each bird and beaſt behold
Approaching two and two, theſe cowring low
With blandiſhment, each bird ſtoop'd on his
    wing.
I nam'd them as they paſs'd, and underſtood
Their nature; with ſuch knowledge God endu'd
My ſudden apprehenſion. But in theſe
I found not what methought I wanted ſtill;
And to the heav'nly viſion thus preſum'd:
  O by what name, for thou above all theſe
Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
Surpaſſeſt far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this univerſe,
And all this good to Man? for whoſe well-being
So amply, and with hands ſo liberal,
Thou haſt provided all things: but with me
I ſee not who partakes. In ſolitude
What happineſs, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I preſumptuous; and the viſion bright,
As with a ſmile more brighten'd, thus
    reply'd:
  What call'ſt thou ſolitude? Is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Replenish'd, and all theſe at thy command
To come and play before thee? Know'ſt thou
    not
Their language and their ways? they alſo know,
And reaſon not contemptibly; with theſe
Find paſtime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.
So ſpake the Univerſal Lord, and ſeem'd
So ord'ring. I, with leave of ſpeech, implor'd,
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd:
Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Pow'r,
My Maker, be propitious while I ſpeak.
Haſt thou not made me here thy ſubſtitute,
And theſe inferior far beneath me ſet?
Among unequals what ſociety
Can ſort, what harmony or true delight?
Which muſt be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in diſparity
The one intenſe, the other ſtill remiſs,
Cannot well ſuit with either, but ſoon prove
Tedious alike. Of fellowſhip I ſpeak
Such as I ſeek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human conſort: they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioneſs;
So fitly them in pairs thou haſt combin'd;
Much leſs can bird with beaſt, or fiſh with fowl
So well converſe, nor with the ox the ape;
Worſe then can man with beaſt, and leaſt of
    all.
  Whereto th' Almighty anſwer'd, not diſ-
A nice and ſubtle happineſs I ſee [pleas'd;
Thou to thyſelf propoſeſt, in the choice
Of thy aſſociates, Adam, and wilt taſte
No pleaſure, though in pleaſure, ſolitary.
What think'ſt thou then of me, and this my
Seem I to thee ſufficiently poſſeſs'd [ſtate?
Of happineſs, or not? who am alone
From all eternity; for none I know
Second to me, or like; equal much leſs.
How have I then with them to hold converſe,
Save with the creatures which I made, and
To me inferior, infinite deſcents [thoſe
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?
  He ceas'd; I lowly anſwer'd: To attain
The heighth and depth of thy eternal ways,
All human thoughts come ſhort. Supreme of
    things;
Thou in thyſelf art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficience found: not ſo is Man,
But in degree, the cauſe of his deſire
By converſation, with his like to help,
Or ſolace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldſt propagate, already infinite,
And through all numbers abſolute, tho' one;
But Man by number is to manifeſt
His ſingle imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiply'd,
In unity defective, which requires
Collateral love, and deareſt amity:
Thou in thy ſecrecy although alone,
Beſt with thyſelf accompanied, ſeek'ſt not
Social communication, yet ſo pleas'd,
Canſt raiſe thy creature to what height thou
Of union or communion, deify'd; [wilt
I by converſing cannot theſe erect

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARAS

From

From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.
Thus I embolden'd ſpake, and freedom us'd
Permiſſive, and acceptance found; which gain'd
This anſwer from the gracious voice divine:
Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,
And find thee knowing, not of beaſts alone,
Which thou haſt rightly nam'd, but of thyſelf,
Expreſſing well the ſpi'rit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute,
Whoſe fellowſhip therefore unmeet for thee
Good reaſon was thou freely ſhould diſlike,
And be ſo minded ſtill: I, ere thou ſpak'ſt,
Knew it not good for man to be alone;
And no ſuch company as then thou ſaw'ſt
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To ſee how thou could'ſt judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring ſhall pleaſe thee, be aſſur'd,
Thy likeneſs, thy fit help, thy other ſelf,
Thy wiſh exactly to thy heart's deſire.
He ended, or I heard no more; for now
My earthly by his heavenly overpow'r'd,
Which it had long ſtood under, ſtrain'd to the heighth
In that celeſtial colloquy ſublime,
As with an object that excels the ſenſe
Dazzled and ſpent, ſunk down, and ſought repair
Of ſleep, which inſtantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal ſight, by which
Abſtract as in a trance methought I ſaw,
Though ſleeping, where I lay, and ſaw the ſhape
Still glorious before whom awake I ſtood;
Who ſtooping open'd my left ſide, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial ſpirits warm,
And life-blood ſtreaming freſh; wide was the wound,
But ſuddenly with fleſh fill'd up, and heal'd:
The rib he form'd and faſhion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but different ſex, ſo lovely fair,
That what ſeem'd fair in all the world, ſeem'd now
Mean, or in her ſumm'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inſpir'd
The ſpi'rit of love, and amorous delight.
She diſappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loſs, and other pleaſures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I ſaw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all earth or heaven could beſtow
To make her amiable; on ſhe came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unſeen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial ſanctity and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her ſteps, Heav'n in her eyes,
In ev'ry geſture dignity and love.
I, overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud: [fill'd
This turn hath made amends; thou haſt ful-
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but fairer this
Of all thy gifts, nor envieſt. I now ſee
Bone of my bone, fleſh of my fleſh, myſelf
Before me: Woman is her name, of Man
Extracted; for this cauſe he ſhall forego
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
And they ſhall be one fleſh, one heart, one ſoul.
She heard me thus; and though divinely
Yet innocence, and virgin modeſty, [brought,
Her virtue, and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unſought be
Not obvious, not obtruſive, but retir'd, [won,
The more deſirable, or, to ſay all,
Nature herſelf, though pure of ſinful thought,
Wrought in her ſo, that ſeeing me, ſhe turn'd:
I follow'd her, ſhe what was honour knew,
And with obſequious majeſty approv'd
My pleaded reaſon. To the nuptial bow'r
I led her bluſhing like the morn; all heav'n
And happy conſtellations on that hour
Shed their ſelecteſt influence; the earth
Gave ſign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; freſh gales and gentle airs
Whiſper'd it to the woods, and from their wing
Flung roſe, flung odors from the ſpicy ſhrub,
Diſporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung ſpouſal, and bid haſte the evening-ſtar
On this hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.

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§ 114. *Eve's Aſcendancy over Adam; Raphael's Advice to him, relative to his Conduct towards her; and Adam's Reply.*

MILTON.

———WHEN I approach
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems,
And in herſelf compleat, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay,
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt:
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded; wiſdom in diſcourſe with her
Loſes diſcount'nanc'd, and like folly ſhows;
Authority and reaſon on her wait,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally; and, to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of mind, and nobleneſs, their ſeat,
Build in her lovelieſt, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.
To whom the angel, with contracted brow:
Accuſe not nature, ſhe hath done her part;
Do thou but thine; and be not diffident
Of wiſdom, ſhe deſerts thee not, if thou
Diſmiſs not her, when moſt thou need'ſt her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Leſs excellent; as thou thyſelf perceiv'ſt.
For what admir'ſt thou? what tranſports thee ſo?
An outſide? Fair, no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cheriſhing, thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy ſubjection. Weigh with her thyſelf;
Then value; oft-times nothing profits more

Than

Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well-manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her shows:
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou may'st love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind
Is propagated, seem such dear delight
Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf'd
To cattle and each beast; which would not be
To them made common and divulg'd, if ought
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The soul of man, or passion in him move.
What high'er in her society thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not: love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat
In rea'son, and is judicious; is the scale
By which to heav'nly love thou may'st ascend;
Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.
To whom thus, half abash'd, Adam reply'd:
Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor ought
In procreation, common to all kinds,
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem),
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mix'd with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear:
Yet these subject not: I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
Who meet with various objects, from the sense
Variously representing; yet still free
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st
Leads up to heav'n, is both the way and guide:
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask.
Love not the heav'nly spi'rits, and how their love
Express they, by looks only', or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?
To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
Answer'd: Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
Us happy', and without love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st,
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint or limb, exclusive bars:
Easier than air with air, if spi'rits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need,
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
But I can now no more; the parting sun
Beyond the earth's green Cape and verdant isles
Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
Be strong, live happy', and love, but first of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do ought, which else free will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons
The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware.
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
And all the blest: stand fast; to stand or fall
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require:
And all temptation to transgress repel.

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§ 115. *Adam's Advice to Eve, to avoid Temptation.* MILTON.

O WOMAN, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them; his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created, much less Man,
Or ought that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r.
Against his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the will; for what obeys
Reason is free, and reason he made right,
But bid her well beware, and still erect,
Lest by some fair appearing good surpris'd
She dictate false, and misinforms the will
To do what God expresly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love injoins,
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me
Thou sever not; trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy? approve
First thy obedience; th' other who can know,
Not seeing the attempted, who attest?
But if thou think, trial unsought may find
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
Go, in thy native innocence rely,
On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.

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§ 116. *God's Sentence in Paradise. Ibid.*

———FROM his radiant seat he rose
Of high collateral glory': him thrones and pow'rs,
Princedoms, and dominations minstraint
Accompanied to heaven-gate, from whence
Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
Down he descended straight: the speed of Gods
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.
Nor was the sun in western cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour

To fan the earth now wak'd, and uſher in
The ev'ning cool; when he, from wrath more
cool,
Came, the mild Judge and Interceſſor both,
To ſentence Man. The voice of God they heard,
Now walking in the garden, by ſoft winds
Brought to their ears, while they declin'd; they
heard,
And from his preſence hid themſelves among
The thickeſt trees, both man and wife, till God
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud:
Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming ſeen far off? I miſs thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with ſolitude,
Where obvious duty erewhile appear'd un-
ſought:
Or come I leſs conſpicuous, or what change
Abſents thee, or what chance detains? Come
forth. [firſt
He came, and with him Eve more loth, though
T' offend; diſcount'nanc'd both, and diſ-
compos'd:
Love was not in their looks, either to God
Or to each other; but apparent guilt,
And ſhame, and perturbation, and deſpair,
Anger, and obſtinacy, and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam fault'ring long, thus anſwer'd
brief:
I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myſelf. To whom
The gracious Judge, without revile, reply'd:
My voice thou oft has heard, and haſt not fear'd,
But ſtill rejoic'd; how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? haſt thou eaten of the tree,
Whereof I gave thee charge thou ſhouldſt not
eat?
To whom thus Adam, ſore beſet, reply'd:
O Heav'n! in evil ſtrait this day I ſtand
Before my Judge, either to undergo
Myſelf the total crime, or to accuſe
My other ſelf, the partner of my life;
Whoſe failing, while her faith to me remains,
I ſhould conceal, and not expoſe to blame
By my complaint: but ſtrict neceſſity
Subdues me, and calamitous conſtraint,
Leſt on my head both ſin and puniſhment,
However inſupportable, be all [thou
Devolv'd; though ſhould I hold my peace, yet
Would'ſt eaſily detect what I conceal.
This woman, whom thou mad'ſt to be my help,
And gav'ſt me as thy perfect gift, ſo good,
So fit, ſo acceptable, ſo divine,
That from her hand I could ſuſpect no ill;
And what ſhe did, whatever in itſelf,
Her doing ſeem'd to juſtify the deed;
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.
To whom the Sov'reign Preſence thus reply'd:
Was ſhe thy God, that her thou didſt obey
Before his voice? or was ſhe made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didſt reſign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God ſet thee above her, made of thee
And for thee, whoſe perfection far excell'd
Her's in all real dignity? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy love, not thy ſubjection; and her gifts
Were ſuch as under government well ſeem'd
Unſeemly to bear rule: which was thy part
And perſon, hadſt thou known thyſelf aright.
So having ſaid, he thus to Eve in few:
Say, woman, what is this which thou haſt do[ne?]
To whom ſad Eve, with ſhame nigh ov[er-]
whelm'd,
Confeſſing ſoon, yet not before her Judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abaſh'd reply'd:
The ſerpent me beguil'd, and I did eat. [del[ay]
Which when the Lord God heard, witho[ut]
To judgment he proceeded on the accus'd
Serpent, though brute, unable to transfer
The guilt on him who made him inſtrument
Of miſchief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation juſtly then accurs'd,
As vitiated in nature: more to know
Concern'd not man (ſince he no further knew)
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at laſt
To Satan, firſt in ſin, his doom apply'd,
Though in myſterious terms, judg'd as then be[ſt]:
And on the ſerpent thus his curſe let fall:
Becauſe thou haſt done this, thou art accurs'd
Above all cattle, each beaſt of the field;
Upon thy belly grovelling thou ſhalt go,
And duſt ſhalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her ſeed; [ſhe]
Her ſeed ſhall bruiſe thy head, thou bruiſe h[er heel.]
So ſpake this oracle, then verify'd
When Jeſus, ſon of Mary, ſecond Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heav'n,
Prince of the air; then riſing from his grave
Spoil'd principalities and pow'rs, triumph'd
In open ſhew, and with aſcenſion bright
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itſelf of Satan long uſurp'd,
Whom he ſhall tread at laſt under our feet;
Ev'n he who now foretold his fatal bruiſe,
And to the woman thus his ſentence turn'd:
Thy ſorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou ſhalt bring
In ſorrow forth; and to thy huſband's will
Thine ſhall ſubmit; he over thee ſhall rule.
On Adam laſt thus judgment he pronounc'd:
Becauſe thou haſt hearkened to the voice of th[y]
wife,
And eaten of the tree concerning which
I charg'd thee, ſaying, Thou ſhalt not e[at]
thereof; [ſorr[ow]
Curs'd is the ground for thy ſake: thou [in]
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;
Thorns alſo and thiſtles it ſhall bring thee fo[rth]
Unbid; and thou ſhalt eat th' herb of the fie[ld;]
In the ſweat of thy face ſhalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground was taken, know thy birth,
For duſt thou art, and ſhalt to duſt return.

§ 117. *Adam's Soliloquy after his Fall.*
MILTON.

O MISERABLE of happy! is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me ſo lat[e]
Th[e]

The glory of that glory, who now become
Accus'd of blessed? Hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my heighth
Of happiness! yet well, if here would end
The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings: but this will not serve;
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, "Increase and multiply,"
Now death to hear! for what can I increase
Or multiply, but curses on my head?
Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
Shall be the execration: so besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me, as on their natural centre, light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man? did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to me by being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign and render back
All I receiv'd, unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late
I thus contest; then should have been refus'd
Those terms whatever, when they were pro-
pos'd: [good,
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou' enjoy the
Then cavil the conditions? And though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if my son
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Whereof didst thou beget me? I sought it not:
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity, begot. [own
God made thee' of choice his own, and of his
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;
Thy punishment then justly' is at his will.
Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return.
O welcome hour whenever! why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive? [out
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortality, my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap! there I should rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;
Lest that pure breath of life, the spi'rit of man
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish
With this coporeal clod; then in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life
And sin? the body properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die: let this appease
The doubt, since human reach no further
For though the Lord of all be infinite, [knows.
Is his wrath also? be it, man is not so,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on man, whom death must
end? [make
Can he make deathless death? that were to
Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held, as argument
Of weakness, not of pow'r. Will he draw out,
For anger's sake, finite to infinite
In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigour
Satisfy'd never? that were to extend
His sentence beyond dust, and nature's law,
By which all causes else according still
To the reception of their matter act,
Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say
That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,
Bereaving sense, but endless misery
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and so last
To perpetuity; Ay me, that fear [tion
Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolu-
On my defenceless head; both Death and I
Are found eternal, and incorporate both;
Nor I on my part single, in me all
Posterity stands curst: fair patrimony
That I must leave ye, sons! O were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
So disinherited, how would you bless kind
Me, now you curse! Ah, why should all man-
For one man's fault thus guiltless be con-
demn'd,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd,
Not to do only, but to will the same
With me? how can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him after all disputes
Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,
And reasonings, though through mazes, lead
me still
But to my own conviction; first and last
On me, me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrath. Fond wish! couldst thou
support
That burden heavier than the earth to bear,
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad woman? Thus what thou desir'st,
And what thou fear'st alike destroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future,
To Satan only like both crime and doom.
O conscience, into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driv'n me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

§ 118. *Christ interceding with his Father for Adam, and the Almighty's Reply.* MILTON.

SEE, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs
And prayers, which in this golden censer mix'd
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring;
Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which his own hand manuring all the trees
Of Paradise could have produc'd, ere fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
To supplication; hear his sighs though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me,
Good or not good, ingraft; my merit those
Shall perfect; and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace tow'ard mankind; let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
Number'd though sad, till death, his doom, (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
Made one with me, as I with thee am one.
To whom the Father, without cloud, serene:
All thy request for man, accepted Son,
Obtain; all thy request was my decree.
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements, that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper, gross to air as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at first, with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd, with happiness
And immortality: that fondly lost,
This other serv'd but to eternize woe;
Till I provided death; so death becomes
His final remedy, and after life
Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Wak'd in the renovation of the just,
Resigns him up with heav'n and earth renew'd.

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§ 119. L'ALLEGRO. *Ibid.*

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desart ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprŏved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Chearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking not unseen,
By edge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landskip round it measures,
Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,

Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat,
She was pinch't and pull'd she said,
And by the friar's lanthorn led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Johnson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heapt Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

---

§ 120. IL PENSEROSO. Milton.

Hence, vain deluding joys,
  The brood of folly, without father bred,
How little you bested,
  Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
  And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
  As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likeliest hovering dreams
  The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue:
Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauties' praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended,
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
The solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar sing:

And add to theſe retired Leiſure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleaſure;
But firſt and chiefeſt with thee bring,
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hiſt along,
'Leſs Philomel will deign a ſong,
In her ſweeteſt ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accuſtom'd oak;
Sweet bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
The chauntreſs oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy even-ſong;
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the Heav'n's wide pathleſs way,
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud,
Oft on a plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off curfeu ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhore,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all reſort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowſy charm,
To bleſs the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unſphere
The ſpirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vaſt regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook:
And of thoſe demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With a planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In ſcepter'd pall come ſweeping by,
Preſenting Thebes', or Pelops' line,
Or elſe the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buſkin'd ſtage.
But, O ſad Virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe Muſæus from his bower,
Or bid the ſoul of Orpheus ſing
Such notes as, warbled to the ſtring,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did ſeek,
Or call up him that left half told
The ſtory of Cambuſcan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarſife,
And who had Canacé to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glaſs,
And of the wond'rous horſe of braſs,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught elſe great bards beſide
In ſage and ſolid tunes have ſung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of foreſts and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus night oft ſee me in thy pale career,
Till civil-ſuited morn appear,
Not trickt and frounc't as ſhe was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud;
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruſtling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the ſun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddeſs, bring,
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heaved ſtroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in cloſe covert by ſome brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's gariſh eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth ſing,
And the waters murmuring,
With ſuch concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd ſleep;
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery ſtream
Of lively portrature diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, ſweet muſic breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome Spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unſeen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious cloyſters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars maſſy proof,
And ſtoried windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In ſervice high, and anthems clear,
As may with ſweetneſs, through mine ear,
Diſſolve me into extaſies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and moſſy cell,
Where I may ſit and rightly ſpell
Of every ſtar that heav'n doth ſhew;
And every herb that ſips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.
Theſe pleaſures Melancholy give,
And I with thee will chooſe to live.

§ 121.

§ 121. LYCIDAS. Milton.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhime.
He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,
Tow'rd Heav'n's descent had slop'd his westring wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.
But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desart caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream
Had ye been there, for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spi'rit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glist'ring foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged winds
That blows from off each beaked promontory;
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from the dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flow'r inscrib'd with woe.
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his mitr'd locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!

What

What recks it them? What need they! They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swol'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said,
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smites no more.
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers,
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flow'r that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks tow'rd Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love,
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompence, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang th' uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

§ 122. *Virtue, Wisdom, and Contemplation.* MILTON.

VIRTUE could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

§ 123. *Meditation and Beauty.* *Ibid.*

MUSING Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desart cell,
Far from the chearful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch, with uninchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.

§ 124. *Chastity.* *Ibid.*

SHE that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,
Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No savage fierce bandite, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfeu time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,

Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or ſhall I call
Antiquity from the old ſchools of Greece
To teſtify the arms of Chaſtity?
Hence had the huntreſs Dian her dread bow,
Fair ſilver-ſhafted queen, for ever chaſte,
Wherewith ſhe tam'd the brinded lioneſs
And ſpotted mountain pard, but ſet at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her ſtern frown, and ſhe was queen o'th' woods.
What was the ſnaky-headed Gorgon ſhield,
That wiſe Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith ſhe freez'd her foes to congeal'd ſtone,
But rigid looks of chaſte auſterity,
And noble grace that daſh'd brute violence
With ſudden adoration and blank awe?
So dear to Heav'n is ſaintly Chaſtity,
That when a ſoul is found ſincerely ſo,
A thouſand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of ſin and guilt,
And in clear dream and ſolemn viſion,
Tell her of things that no groſs ear can hear,
Till oft converſe with heav'nly habitants
Begin to caſt a beam on th' outward ſhape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the ſoul's eſſence,
Till all be made immortal: but when luſt,
By unchaſte looks, looſe geſtures, and foul talk,
But moſt by lewd and laviſh act of ſin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The ſoul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till ſhe quite loſe
The divine property of her firſt being.
Such are theſe thick and gloomy ſhadows damp
Oft ſeen in charnel vaults, and ſepulchres,
Ling'ring and ſitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itſelf by carnal ſenſuality
To a degenerate and degraded ſtate.

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§ 125. *Philoſophy.* MILTON.

HOW charming is divine Philoſophy!
Not harſh and crabbed, as dull fools ſuppoſe,
But muſical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feaſt of nectar'd ſweets,
Where no crude ſurfeit reigns.

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§ 126. *True Liberty.* *Ibid.*

——————TRUE Liberty
Is loſt, which always with right reaſon dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being:
Reaſon in man obſcur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate deſires
And upſtart paſſions catch the government
From reaſon, and to ſervitude reduce
Man till then free.

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§ 127. *Prowefs of Body and Mind.* *Ibid.*

OH how comely it is, and how reviving
To the ſpirits of juſt men long oppreſs'd!
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppreſſor,
The brute and boiſt'rous force of violent men,
Hardy and induſtrious to ſupport
Tyrannic pow'r, but raging to purſue
The righteous, and all ſuch as honour truth!
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats
With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celeſtial vigour arm'd,
Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them uſeleſs, while
With winged expedition,
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who, ſurpris'd,
Loſe their defence diſtracted and amaz'd.

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§ 128. *On Shakeſpeare.* *Ibid.*

WHAT needs my Shakeſpeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled ſtones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques ſhould be hid
Under a ſtarry-pointing pyramid?
Dear ſon of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'ſt thou ſuch weak witneſs of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and aſtoniſhment
Haſt built thyſelf a live-long monument.
For whilſt to th' ſhame of ſlow-endeavouring art
Thy eaſy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Thoſe Delphic lines with deep impreſſion took;
Then thou, our fancy of itſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us marble with too much conceiving;
And ſo ſepulchr'd in ſuch pomp doth lie,
That kings for ſuch a tomb would wiſh to die!

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§ 129. *Song: On May Morning.* *Ibid.*

NOW the bright morning ſtar, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the eaſt, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowſlip, and the pale primroſe.
Hail, bounteous May, that doſt inſpire
Mirth, and youth, and warm deſire;
Woods and groves are of thy dreſſing,
Hill and dale doth boaſt thy bleſſing.
Thus we ſalute thee with our early ſong,
And welcome thee, and wiſh thee long.

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§ 130. *Virtue and Evil.* *Ibid.*

VIRTUE may be aſſail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjuſt force, but not inthrall'd;
Yea even that which miſchief meant moſt harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove moſt glory;
But evil on itſelf ſhall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodneſs, when at laſt
Gather'd like ſcum, and ſettled to itſelf,
It ſhall be in eternal reſtleſs change
Self-fed and ſelf-conſum'd: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenneſs,
And earth's baſe built on ſtubble.

§ 131. *Patience.* Milton.

MANY are the ſayings of the wiſe
In antient and in modern books inroll'd,
Extolling patience as the trueſt fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Conſolatories writ
With ſtudied argument, and much perſuaſion
Lenient of grief and anxious thought; [ſought
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their ſound
Little prevails, or rather ſeems a tune
Harſh, and of diſſonant mood from his com-
Unleſs he feel within [plaint;
Some ſource of conſolation from above,
Secret refreſhings, that repair his ſtrength,
And fainting ſpirits uphold.

§ 132. *Sonnet: On his deceaſed Wife.* *Ibid.*

METHOUGHT I ſaw my late eſpouſed ſaint
Brought to me like Alceſtis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great ſon to her glad huſband
gave, [faint.
Reſcued from death by force, though pale and
Mine, as whom waſh'd from ſpot of child-bed
Purification in the old law did ſave. [taint
And ſuch, as yet once more I truſt to have
Full ſight of her in Heav'n without reſtraint,
Came veſt all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied ſight
Love, ſweetneſs, goodneſs, in her perſon
ſhin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O, as to embrace me ſhe inclin'd, [night.
I wak'd, ſhe fled, and day brought back my

§ 133. *Spirits.* *Ibid.*

—SPIRITS when they pleaſe
Can either ſex aſſume, or both; ſo ſoft
And uncompounded is their eſſence pure;
Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle ſtrength of bones,
Like cumbrous fleſh; but in what ſhape they
chuſe,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obſcure,
Can execute their airy purpoſes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.

§ 134. *Pain.* *Ibid.*

—WHAT avails
Valour or ſtrength, though match-
leſs, quell'd with pain,
Which all ſubdues, and makes remiſs the hands
Of mightieſt? Senſe of pleaſure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine;
But live content, which is the calmeſt life:
But pain is perfect miſery, the worſt
Of evils! and exceſſive, overturns
All patience.

§ 135. *Hypocriſy.* *Ibid.*

NEITHER man nor angel can diſcern
Hypocriſy, the only evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will, through heav'n and
earth:
And oft though Wiſdom wake, Suſpicion ſleeps
At Wiſdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Reſigns her charge, while goodneſs thinks no
Where no ill ſeems. [ill

§ 136. *The Lady reproving Comus.* *Ibid.*

I HATE when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impoſtor, do not charge moſt innocent Nature,
As if ſhe would her children ſhould be riotous
With her abundance; ſhe, good catereſs,
Means her proviſion only to the good,
That live according to her ſober laws,
And holy dictate of ſpare temperance:
If every juſt man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beſeeming ſhare
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon ſome few with vaſt exceſs,
Nature's full bleſſings would be well diſpens'd
In unſuperfluous even proportion,
And ſhe no whit incumber'd with her ſtore,
And then the giver would be better thank'd,
His praiſe due paid; for ſwiniſh gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidſt his gorgeous
But with beſotted baſe ingratitude [feaſt,
Crams, and blaſphemes his feeder. Shall I go
Or have I ſaid enough? To him that dares [on?
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous
words
Againſt the ſun-clad pow'r of Chaſtity,
Fain would I ſomething ſay, yet to what end?
Thou haſt not ear, nor ſoul to apprehend
The ſublime notion, and high myſtery,
That muſt be utter'd to unfold the ſage
And ſerious doctrine of Virginity;
And thou art worthy that thou ſhouldſt not
More happineſs than this thy preſent lot. [know
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That have ſo well been taught her dazling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyſelf convinc'd;
Yet ſhould I try, the uncontrouled worth
Of this pure cauſe would kindle my rapt ſpirits
To ſuch a flame of ſacred vehemence, [thize,
That dumb things would be mov'd to ſympa-
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and
ſhake,
Till all thy magic ſtructures, rear'd ſo high,
Were ſhatter'd into heaps o'er thy falſe head.

§ 137. *Sonnet to the Nightingale.* *Ibid.*

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy ſpray
Warbleſt at eve, when all the woods are
ſtill, [fill,
Thou with freſh hope the lover's heart doſt
While the jolly hours lead on propitious
Thy liquid notes that cloſe the eye of day, [May.
Firſt heard before the ſhallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend ſucceſs in love: O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy ſoft
Now timely ſing, ere the rude bird of hate [lay
Foretel my hopeleſs doom in ſome grove nigh;
As thou from year to year haſt ſung too late
For

For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the muse, or love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

§ 138. *Echo: a Song.* Milton.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph that liv'st unseen,
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere,
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

O D E S,

DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

Collins.

§ 139. *Ode to Pity.*

O Thou, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
His wild unsated foe!

By Pelia's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view,
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild * Arun too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was shewn;
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by fancy's aid,
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design:
Its southern site, its truth complete
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat,
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell!

§ 140. *Ode to Fear.* *Ibid.*

Thou, to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadowy shapes is shewn;
Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah, Fear, ah, frantic Fear:
I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly,
For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mold
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the rigid steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And those, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
While Vengeance, in the lucid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait:
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muse addrest her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard † who first invok'd thy name,
Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel;
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
Who left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous Queen ‡
Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

* A river in Sussex. † Æschylus. ‡ Jocasta.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful line,
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,—
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary length hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in some hollow'd seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought!
Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told.
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou, whose spirit most possest
The sacred seat of Shakespeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee.

§ 141. *Ode to Simplicity.* COLLINS.

O THOU, by Nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong:
Who first on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, and Pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of song!
Thou, who with hermit heart
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
But com'st a decent maid,
In attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call!
By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her, whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings flow,
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:
By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,
On whose enamel'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.
O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty cull'd the wreathe,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.
While Rome could none esteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureate band;
But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.
Nor more, in hall or bower,
The passions own thy power,
Love, only Love, her forceless numbers mean:
For thou hast left her shrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.
Though taste, though genius bless
To some divine excess,
Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!
Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale:
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

§ 142. *Ode on the Poetical Character.* Ibid.

AS once, if not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted Bard,
(Him whose school above the rest
His loveliest Elfin queen has blest)
One, only one unrival'd fair *,
My hope the magic girdle wear,
At solemn tournay hung on high,
The wish of each love-darting eye:
Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if in air unseen, some hovering hand,
Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin fame,
With whisper'd spell had burst the starting band,
It left unblest her loath'd dishonour'd side;
Happier hopeless fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The cest of amplest power is given,
To few the god-like gift assigns,
To gird their blest prophetic loins,
And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.
The band, as fairy legends say,
Was wove on that creating day,
When he, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
And drest with springs, and forests tall,
And pour'd the main engirting all,
Long by the lov'd enthusiast woo'd,
Himself in some diviner mood,
Retiring, sate with her alone,
And plac'd her on his sapphire throne,

* Florimel. See Spenser, Leg. 4.

The whiles, the vaulted ſhrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to ſound;
Now ſublimeſt triumph ſwelling,
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And ſhe, from out the veiling cloud,
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy ſubject life was born?
The dangerous paſſions kept aloof,
Far from the ſainted growing woof:
But near it ſat ecſtatic Wonder,
Liſtening the deep applauding thunder:
And Truth, in ſunny veſt array'd,
By whoſe the Tarſol's eyes were made;
All the ſhadowy tribes of Mind,
In bra ded dance their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted powers,
Who feed on heaven's ambroſial flowers.
Where is the Bard, whoſe ſoul can now
Its high preſuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him deſign'd?
High on ſome cliff to heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude acceſs, of proſpect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous ſteep,
Strange ſhades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
And holy Geni guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its ſprings unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
An Eden, like his own, lies ſpread.
I view that oak the fancied glades among,
By which a Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh ſpher'd in heaven its native ſtrains could hear:
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung;
Thither oft his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle ſhades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aſpiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding ſteps purſue;
In vain—Such bliſs to one alone,
Of all the ſons of ſoul was known,
And Heaven and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturn'd th' inſpiring bowers,
Or curtain'd cloſe ſuch ſcene from every future view.

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§ 143. *Ode. Written in the year* 1746. Collins.

HOW ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt,
By all their country's wiſhes bleſt!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom ſhall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

§ 144. *Ode to Mercy.* Ibid.

STROPHE.

O Thou, who ſit'ſt a ſmiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful ſide,
Gentleſt of ſky-born forms, and beſt ador'd:
Who oft with ſongs, divine to hear,
Winn'ſt from his fatal graſp the ſpear,
And hid'ſt in wreaths of flowers his bloodleſs ſword!
Thou who, amidſt the deathful field,
By god-like chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy boſom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who ſinks to ground:
See Mercy, ſee, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy ſhrine my country's genius ſtands,
And decks thy altar ſtill, though pierc'd with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,
And ruſh'd in wrath to make our iſle his prey:
Thy form, from out thy ſweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blaſted road,
And ſtopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I ſee recoil his ſable ſteeds,
That bore him ſwift to ſavage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O Maid, for all thy love to Britain ſhown,
Where Juſtice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roſeate bower,
Thou, thou ſhalt rule our queen, and ſhare our monarch's throne!

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§ 145. *Ode to Liberty.* Ibid.

STROPHE.

WHO ſhall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in ſolemn ſounds to life,
The youths, whoſe locks divinely ſpreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in ſullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue ſhedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
What new Alceus, fancy-bleſt,
Shall ſing the ſword, in myrtles dreſt,
At Wiſdom's ſhrine a while its flame concealing,
(What place ſo fit to ſeal a deed renown'd?)
Till ſhe her brighteſt lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!
O Goddeſs, in that feeling hour,
When moſt its ſounds would court thy ears,
Let not my ſhell's miſguided power,
E'er draw thy ſad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy face,
With heavieſt ſound, a giant-ſtatue, fell,
Puſh'd by a wild and artleſs race,
From off its wide ambitious baſe,
When Time his northern ſons of ſpoil awoke,
And all the blended work of ſtrength and grace,
With many a rude repeated ſtroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thouſand fragments broke.

EPODE.

Yet, ev'n where'er the least appear'd,
Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,
Some remnants of her strength were found;
They saw, by what escap'd the storm,
How wondrous rose her perfect form;
How in the great, the labour'd whole,
Each mighty master pour'd his soul;
For sunny Florence, seat of art,
Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,
Till they, whom science lov'd to name,
(O, who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
And, lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Pisa's olive shade!
See small Marino joins the theme,
Though least, not last in thy esteem;
Strike, louder strike th' ennobling strings
To those, whose merchant sons were kings;
To him, who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride:
Hail port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure:
Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To sad Liguria's bleeding state.
Ah, no! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek,
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak:
(Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice;
Forth from his eyrie rouz'd in dread,
The ravening eagle northward fled.)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With those * to whom thy stork is dear:
Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whose crown a British queen refus'd!
The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
One holier name alone remains:
The perfect spell shall then avail,
Hail, Nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
The works, the wizard Time has wrought!
The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand †,
No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
He pass'd with unwet feet through all our land.
To the blown Baltic then, they say,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding;
Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
A wide wild storm ev'n Nature's self confoun-ding, [surpriz-
Withering her giant sons with strange uncou-
This pillar'd earth, so firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was push'd aside,
And down the shouldering billows borne.
And see, like gems, her laughing train,
The little isles on every side, [mai-
Mona ‡, once hid from those who search t-
Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
And Wight who checks the westering tide,
For thee consenting Heaven has each bestow'-
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride:
To thee this blest divorce she ow'd, [abod-
For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy l-

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,
'Midst the green navel of our isle,
Thy shrine in some religious wood,
O soul-enforcing Goddess, stood!
There oft the painted native's feet
Were wont thy form celestial meet:
Though now with hopeless toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place;
Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
'T were hard for modern song to tell.
Yet still, if truth those beams infuse,
Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,
Beyond yon braided cloud that lie,
Paving the light embroider'd sky:
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous model still remains.
There happier than in islands blest,
Or bowers by Spring, or Hebe drest,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to th' immortal string.
How may the poet now unfold,
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn, delighted and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?
Ev'n now, before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride it seems to rise!
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
Majestic, through the mix'd design;

* The Dutch, amongst whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing t- bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of wh- they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, th- the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

† This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists too have endeavo- to support the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correspond[illegible] disposition of the [illegible] opposite coasts. I do not remember that any poetical use has been hitherto mad[illegible] [illegible]t.

‡ There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a Mermaid becoming enamoured of a y[illegible]ung man of [illegible] traordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened [illegible] passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprize at her appear[illegible] This, however, was so misconstrued by the sea-lady, that in revenge for his treatment of her, she puni[illegible] the whole island, by covering it with a mist, so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with [illegible] either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon [illegible] cliffs.

The secret builder knew to chuse,
Each sphere found gem of richest hues:
Whate'er heaven's purer mold contains,
When nearer suns emblaze its veins;
There on the walls the Patriot's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And, grav'd with some prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame through every age.
Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,
That near her inmost altar stand!
Now soothe her, to her blissful train
Blithe Concord's social form to gain:
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
Ev'n Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep:
Before whose breathing bosom's balm,
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm;
Her let our sires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore,
Our youths enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
Till in one loud applauding sound,
The nations shout to her around,
O, how supremely art thou blest,
Thou, Lady, thou shalt rule the west!

---

§ 146. *Ode to a Lady, on the Death of Colonel Charles Ross, in the Action at Fontenoy. Written May 1745.* COLLINS.

WHILE, lost to all his former mirth,
Britannia's genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day:
While stain'd with blood he strives to tear
Unseemly from his sea-green hair
The wreaths of chearful May:
The thoughts which musing Pity pays,
And fond Remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful hours attend:
Still Fancy, to herself unkind,
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.
By rapid Scheld's descending wave
His country's vows shall bless the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid:
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
And Peace protect the shade.
O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,
Aërial forms shall sit at eve,
And bend the pensive head;
And, fall'n to save his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed!
The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave the fainted rest:
And, half-reclining on his spear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming guest.
Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurel'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight:
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish'd th' avenging fight.

But, lo! where, sunk in deep despair,
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies!
Her matted tresses madly spread,
To every sod which wraps the dead
She turns her joyless eyes.
Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground,
Till notes of triumph bursting round,
Proclaim her reign restor'd:
Till William seek the sad retreat,
And, bleeding at her sacred feet,
Present the fated sword.
If, weak to soothe so soft an heart,
These pictur'd glories nought impart,
To dry thy constant tear:
If yet in Sorrow's distant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou see'st him lie,
Wild war insulting near:
Where'er from time thou court'st relief,
The Muse shall still, with social grief,
Her gentlest promise keep:
Ev'n humble Harting's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the sad repeated tale,
And bid her shepherds weep.

---

§ 147. *Ode to Evening.* IBID.

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song, [ear,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;
O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:
Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat, [wing,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,
As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,
Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!
For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,
And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshning dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.
Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill bluftering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's fide,
Views wilds, and fwelling floods,
And hamlets brown, and dim-difcover'd fpires,
And hears their fimple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dufky veil.

While Spring fhall pour his fhowers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing treffes, meekeft Eve!
While Summer loves to fport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy fhrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendfhip, Science, fmiling Peace,
Thy gentleft influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

---

§ 148. *Ode to Peace.* COLLINS.

O THOU, who bad'ft thy turtles bear
Swift from his grafp thy golden hair,
And fought'ft thy native fkies:
When war, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his ftorms arife!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic fway,
Our youth fhall fix fome feftive day,
His fullen fhrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'ft the turning fpheres,
What founds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy bleft return!

O Peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind!
O rife, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train:
The Britifh lion, Goddefs fweet,
Lies ftretch'd on earth to kifs thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy tranfient fmile,
But come to grace thy weftern ifle,
By warlike Honour led!
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her fons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

---

§ 149. *The Manners. An Ode.* IBID.

FAREWEL, for clearer ken defign'd;
The dim-difcover'd tracts of mind:
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My filent fearch in vain requir'd!
No more my fail that deep explores,
No more I fearch thofe magic fhores,
What regions part the world of foul,
Or whence thy ftreams, Opinion, roll:
If e'er I round, fuch fairy field,
Some power impart the fpear and fhield,
At which the wizard paffions fly,
By which the giant follies die!

Farewel the porch, whofe roof is feen,
Arch'd with th' enliv'ning olive's green:
Where Science, prank'd in tiffued veft,
By Reafon, Pride, and Fancy dreft,
Comes like a bride, fo trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's fhade!

Youth of the quick uncheated fight,
Thy walks, Obfervance, more invite!
O thou, who lov'ft that ampler range,
Where life's wide profpects round thee change,
And, with her mingled fons allied,
Throw'ft the prattling page afide:
To me in converfe fweet impart,
To read in man the native heart,
To learn, where Science fure is found,
From Nature as fhe lives around:
And gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each fhifting image view!
Till meddling Art's officious lore
Reverfe the leffons taught before,
Alluring from a fafer rule,
To dream in her enchanted fchool;
Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boaft,
Had bleft this focial fcience moft.

Retiring hence to thoughtlefs cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent fpell,
Not vain fhe finds the chearful tafk,
In pageant quaint, in motley mafk,
Behold, before her mufing eyes,
The countlefs Manners round her rife;
While, ever varying as they pafs,
To fome Contempt applies her glafs:
With thefe the white-rob'd maid combine,
And thofe the laughing fatyrs join!
But who is he whom now fhe views,
In robe of wild contending hues?
Thou by the paffions nurs'd: I greet
The comic fock that binds thy feet!
O Humour, thou whofe name is known
To Britain's favour'd ifle alone:
Me too amidft thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
(Whofe jewels in his crifped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to fhare,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In Laughter loos'd attends thy fide!

By old Miletus *, who fo long
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven fong:
By all you taught the Tufcan maids,
In chang'd Italia's modern fhades:
By him †, whofe knight's diftinguifh'd name
Refin'd a nation's luft of fame;
Whofe tales e'en now, with echoes fweet,
Caftilia's Moorifh hills repeat:
Or him ‡, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet weeds on Gallia's fhore,
Who drew the fad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her fire betray'd:

O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;

* Alluding to the Milefian Tales, fome of the earlieft romances. † Cervantes.
‡ Monfieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy ſeal!
Let ſome retreating Cynic find
Thoſe oft-turn'd ſcrolls I leave behind,
The Sports and I this hour agree
To rove thy ſcene-full world with thee!

---

§ 150. *The Paſſions. An Ode for Muſic.* Collins.

When Muſic, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece ſhe ſung,
The Paſſions oft, to hear her ſhell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Poſſeſt beyond the Muſe's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Diſturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis ſaid, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inſpir'd,
From the ſupporting myrtles round
They ſnatch'd her inſtruments of ſound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet leſſons of her forceful art,
Each, for madneſs rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expreſſive power.

Firſt Fear his hand, its ſkill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the ſound himſelf had made.

Next Anger ruſh'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his ſecret ſtings,
In one rude claſh he ſtruck the lyre,
And ſwept with hurried hand the ſtrings.

With woeful meaſures wan Deſpair—
Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd,
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingled air,
'Twas ſad by fits, by ſtarts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure?
Still it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bade the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo ſtill through all the ſong;
And where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every
cloſe, [golden hair.
And Hope enchanted ſmil'd, and wav'd her
And longer had ſhe ſung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient roſe,
He threw his blood-ſtain'd ſword in thunder
And, with a withering look, [down,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blaſt ſo loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic ſounds ſo full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though ſometimes, each dreary pauſe
Dejected Pity at his ſide [between,
Her ſoul-ſubduing voice applied,
Yet ſtill he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each ſtrain'd ball of ſight ſeem'd burſting
from his head.
Thy numbers, Jealouſy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy diſtreſsful ſtate,
Of differing themes the veering ſong was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd
on Hate.
With eyes up-rais'd, as one inſpir'd,
Pale Melancholy ſat retir'd,
And from her wild ſequeſter'd ſeat,
In notes by diſtance made more ſweet, [ſoul:
Pour'd through the mellow horn his penſive
And daſhing ſoft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the ſound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled mea-
ſure ſtole,
Or o'er ſome haunted ſtreams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace, and lonely muſing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But, O, how alter'd was its ſprightlier tone!
When Chearfulneſs, a nymph of healthieſt hue,
Her bow acroſs her ſhoulder flung,
Her buſkins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an aſpiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known,
The oak-crown'd ſiſters, and their chaſte-ey'd
Satyrs and ſylvan boys were ſeen [queen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exerciſe rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and ſeiz'd his beechen
Laſt came Joy's ecſtatic trial. [ſpear.
He, with viny crown advancing,
Firſt to the lively pipe his hand addreſt,
But ſoon he ſaw the briſk-awakening viol,
Whoſe ſweet entrancing voice he lov'd the
beſt. [ſtrain,
They would have thought who heard the
They ſaw in Temple's vale her native
Amidſt the feſtal ſounding ſhades, [maids,
To ſome unwearied minſtrel dancing,
While as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantaſtic
round,
Looſe were her treſſes ſeen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidſt his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thouſand odours from his dewy wings.
O Muſic, ſphere-deſcended maid,
Friend of pleaſure, wiſdom's aid,
Why, Goddeſs, why to us denied?
Lay'ſt thou thy ancient lyre aſide?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power;
Thy mimic ſoul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recal what then it heard.
Where is thy native ſimple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Ariſe, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaſte, ſublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording ſiſter's page—
'Tis ſaid, and I believe the tale,
Thy humbleſt reed could more prevail,
Had more of ſtrength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of ſound—

O, bid our vain endeavours ceafe,
Revive the juft defigns of Greece,
Return in all thy fimple ftate!
Confirm the tales her fons relate!

---

§ 151. *An Epiftle addreffed to Sir Thomas Hanmer, on his Edition of Shakefpeare's Works.* COLLINS.

WHILE, born to bring the Mufe's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays;
While, nurs'd by you, fhe fees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb:
Excufe her doubts, if yet fhe fears to tell
What fecret tranfports in her bofom fwell:
With confcious awe fhe hears the critic's fame,
And blufhing hides her wreath at Shakefpeare's name.
Hard was the lot thofe injur'd ftrains endur'd,
Unown'd by fcience, and by years obfcur'd;
Fair Fancy wept; and echoing fighs confefs'd
A fixt defpair in every tuneful breaft.
Not with more grief th' afflicted fwains appear,
When wintry winds deform the plenteous year;
When lingering frofts the ruin'd feats invade
Where Peace reforted, and the Graces play'd.
  Each rifing art by juft gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:
The Mufe alone unequal dealt her rage,
And grac'd with nobleft pomp her earlieft ftage.
Preferv'd through time, the fpeaking fcenes impart
Each changeful wifh of Phædra's tortur'd heart;
Or paint the curfe that mark'd the * Theban's reign,
A bed inceftuous, and a father flain.
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the fad tale, and own another's woe.
  To Rome remov'd, with wit fecure to pleafe,
The comic fifters keep their native eafe.
With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almoft excell'd!
But every Mufe effay'd to raife in vain
Some labour'd rival of her tragic ftrain;
Ilyffus' laurels, though transferr'd with toil,
Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly foil.
  As arts expir'd, refiftlefs Dulnefs rofe;
Goths, Priefts, or Vandals,—all were learning's foes.
Till † Julius firft recall'd each exil'd maid,
And Cofmo own'd them in th' Etrurian fhade:
Then, deeply fkill'd in love's engaging theme,
The foft Provencial pafs'd to Arno's ftream:
With graceful eafe the wanton lyre he ftrung,
Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he fung.
The gay defcription could not fail to move;
For, led by Nature, all are friends to love.
  But Heaven, ftill various in its works, decreed
The perfect boaft of time fhould laft fucceed.
The beauteous union muft appear at length,
Of Tufcan fancy, and Athenian ftrength:
One greater Mufe Eliza's reign adorn,
And ev'n a Shakefpeare to her fame be born!
  Yet, ah! fo bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
No fecond growth the weftern ifle could bear,
At once exhaufted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Jonfon knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almoft loft in Art.
Of fofter mould the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name.
With pleas'd attention, 'midft his fcenes we find
Each glowing thought that warms the female mind;
Each melting figh, and every tender tear,
The lover's wifhes, and the virgin's fear.
His ‡ every ftrain the Smiles and Graces own;
But ftronger Shakefpeare felt for man alone:
Drawn by his pen, our ruder paffions ftand
Th' unrival'd picture of his early hand.
  With ‖ gradual fteps, and flow, exacter France
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her fhores advance:
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and juft in all fhe drew.
Till late Corneille, with § Lucan's fpirit fir'd,
Breath'd the free ftrain, as Rome and he infpir'd:
And claffic judgment gain'd to fweet Racine
The temperate ftrength of Maro's chafter line.
  But wilder far the Britifh laurel fpread,
And wreaths lefs artful crown our poet's head.
Yet he alone to every fcene could give
Th' hiftorian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Wak'd at his call I view, with glad furprize,
Majeftic forms of mighty monarchs rife.
There Henry's trumpets fpread their loud alarms,
And laurel'd Conqueft waits her hero's arms.
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying figh,
Scarce born to honours, and fo foon to die!
Yet fhall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king:
The time fhall come when Glo'fter's heart fhall bleed
In life's laft hours, with horror of the deed:
When dreary vifions fhall at laft prefent
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent:
Thy hand unfeen the fecret death fhall bear,
Blunt the weak fword, and break th' oppreffive fpear.
  Where'er we turn, by fancy charm'd, we find
Some fweet illufion of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, fhe calls the foul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove;

* The Oedipus of Sophocles. † Julius II. the immediate predeceffor of Leo X.

‡ Their characters are thus diftinguifhed by Mr. Dryden.

‖ About the time of Shakefpeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, fix hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themfelves in general to the correct improvement of the ftage, which was almoft totally difregarded by thofe of our own country, Jonfon excepted. § The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

When

Where ſwains contented own the quiet ſcene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green;
Dreſs'd by her hand, the woods and vallies ſmile,
And Spring diffuſive decks th' inchanted iſle.
 O, more than all in powerful genius bleſt,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breaſt!
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart ſhall feel,
Thy ſongs ſupport me, and thy morals heal!
There every thought the poet's warmth may raiſe,
There native muſic dwells in all the lays.
O, might ſome verſe with happieſt ſkill perſuade
Expreſſive Picture to adopt thine aid!
What wondrous draughts might riſe from every page!
What other Raphaels charm a diſtant age!
 Methinks ev'n now I view ſome free deſign,
Where breathing Nature lives in every line:
Chaſte and ſubdued the modeſt lights decay,
Steal into ſhades, and mildly melt away.
—And ſee, where * Anthony, in tears approv'd,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd:
O'er the cold corſe the warrior ſeems to bend,
Deep ſunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend!
Still as they preſs, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.
 But † who is he, whoſe brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging ſteel.
Yet ſhall not war's inſatiate fury fall
(So Heaven ordains it) on the deſtin'd wall.
See the fond mother, 'midſt the plaintive train,
Hung on his knees, and proſtrate on the plain!
Touch'd to the ſoul, in vain he ſtrives to hide
The ſon's affection, in the Roman's pride:
O'er all the man conflicting paſſions riſe,
Rage graſps the ſword, while pity melts the eyes.
 Thus, generous Critic, as thy bard inſpires,
The ſiſter Arts ſhall nurſe their drooping fires;
Each from his ſcenes her ſtores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal ſtring:
Thoſe Sybyl-leaves, the ſport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careleſs kind)
By thee diſpos'd, no farther toil demand,
But, juſt to nature, own thy forming hand.
 So ſpread o'er Greece, the harmonious whole unknown,
Ev'n Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.
Their own Ulyſſes ſcarce had wander'd more,
By winds and waters caſt on every ſhore:
When rais'd by fate, ſome former Hanmer join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundleſs mind;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

§ 152. *Dirge in Cymbeline, ſung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele, ſuppoſed to be dead.*
COLLINS.

TO fair Fidele's graſſy tomb
 Soft maids and village hinds ſhall bring
Each opening ſweet, of earlieſt bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
 To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove,
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays ſhall haunt the green,
 And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew;

The red-breaſt oft at evening hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs, and gather'd flowers,
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
 In tempeſts ſhake thy ſylvan cell;
Or 'midſt the chaſe on every plain,
 The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
 For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
 And mourn'd, till Pity's ſelf be dead.

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§ 153. *Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomſon.* IB.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is ſuppoſed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies
 Where ſlowly winds the ſtealing wave!
The year's beſt ſweets ſhall duteous riſe,
 To deck its Poet's ſylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whiſpering reeds
 His airy harp ‡ ſhall now be laid,
That he, whoſe heart in ſorrow bleeds,
 May love through life the ſoothing ſhade.

Then maids and youths ſhall linger here,
 And, while its ſounds at diſtance ſwell,
Shall ſadly ſeem in Pity's ear
 To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft ſhall haunt the ſhore
 When Thames in ſummer wreaths is dreſt,
And oft ſuſpend the daſhing oar,
 To bid his gentle ſpirit reſt!

And oft as Eaſe and Health retire
 To breezy lawn, or foreſt deep,
The friend ſhall view yon whitening ‖ ſpire,
 And 'mid the varied landſcape weep.

But thou, who own'ſt that earthly bed,
 Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity ſhed,
 That mourn beneath the gliding ſail!

Yet lives there one, whoſe heedleſs eye
 Shall ſcorn thy pale ſhrine glimmering near?

* See the tragedy of Julius Cæſar. † Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's Dialogue on the Odyſſey.
‡ The harp of Æolus, of which ſee a deſcription in the Caſtle of Indolence.
‖ Mr. Thomſon was buried in Richmond church.

With him, ſweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy deſert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn ſtream, whoſe ſullen tide
No ſedge-crown'd ſiſters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's ſide
Whoſe cold turf hides the buried friend!

And ſee, the fairy vallies fade,
Dun night has veil'd the ſolemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted ſhade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

*The genial meads aſſign'd to bleſs
Thy life, ſhall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds, and ſhepherd girls ſhall dreſs
With ſimple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy ſtone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the muſing Briton's eyes;
O! vales, and wild woods, ſhall he ſay,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

§ 154. *Verſes written on a Paper, which contained a piece of Bride-cake.* COLLINS.

YE curious hands, that, hid from vulgar eyes,
By ſearch profane ſhall find this hallow'd cake,
With virtue's awe forbear the ſacred prize,
Nor dare a theft for love and pity's ſake!

This precious relick, form'd by magic power,
Beneath the ſhepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by love to charm the ſilent hour,
The ſecret preſent of a matchleſs maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond requeſt,
Each nice ingredient choſe with happieſt art;
Fears, ſighs, and wiſhes of th' enamour'd breaſt,
And pains that pleaſe, are mix'd in every part.

With roſy hand the ſpicy fruit ſhe brought,
From Paphian hills, and fair Cytherea's iſle;
And temper'd ſweet with theſe the melting thought,
The kiſs ambroſial, and the yielding ſmile.

Ambiguous looks, that ſcorn and yet relent,
Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth;
Reluctant pride, and amorous faint conſent,
And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward God! hath ſworn, while theſe remain,
With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear,
And chearful hope, ſo oft invok'd in vain,
With fairy ſongs ſhall ſoothe his penſive ear.

If, bound by vows to friendſhip's gentle ſide,
And fond of ſoul, thou hop'ſt an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
O, much intreated, leave this fatal place.

Sweet Peace, who long hath ſhunn'd my plaintive day,
Conſents at length to bring me ſhort delight,
Thy careleſs ſteps may ſcare her doves away,
And Grief with raven note uſurp the night.

SONNETS BY WARTON.

§ 155. *Written at Wynſlade in Hampſhire.*

WYNSLADE, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain
Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,
Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
'Gan the grey miſt with orient purple ſtain,
Or Evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train:
Her faireſt landſkips whence my Muſe has drawn,
Too free with ſervile courtly phraſe to fawn,
Too weak to try the buſkin's ſtately ſtrain.
Yet now no more thy ſlopes of beech and corn,
Nor views invite, ſince he far diſtant ſtrays,
With whom I trac'd their ſweets at eve and morn,
From Albion far, to cull Heſperian bays;
In this alone they pleaſe, howe'er forlorn,
That ſtill they can recal thoſe happier days.

§ 156. *On Bathing.* IBID.

WHEN late the trees were ſtript by winter pale,
Young Health, a dryad-maid in veſture green,
Or like the foreſt's ſilver-quiver'd queen,
On airy uplands met the piercing gale;
And, ere its earlieſt echo ſhook the vale,
Watching the hunter's joyous horn was ſeen.
But ſince, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot ſheen,
Summer has ſmote each daiſy-dappled dale;
She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath
The fount that laves proud Iſis' towered brim:
And now, all glad the temperate air to breathe,
While cooling drops diſtil from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with ſedgy wreath,
She ſits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

§ 157. *Written in a blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monaſticon.* IBID.

DEEM not, devoid of elegance, the ſage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
Of painful Pedantry the poring child;
Who turns, of theſe proud domes, th' hiſtoric page,
Now ſunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'ſt thou the warbling Muſes never ſmil'd
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage
His thought, on themes, unclaſſic falſely ſtil'd,
Intent. While cloiſter'd piety diſplays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the penſive bard his pictur'd ſtores.
Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but ſtrown with flowers.

§ 158. *Written at Stonehenge.* IBID.

THOU nobleſt monument of Albion's iſle!
Whether by Merlin's aid, from Scythia's ſhore,

* Mr. Thomſon reſided in the neighbourhood of Richmond ſome time before his death.

To

To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,
T' entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile*:
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:
Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Rear'd the rude heap: or in thy hallow'd round,
Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line;
Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd:
Studious to trace thy wond'rous origine,
We muse on many an antient tale renown'd.

§ 159. *Written after seeing Wilton-House.* WARTON.

FROM Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bow'rs,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart?
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous tow'rs,
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours!
Vain the complaint: for Fancy can impart
(To Fate superior, and to Fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall:
She, mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall:
Bid the green landskip's vernal beauty bloom;
And in bright trophies cloath the twilight wall.

§ 160. *To Mr. Gray.* IBID.

NOT that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
My rustic Muse her votive chaplet brings;
Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings!
While slowly pacing through the church-yard dew,
At curfue-time, beneath the dark-green yew,
Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings,
Or, borne sublime on inspiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
Of Edward's race, with murthers foul defil'd:
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay;
No, bard divine! For many a care beguil'd
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a raptur'd thought, and vision wild,
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

§ 161. *Sonnet.* IBID.

WHILE summer-suns o'er the gay prospect play'd,
Through Surry's verdant scenes, where Epsom spreads
Mid intermingling elms her flowery meads,
And Hascombe's hill, in towering groves array'd,
Rear'd its romantic steep, with mind serene
I journied blythe. Full pensive I return'd;
For now my breast with hopeless passion burn'd,
Wet with hoar mists appear'd the gaudy scene,
Which late in careless indolence I past;
And Autumn all around those hues had cast
Where past delight my recent grief might trace.
Sad change, that Nature a congenial gloom
Should wear, when most, my chearless mood to chase,
I wish'd her green attire, and wonted bloom!

§ 162. *On King Arthur's Round Table at Winchester.* IBID.

WHERE Venta's Norman castle still appears
It's rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy foss,
And scatter'd flinty fragments, clad in moss,
On yonder steep, in naked state appears,
High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
Old Arthur's Board: on the capacious round
Some British pen has sketch'd the names renown'd,
In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.
Though join'd by magic skill, with many a rime,
The Druid-frame, unhonour'd, falls a prey
To the slow vengeance of the wisard Time,
And fade the British characters away;
Yet Spenser's page, that chants in verse sublime
Those chiefs shall live unconscious of decay.

§ 163. *To the River Lodon.* IBID.

AH! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun:
Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive memory traces back the round,
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure
No more return, to chear my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.

SONNETS, BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

§ 164. *To the Moon.*

QUEEN of the silver bow!—by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy way.
And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think,—fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest:
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go,
Releas'd by death—to thy benignant sphere,
And the sad children of despair and woe
Forget in thee, their cup of sorrow here.

* One of the Bardish traditions about Stonehenge.

Oh!

Oh! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim—in this toiling scene!

§ 165. *On the Departure of the Nightingale.* Charlotte Smith.

SWEET poet of the woods—a long adieu!
Farewel, soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the 'night's dull ear.'
Whether on Spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive Muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song, she loves so well.
With cautious step, the love-lorn youth shall glide [nest;
Thro' the lone brake that shades thy mossy
And shepherd girls, from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird, who sings of pity best:
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow, and to love!

§ 166. *Written at the Close of Spring.* Ibid.

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flower which she had nurs'd in in dew,
Anemonies, that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and hare-bell, mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again—
Ah! poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion and corrosive care,
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring;
Ah! why has happiness—no second Spring?

§ 167. *Should the lone Wanderer.* Ibid.

SHOULD the lone Wanderer, fainting on his way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours, [lay,
And tho' his path thro' thorns and roughness
Pluck the wild rose, or woodbine's gadding flowers; [tree,
Weaving gay wreaths, beneath some sheltering
The sense of sorrow he awhile may lose;
So have I sought thy flow'rs, fair Poesy!
So charm'd my way, with Friendship and the Muse.
But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
Dark, with new clouds of evil yet to come,
Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb;
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
Where the pale spectre Care, pursues no more.

§ 168. *To Night.* Ibid.

I LOVE thee, mournful sober suited Night,
When the faint moon, yet lingering in her wane,
And veil'd in clouds, with pale uncertain light
Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.
In deep depression sunk, the enfeebled mind
Will to the deaf, cold elements complain,
And tell th' embosom'd grief, however vain,
To sullen surges and the viewless wind.
Tho' no repose on thy dark breast I find,
I still enjoy thee—cheerless as thou art;
For in thy quiet gloom, th' exhausted heart
Is calm, tho' wretched; hopeless, yet resign'd.
While, to the winds and waves its sorrows given, [Heaven!
May reach——tho' lost on earth——the ear of

§ 169. *To Tranquillity.* Ibid.

IN this tumultuous sphere, for thee unfit,
How seldom art thou found—Tranquillity!
Unless 'tis when with mild and downcast eye
By the low cradles, thou delight'st to sit,
Of sleeping infants, watching the soft breath,
And bidding the sweet slumberers easy lie;
Or sometimes hanging o'er the bed of death,
Where the poor languid sufferer—hopes to die.
Oh! beauteous sister of the halcyon peace!
I sure shall find thee in that heav'nly scene
Where care and anguish shall their pow'r resign;
Where hope alike, and vain regret shall cease;
And memory—lost in happiness serene,
Repeat no more——that misery has been mine!

§ 170. *Written in the Church Yard at Middleton in Sussex.* Ibid.

PRESS'D by the Moon, mute arbitress of tides,
While the loud equinox its power combines,
The sea no more its swelling surge confines,
But o'er the shrinking land sublimely rides.
The wild blast, rising from the Western cave,
Drives the huge billows from their heaving bed;
Tears from their grassy tombs the village dead,
And breaks the silent sabbath of the grave!
With shells and sea-weed mingled, on the shore
Lo! their bones whiten in the frequent wave;
But vain to them the winds and waters rave;
They hear the warring elements no more:
While I am doom'd—by life's long storm opprest,
To gaze with envy on their gloomy rest.

§ 171. *Written at Penshurst, in Autumn 1788.* Ibid.

YE towers sublime, deserted now and drear,
Ye woods, deep sighing to the hollow blast,
The musing wanderer loves to linger near,
While History points to all your glories past:
And startling from their haunts the timid deer,
To trace the walks obscur'd by matted fern,
Which Waller's soothing lyre were wont to hear,
But where now clamours the discordant heron!
The spoiling hand of Time may overturn

These

These lofty battlements, and quite deface
The fading canvas whence we love to learn
Sydney's keen look, and Sacharissa's grace;
But fame and beauty still defy decay,
Sav'd by the historic page——the poet's tender lay!

---

§ 172. *Elegy.* Charlotte Smith.

'Dark gathering clouds involve the threatening skies,
'The sea heaves, conscious of the impending gloom,
'Deep hollow murmurs from the cliffs arise;
'They come—the Spirits of the Tempest come!

'Oh! may such terrors mark the approaching night
'As reign'd on that these streaming eyes deplore!
'Flash ye red fires of heaven, with fatal light,
'And with conflicting winds, ye waters roar!

'Loud and more loud ye foaming billows burst!
'Ye warring elements more fiercely rave!
'Till the wide waves o'erwhelm the spot accurst
'Where ruthless Avarice finds a quiet grave!'

Thus with clasp'd hands, wild looks, and streaming hair,
While shrieks of horror broke her trembling speech,
A wretched maid—the victim of despair,
Survey'd the threatening storm and desart beech.

Then to the tomb where now the father slept,
Whose rugged nature bade her sorrows flow,
Frantic she turn'd—and beat her breast and wept,
Invoking vengeance on the dust below.

'Lo! rising there above each humbler heap,
'Yon cypher'd stones *his* name and wealth relate,
'Who gave his son—remorseless—to the deep,
'While I, his living victim, curse my fate.

'Oh! my lost love, no tomb is plac'd for thee,
'That may to strangers eyes thy worth impart;
'Thou hast no grave, but in the stormy sea,
'And no memorial but this breaking heart.

'Forth to the world, a widow'd wanderer driven,
'I pour to winds and waves the unheeded tear,
'Try with vain effort to submit to Heaven,
'And fruitless call on him——"who cannot hear."

'Oh! might I fondly clasp him once again,
'While o'er my head the infuriate billows pour,
'Forget in death this agonizing pain,
'And feel his father's cruelty no more!

'Part, raging waters part, and shew beneath,
'In your dread caves his pale and mangled form;
'Now, while the demons of despair and death
'Ride on the blast, and urge the howling storm!

'Lo! by the lightning's momentary blaze,
'I see him rise the whitening waves above;
'No longer such as when in happier days
'He gave the enchanted hours—to me and love.

'Such, as when daring the enchafed sea,
'And courting dangerous toil, he often said,
'That every peril, one soft smile from me,
'One smile of speechless tenderness, o'er paid.

'But dead, disfigur'd, while between the roar
'Of the loud waves his accents pierce mine ear,
'And seem to say—Ah! wretch, delay no more,
'But come, unhappy mourner!—meet me here.

'Yet, powerful Fancy! bid the phantom stay,
'Still let me hear him!—'Tis already past;
'Along the waves his shadow glides away,
'I lose his voice amid the deafening blast.

'Ah! wild illusion, born of frantic pain!
'He hears not, comes not from his watery bed;
'My tears, my anguish, my despair, are vain,
'The insatiate ocean gives not up its dead.

'Tis not his voice! Hark! the deep thunders roll;
'Up-heaves the ground; the rocky barriers fail;
'Approach, ye horrors that delight my soul,
'Despair, and Death, and Desolation, hail!'

The ocean hears—Th' embodied waters come—
Rise o'er the land, and with resistless sweep
Tear from its base the proud aggressor's tomb,
And bear the injur'd to eternal sleep!

---

§ 173. *Epitaph on Miss Stanley.* Thomson.

Here, Stanley, rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,
And sternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art, to save her anxious groan,
No more thy bosom presses down its own.
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear!
O born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm;
To shew us Virtue in her fairest form;
To shew us artless Reason's moral reign,
What boastful science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient passions knowing each their part;
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!
Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye:
'Tis the great birth-right of mankind *to die.*
Blest be the bark! that wafts us to the shore,
Where death-divided friends shall part no more:
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

---

§ 174. *To the Reverend Mr. Murdoch, Rector of Straddishall in Suffolk,* 1738. Ibid.

Thus safely low, my friend, thou canst not fall:
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;
Men, woods and fields, all breathe untroubled life.

Then

Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the storms of fate:
High bliss is only for a higher state.

---

§ 175. *Ode.* THOMSON.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?
Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his chearless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;
Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
O visit thou my soothing dream!

---

§ 176. *Verses, supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary Abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.* COWPER.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see,
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heav'nly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These vallies and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair,
Ev'n here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabbin repair.
There is mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

---

§ 177. *Ode to Peace.* IBID.

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest!
Return, and make thy downy nest
Once more in this sad heart:
Nor riches I, nor pow'r pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view,
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From av'rice and ambition free,
And pleasure's fatal wiles;
For whom, alas! dost thou prepare
The sweets that I was wont to share,
The banquet of thy smiles?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
The heav'n that thou alone canst make;
And wilt thou quit the stream
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove and the sequester'd shed,
To be a guest with them?

For thee I planted, thee I priz'd,
For thee I gladly sacrific'd
Whate'er I lov'd before;
And shall I see thee start away,
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—
Farewel! we meet no more?

---

§ 178. *Human Frailty.* IBID.

WEAK and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain,
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part,
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis

'Tis here the folly of the wiſe
  Through all his art we view,
And while his tongue the charge denies,
  His conſcience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
  And dangers little known,
A ſtranger to ſuperior ſtrength,
  Man vainly truſts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
  To reach the diſtant coaſt,
The breath of heav'n muſt ſwell the ſail,
  Or all the toil is loſt.

§ 179. *On obſerving ſome Names of little Note recorded in the Biographia Britannica.* Cowper.

OH fond attempt to give a deathleſs lot
  To names ignoble, born to be forgot!
In vain recorded in hiſtoric page,
They court the notice of a future age,
Thoſe twinkling tiny luſtres of the land
Drop one by one from fame's neglecting hand;
Lethæan gulphs receive them as they fall,
And dark oblivion ſoon abſorbs them all.

  So when a child (as playful children uſe,)
Has burnt to tinder a ſtale laſt year's news,
The flame extinct, he views the roving fire,
There goes my lady, and there goes the ſquire;
There goes the parſon, oh! illuſtrious ſpark;
And there, ſcarce leſs illuſtrious, goes the clerk.

§ 180. *The Nightingale and Glow-worm.* Ib.

A Nightingale, that all day long
  Had cheer'd the village with his ſong,
Nor yet at eve his note ſuſpended,
Nor yet when even-tide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He ſpied far off, upon the ground,
A ſomething ſhining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his ſpark,
So, ſtooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop;
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangu'd him thus, right eloquent:

  Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,
As much as I your minſtrelſy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to ſpoil your ſong;
For 'twas the ſelf-ſame Power divine,
Taught you to ſing, and me to ſhine,
That you with muſic, I with light
Might beautify and cheer the night.
The ſongſter heard his ſhort oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Releas'd him, as my ſtory tells,
And found a ſupper ſomewhere elſe.

  Hence jarring ſectaries may learn
Their real int'reſt to diſcern:
That brother ſhould not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other,
But ſing and ſhine by ſweet conſent,
'Till life's poor tranſient night is ſpent,
Reſpecting in each other's caſe
The gifts of nature and of grace.

  Thoſe Chriſtians beſt deſerve the name
Who ſtudiouſly make peace their aim;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

§ 181. *On a Goldfinch, ſtarved to Death in his Cage.* Ibid.

TIME was when I was free as air,
  The thiſtle's downy ſeed my fare,
    My drink the morning dew;
I perch'd at will on ev'ry ſpray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
    My ſtrains for ever new.

But gawdy plumage, ſprightly ſtrain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
    And of a tranſient date;
For caught and cag'd, and ſtarv'd to death,
In dying ſighs my little breath
    Soon paſs'd the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle ſwain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual cloſe
    And cure of ev'ry ill!
More cruelty could none expreſs,
And I, if you had ſhewn me leſs,
    Had been your pris'ner ſtill.

§ 182. *The Pine-apple and the Bee.* Ibid.

THE pine-apples in triple row
  Were baſking hot and all in blow,
A bee of moſt diſcerning taſte
Perceiv'd the fragrance as he paſs'd.
On eager wing the ſpoiler came,
And ſearch'd for crannies in the frame;
Urg'd his attempt on ev'ry ſide,
To ev'ry pane his trunk applied;
But ſtill in vain, the frame was tight,
And only pervious to the light.
Thus having waſted half the day,
He trimm'd his flight another way.

  Methinks, I ſaid, in thee I find
The ſin and madneſs of mankind;
To joys forbidden man aſpires,
Conſumes his ſoul with vain deſires;
Folly the ſpring of his purſuit,
And diſappointment all the fruit.
While Cynthio ogles as ſhe paſſes
The nymph between two chariot-glaſſes;
She is the pine-apple, and he
The ſilly unſucceſsful bee.
The maid who views with penſive air
The ſhow-glaſs fraught with glitt'ring ware,
Sees watches, bracelets, rings, and lockets,
But ſighs at thought of empty pockets;
Like thine her appetite is keen,
But ah the cruel glaſs between!

  Our dear delights are often ſuch,
Expos'd to view, but not to touch;
The ſight our fooliſh heart inflames,
We long for pine-apples in frames,

With hopeless wish one looks and lingers,
One breaks the glass, and cuts his fingers;
But they whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

---

§ 183. *Horace. Book* ii. *Ode* 10. COWPER.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse fortune's pow'r:
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treach'rous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbitt'ring all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the pow'r
Of wintry blast, the loftiest tow'r
Comes heaviest to the ground,
The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with an wholesome fear,
And hopes in spite of pain;
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
And nature laughs again.

What if thine heav'n be over-cast,
The dark appearance will not last,
Expect a brighter sky;
The god that strings the silver bow
Awakes sometimes the muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen:
But oh! if fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvas in.

---

§ 184. *A Reflection on the foregoing Ode.* IB.

AND is this all? Can reason do no more
Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the shore?
Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has a heart unknown to thee;
He holds no parley with unmanly fears,
Where duty bids he confidently steers;
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

---

§ 185. *The Shrubbery. Written in a Time of Affliction.* IBID.

OH happy shades! to me unblest,
Friendly to peace, but not to me;
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart that cannot rest, agree!

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders quiv'ring to the breeze,
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if any thing could please.

But fixt unalterable care
Foregoes not what she feels within,
Shows the same sadness ev'ry where,
And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleas'd in wood or lawn,
While peace possess'd these silent bow'rs,
Her animating smile withdrawn,
Hath lost its beauties and its pow'rs.

The saint or moralist should tread
This moss-grown alley, musing slow;
They seek, like me, the secret shade,
But not, like me, to nourish woe.

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste
Alike admonish not to roam;
These tell me of enjoyments past,
And those of sorrows yet to come.

---

§ 186. *Mutual Forbearance necessary to the Happiness of the Married State.* IBID.

THE Lady thus addresss'd her spouse—
What a mere dungeon is this house,
By no means large enough, and was it,
Yet this dull room, and that dark closet,
Those hangings with their worn-out graces,
Long beards, long noses, and pale faces,
Are such an antiquated scene,
They overwhelm me with the spleen.
Sir Humphrey, shooting in the dark,
Makes answer quite beside the mark:
No doubt, my dear, I bade him come,
Engag'd myself to be at home,
And shall expect him at the door
Precisely when the clock strikes four.
You are so deaf! the Lady cried,
(And rais'd her voice, and frown'd beside)
You are so sadly deaf, my dear,
What shall I do to make you hear?
Dismiss poor Harry! he replies,
Some people are more nice than wise;
For one slight trespass all this stir!
What if I did ride whip and spur,
'Twas but a mile—your fav'rite horse
Will never look one hair the worse.—
Well, I protest 'tis past all bearing!—
Child! I am rather hard of hearing—
Yes, truly—one must scream and bawl,
I tell you, you can't hear at all.
Then with a voice exceeding low,
No matter if you hear or no.
Alas! and is domestic strife,
That sorest ill of human life,
A plague so little to be fear'd,
As to be wantonly incurr'd;
To gratify a fretful passion,
On every trivial provocation?
The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something ev'ry day they live
To pity, and, perhaps, forgive.

But if infirmities that fall
In common to the lot of all,
A blemish or a sense impair'd,
Are crimes so little to be spar'd,
Then farewel all that must create
The comfort of the wedded state:
Instead of harmony, 'tis jar
And tumult, and intestine war.
The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserv'd by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention,
But lives, when that exterior grace
Which first inspir'd the flame, decays.
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure:
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression
Shews love to be a mere profession,
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is.

---

§ 187. *The Winter Nosegay.* COWPER.

WHAT nature, alas! has denied
To the delicate growth of our isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
And winter is deck'd with a smile.
See, Mary, what beauties I bring
From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flow'rs have the charms of the spring,
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

'Tis a bow'r of Arcadian sweets,
Where Flora is still in her prime,
A fortress to which she retreats,
From the cruel assaults of the clime.
While earth wears a mantle of snow,
The pinks are as fresh and as gay,
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely surviv'd
The frowns of a sky so severe,
Such Mary's true love, that has liv'd
Through many a turbulent year.
The charms of the late blowing rose
Seem grac'd with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow best shows
The truth of a friend, such as you.

---

§ 188. *Boadicea, an Ode.* IBID.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Ev'ry burning word he spoke,
Full of rage and full of grief:

Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states,
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.

Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name,
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet, but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rush'd to battle, fought and died,
Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heav'n awards the vengeance due,
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

---

§ 189. *Heroism.* IBID.

THERE was a time when Ætna's silent fire
Slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire;
When, conscious of no danger from below,
She tower'd a cloud-capt pyramid of snow.
No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
The blooming groves that girdled her around,
Her unctious olives and her purple vines,
(Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)
The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assur'd,
In peace upon her sloping sides matur'd.
When on a day, like that of the last doom,
A conflagration lab'ring in her womb,
She teem'd and heav'd with an infernal birth,
That shook the circling seas and solid earth.
Dark and voluminous the vapours rise,
And hang their horrors in the neighb'ring skies,
While through the Stygian veil that blots the day,
In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play.
But oh! what muse, and in what power of song,
Can trace the torrent as it burns along?
Havock and devastation in the van,
It marches o'er the prostrate works of man;
Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,
And all the charms of a Sicilian year.
Revolving seasons, fruitless as they pass,
See it an uniform'd and idle mass,
Without a soil t' invite the tiller's care,
Or blade that might redeem it from despair.

Yet

Yet time at length (what will not time atchieve?)
Cloaths it with earth, and bids the produce live:
Once more the spiry myrtle crowns the glade,
And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.
Oh bliss precarious, and unsafe retreats,
Oh charming paradise of short-liv'd sweets!
The self-same gale that wafts the fragrance round,
Brings to the distant ear a sullen sound;
Again the mountain feels th' imprison'd foe,
Again pours ruin on the vale below;
Ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore,
That only future ages can restore.
Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honour draws,
Who write in blood the merits of your cause,
Who strike the blow, then plead your own defence,
Glory your aim, but justice your pretence;
Behold in Ætna's emblamatic fires
The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires.
Fast by the stream that bounds your just domain,
And tells you where ye have a right to reign,
A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,
Studious of peace, their neighbours and their own.
Ill fated race! how deeply must they rue
Their only crime, vicinity to you!
The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,
Through the ripe harvest lies their destin'd road,
At every step beneath their feet they tread
The life of multitudes, a nation's bread;
Earth seems a garden in its loveliest dress
Before them, and behind a wilderness;
Famine, and Pestilence, her first-born son,
Attend to finish what the sword begun,
And echoing praises, such as fiends might earn,
And folly pays, resound at your return.
A calm succeeds—but plenty, with her train
Of heart-felt joys, succeeds not soon again;
And years of pining indigence must shew
What scourges are the gods that rule below.
Yet man, laborious man, by slow degrees,
(Such is his thirst of opulence and ease)
Plies all the sinews of industrious toil,
Gleans up the refuse of the general spoil,
Rebuilds the tow'rs that smok'd upon the plain,
And the sun gilds the shining spires again.
Increasing commerce and reviving art
Renew the quarrel on the conqu'ror's part,
And the sad lesson must be learn'd once more,
That wealth within is ruin at the door.
What are ye, monarchs, laurel'd heroes, say,
But Ætnas of the suffering world ye sway?
Sweet nature, stripp'd of her embroider'd robe,
Deplores the wasted regions of her globe,
And stands a witness at truth's awful bar,
To prove you there, destroyers as ye are.
O place me in some heav'n-protected isle,
Where peace, and equity, and freedom smile,
Where no Volcano pours his fiery flood,
No crested warrior dips his plume in blood.
Where pow'r secures what industry has won,
Where to succeed is not to be undone,
A land that distant tyrants hate in vain,
In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign.

§ 190. *The Poet, the Oyster, and Sensitive Plant.* Cowper.

An Oyster cast upon the shore
Was heard, though never heard before;
Complaining in a speech well worded,
And worthy thus to be recorded:
Ah hapless wretch! condemn'd to dwell
For ever in my native shell,
Ordain'd to move when others please,
Not for my own content or ease,
But toss'd and buffeted about,
Now in the water, and now out.
'Twere better to be born a stone
Of ruder shape and feeling none,
Than with a tenderness like mine,
And sensibility so fine:
I envy that unfeeling shrub,
Fast-rooted against ev'ry rub.
The plant he meant grew not far off,
And felt the sneer with scorn enough;
Was hurt, disgusted, mortified,
And with asperity replied.
When, cry the botanists, and stare,
Did plants call'd sensitive grow there?
No matter when—a poet's muse is
To make them grow just where she chooses.
You shapeless nothing in a dish,
You that are but almost a fish,
I scorn your coarse insinuation,
And have most plentiful occasion
To wish myself the rock I view,
Or such another dolt as you.
For many a grave and learned clerk,
And many a gay unletter'd spark,
With curious touch examine me,
If I can feel as well as he;
And when I bend, retire, and shrink,
Says, Well, 'tis more than one would think.—
Thus life is spent, oh fie upon 't!
In being touch'd, and crying, Don't!
A poet, in his evening walk,
O'erheard and check'd this idle talk.
And your fine sense, he said, and yours,
Whatever evil it endures,
Deserves not, if so soon offended,
Much to be pitied or commended.
Disputes though short, are far too long,
Where both alike are in the wrong;
Your feelings, in their full amount,
Are all upon your own account.
You in your grotto-work inclos'd
Complain of being thus expos'd,
Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,
Save when the knife is at your throat,
Wherever driven by wind or tide,
Exempt from every ill beside.
And as for you, my Lady Squeamish,
Who reckon ev'ry touch a blemish;
If all the plants that can be found
Embellishing the scene around,
Should droop and wither where they grow,
You would not feel at all, not you.
The noblest minds their virtue prove
By pity, sympathy, and love;

These, these are feelings truly fine,
And prove their owner half divine.
His censure reach'd them as he dealt it;
And each by shrinking shew'd he felt it.

§ 191. *A Fable.* COWPER.

A RAVEN while, with glossy breast,
Her new-laid eggs she fondly press'd,
And on her wicker-work high mounted,
Her chickens prematurely counted,
(A fault philosophers might blame,
If quite exempted from the same)
Enjoy'd at ease the genial day,
'Twas April as the bumpkins say,
The legislature call'd it May.
But suddenly a wind, as high
As ever swept a winter sky,
Shook the young leaves about her ears,
And fill'd her with a thousand fears,
Lest the rude blast should snap the bough,
And spread her golden hopes below.
But just at eve the blowing weather,
And all her fears were hush'd together:
And now quoth poor unthinking Ralph,
'Tis over, and the brood is safe.
(For ravens, though, as birds of omen,
They teach both conj'rors and old women,
To tell us what is to befall,
Can't prophesy, themselves, at all.)
The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,
Who long had mark'd her airy lodge,
And destin'd all the treasure there
A gift to his expecting fair,
Climb'd like a squirrel to his prey,
And bore the worthless prize away.

MORAL.

'Tis providence alone secures,
In every change, both mine and your's.
Safety consists not in escape
From dangers of a frightful shape:
An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangled by a hair.
Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oft'nest in what least we dread,
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.

§ 192. *The Love of the World detected.* IBID.

THUS says the prophet of the Turk,
Good mussulman abstain from pork;
There is a part in ev'ry swine,
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication.
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part express'd,
They might with safety eat the rest;
But for one piece they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debarr'd,
And set their wit at work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.
Much controversy strait arose,
These chuse the back, the belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said
He meant not to forbid the head,
While others at that doctrine rail,
And piously prefer the tail.
Thus, conscience freed from ev'ry clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.
You laugh—'tis well—the tale apply'd
May make you laugh on t' other side.
Renounce the world, the preacher cries—
We do—a multitude replies.
While one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play;
Some love a concert or a race,
And others, shooting at the chase.
Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,
Thus bit by bit the world is swallow'd;
Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he;
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
'Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

§ 193. *The Jack Daw.* IBID.

THERE is a bird who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be suppos'd a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

About the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather;
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree-show
That occupies mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think no doubt he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall;
No, not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great round-about,
The world, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its bus'nesses
Are no concern at all of his,
And says, what says he?—Caw.

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men,
And, sick of having seen them,
Would chearfully these limbs resign,
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

§ 194. SPRING.

An Ode. Dr. JOHNSON.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repreſs'd,
Forbears the long continued ſtrife;
And nature, on her naked breaſt,
Delights to catch the gales of life.

Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft pleaſure, with her laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.

Unhappy! whom to beds of pain,
Arthritic * tyranny conſigns;
Whom ſmiling nature courts in vain,
Tho' rapture ſings and beauty ſhines.

Yet tho' my limbs diſeaſe invades,
Her wings imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful ſhades
Where ———'s humble turrets riſe.

Here ſtop, my ſoul, thy rapid flight,
Nor from the pleaſing groves depart,
Where firſt great nature charm'd my ſight,
Where wiſdom firſt inform'd my heart.

Here let me thro' the vales purſue,
A guide—a father—and a friend,
Once more great nature's works renew,
Once more on wiſdom's voice attend.

From falſe careſſes, cauſeleſs ſtrife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the uſe of life,
When beſt enjoy'd—when moſt improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,
Cool meditation's quiet ſeat,
The generous ſcorn of venal power,
The ſilent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatneſs climbs,
Or raging factions ruſh to war,
Here let me learn to ſhun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not ſhare.

But leſt I fall by ſubtler foes,
Bright wiſdom teach me Curio's art,
The ſwelling paſſions to compoſe,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

§ 195. *The* MIDSUMMER'S WISH. *An Ode.*

IBID.

O Phœbus! down the weſtern ſky,
Far hence diffuſe thy burning ray,
Thy light to diſtant worlds ſupply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come gentle eve, the friend of care,
Come Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refreſh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light.

Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet nature ſpreads;
Where the green bower with roſes crown'd,
In ſhowers its fragrant foilage ſheds.

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let muſic die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every ſtrain be tun'd to love.

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
Come, born to fill its vaſt deſires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inſpires.

Whilſt, all my wiſh and thine complete,
By turns we languiſh and we burn,
Let ſighing gales our ſighs repeat,
Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.

Let me, when nature calls to reſt,
And bluſhing ſkies the morn foretell,
Sink on the down of Stella's breaſt,
And bid the waking world farewell.

§ 196. AUTUMN. *An Ode.*

IBID.

ALAS! with ſwift and ſilent pace,
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The ſeaſons change, and nature's face
Now ſweetly ſmiles, now frowns ſevere.

'Twas Spring, t'was Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flowers of Spring are ſwept away,
And ſummer fruits deſert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the weſtern breeze,
Now trod in duſt neglected lie,
As Boreas ſtrips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As ruſſet heaths are wild and bare;
Not moiſt with dew, but drench'd in rain,
Nor health, nor pleaſure wanders there.

No more, while thro' the midnight ſhade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I ſtray,
Soft pleaſing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious climb ſhe ſoars,
O! would ſome God but wings ſupply!
To where each morn the Spring reſtores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wiſh! me fate compels to bear
The downward ſeaſons' iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And ſhiver on a blaſted plain.

What bliſs to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and ſhowers, and ſtorms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

Oh! what remains! what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour?
The grape remains! the friend of wit,
In love and mirth, of mighty power.

* The author being ill of the gout.

Haſte

Haste—press the clusters, fill the bowl;
Apollo! shoot thy parting ray:
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
This god of health, and verse, and day.

Still—still the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms shall glow,
And every bliss in wine shall meet.

§ 197. WINTER. *An Ode.* Dr. Johnson.

No more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
Usurping darkness shares the day;
Her mists restrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles thro' the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious steps I rove
Thro' verdant paths now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend;
Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
With light and heat my little sphere;
Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,
Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy!
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
Nor music charm—tho' Stella sings;
Nor love, nor wine, the Spring restore.

Catch then, O! catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower,
He dies—alas! How soon he dies!

§ 198. *An* EVENING ODE. *To Stella.* Ibid.

Evening now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed;
Shake the reed, and curl the stream,
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
Hears, and keeps thy secrets, love.
Stella, thither let us stray!
Lightly o'er the dewy way,
Phœbus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his stead, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that seems but just to show,
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow;
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ,
Silence best, and conscious shades,
Please the hearts that love invades,
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but love disdain.

§ 199. *The* NATURAL BEAUTY. *To Stella.* Ibid.

Whether Stella's eyes are found
Fix'd on earth, or glancing round;
If her face with pleasure glow,
If she sigh at others' woe,
If her easy air express
Conscious worth, or soft distress,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminish'd grace.
If on her we see display'd
Pendant gems, and rich brocade,
If her chintz with less expence
Flows in easy negligence;
Still she lights the conscious flame,
Still her charms appear the same;
If she strikes the vocal strings,
If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
If she sit, or if she move,
Still we love, and still approve.
Vain the casual, transient glance,
Which alone can please by chance,
Beauty, which depends on art,
Changing with the changing art,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendant gems and rich brocade,
I those charms alone can prize,
Which from constant nature rise,
Which nor circumstance, nor dress,
E'er can make, or more, or less.

§ 200. *The Vanity of Wealth.* Ibid.

No more thus brooding o'er your heap,
With Avarice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
O! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys!
To purchase heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
With science tread the wond'rous way,
Or learn the Muses' moral lay;
In social hours indulge thy soul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;

To virtuous love resign thy breast,
And be, by blessing beauty—blest.
Thus taste the feast by nature spread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
Come taste with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.
I boast whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content;
And scorn! Oh! let that scorn be thine!
Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

§ 201. *To Miss ———, on her giving the Author a Gold and Silk Net-work Purse of her own weaving.* Dr. Johnson.

Though gold and silk their charms unite
To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the varied work would shine,
If wrought by any hand but thine;
Thy hand that knows the subtler art,
To weave those nets that catch the heart.
Spread out by me, the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine;
Nor can I hope thy silken chain
The glittering vagrants shall restrain.
Why, Stella, was it then decreed
The heart once caught should ne'er be freed?

§ 202. *To* Lyce, *an elderly Lady.* Ibid.

Ye nymphs whom starry rays invest,
By flattering poets given,
Who shine by lavish lovers drest
In all the pomp of heaven.

Engross not all the beams on high,
Which gild a lover's lays,
But as your sister of the sky,
Let Lyce share the praise.

Her silver locks display the moon,
Her brows a cloudy show,
Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,
And showers from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,
She's starr'd with pimples o'er;
Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
And can with thunder roar.

But some Zelinda, while I sing,
Denies my Lyce shines;
And all the pens of Cupid's wing
Attack my gentle lines.

Yet spite of fair Zelinda's eye,
And all her bards express,
My Lyce makes as good a sky,
And I but flatter less.

§ 203. *Epitaph on Sir Thomas Hanmer.* Ibid.

Thou who survey'st these walls with curious eye,
Pause at this tomb where Hanmer's ashes lie;
His various worth thro varied life attend,
And learn his virtues, while thou mourn'st his end.
His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth;
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.
Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the studious shade;
In life's first bloom his public toils began,
At once commenc'd the senator and man.
In business dext'rous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the state;
In every speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
In every act refulgent virtue glow'd;
Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.
Resistless merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.
Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,
When Hanmer fill'd the chair—and Anne the throne!
Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,
The Moderator firmly mild appear'd—
Beheld with love—with veneration heard.
This task perform'd—he sought no gainful post,
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost;
Strict on the right he fix'd his steadfast eye,
With temperate zeal, and wise anxiety;
Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aside,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure, or of pride.
Her gifts despis'd, Corruption blush'd and fled,
And Fame pursu'd him where Conviction led.
Age call'd, at length, his active mind to rest,
With honours sated, and with cares opprest;
To letter'd ease retir'd and honest mirth,
To rural grandeur and domestic worth:
Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.
Calm Conscience, then, his former life survey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the shade,
Till Nature call'd him to the general doom,
And Virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb.

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, AND OTHER LITTLE PIECES.

§ 1. *By Dr.* Young.

As in ſmooth oil the razor beſt is whet,
So wit is by politeneſs ſharpeſt ſet;
Their want of edge from their offence is ſeen;
Both pain us leaſt when exquiſitely keen.

§ 2. *Advice to Mr. Pope, on his intended Tranſlation of Homer*, 1714.

O THOU, who with a happy genius born,
Canſt tuneful verſe in flowing numbers turn,
Crown'd on thy Windſor's plains with early bays,
Be early wiſe, nor truſt to barren praiſe;
Blind was the bard that ſung Achilles' rage,
He ſung, and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving age:
If Britain his tranſlated ſong wou'd hear,
Firſt take the gold—then charm the liſtening ear;
So ſhall thy father Homer ſmile to ſee
His penſion paid—tho' late; and paid to Thee.

§ 3. *Under the Print of Tom Briton, the muſical Small-coal Man.*

Hughes.

THO' mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell;
Well pleas'd, Apollo thither led his train,
And muſic warbled in her ſweeteſt ſtrain:
Cyllenius ſo, as fables tell, and Jove,
Came willing gueſts to poor Philemon's grove.
Let uſeleſs pomp behold, and bluſh to find
So low a ſtation, ſuch a lib'ral mind.

§ 4.

TH' inſpiring muſes, and the God of love,
Which moſt ſhou'd grace the fair Melinda ſtrove;
Love arm'd her with his bow and keeneſt darts,
The muſes more enrich'd her mind with arts.
Tho' Greece in ſhining temples heretofore
Did Venus' and Minerva's pow'rs adore,
The ancients thought no ſingle goddeſs fit
To reign at once o'er beauty and o'er wit;
Each was a ſep'rate claim; 'till now we find
The diff'rent titles in Melinda join'd.

§ 5.

AN Opera, like a pill'ry, may be ſaid
To nail our ears down, but expoſe our head.

§ 6.

LUCIA thinks happineſs conſiſts in ſtate;
She weds an ideot; but ſhe eats in plate.

§ 7. *To the Hon. Mrs. Percival, with Hutcheſon's Treatiſe on Beauty and Order.*

Grierson.

TH' internal ſenſes painted here we ſee;
They're born in others, but they live in thee.
O! were our author with thy converſe bleſt,
Could he behold the virtues of thy breaſt;
His needleſs labours with contempt he'd view,
And bid the world not read—but copy you.

§ 8.

JACK, eating rotten cheeſe, did ſay,
Like Samſon, I my thouſands ſlay;
I vow, quoth Roger, ſo you do,
And with the ſelf-ſame weapon too.

§ 9. *On God's Omnipotence.*

WHEN Egypt's hoſt God's choſen tribe purſu'd,
In cryſtal walls th' admiring waters ſtood;
When thro' the dreary waſtes they took their way,
The rocks relented, and pour'd forth a ſea!
What limits can th' almighty goodneſs know,
Since ſeas can harden, and ſince rocks can flow!

§ 10. Similis ſimili gaudet.

WHEN Chloe's picture was to Chloe ſhown,
Adorn'd with charms and beauty not her own,
Where Hogarth, pitying nature, kindly made
Such lips, ſuch eyes, as Chloe never had;
Ye Gods! ſhe cries, in ecſtacy of heart,
How near can nature be expreſs'd by art!
Well! it is wond'rous like!—nay, let me die,
The very pouting lip,—the killing eye!
Blunt and ſevere, as Manly in the play,
Downright replies—Like, Madam, do you ſay?
The picture bears this likeneſs, it is true;
The canvas painted is, and ſo are you.

§ 11.

MY ſickly ſpouſe, with many a ſigh,
Oft tells me,—Billy, I ſhall die:
I griev'd, but recollected ſtrait
'Tis bootleſs—to contend with fate:
So reſignation to Heav'n's will
Prepar'd me for ſucceeding ill;
'Twas well it did, for, on my life,
'Twas Heav'n's will—to ſpare my wife.

§ 12.

AS Sherlock at Temple was taking a boat,
The waterman aſk'd him which way he wou'd float;
Which way! (ſays the Doctor) why, fool, with the ſtream:
To Paul's or to Lambeth—'twas all one to him.

§ 13. *On a Prelate's going out of Church in Time of Divine Service, to wait on the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.*

LORD Pam in the church (could you think it) kneel'd down:
When told that the Duke was just come to town,
His station despising, unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God, to attend on his Grace:
To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no share in his lordship's promotion.

§ 14.

A Hum'rous fellow in a tavern late,
Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken pate;
The surgeon with his instruments and skill,
Searches the skull, deeper, and deeper still,
To feel his brains, and try if they were sound;
And, as he keeps ado about the wound,
The fellow cries, Good surgeon, spare your pains,
When I began this brawl I had no brains.

§ 15.

BY fav'ring wit, Mæcenas purchas'd fame,
Virgil's own works immortaliz'd his name:
A double share of fame is Dorset's due,
At once the patron, and the poet too.

§ 16. *On an eminent Modern Preacher.*

POLLIO must needs to penitence excite;
For, see, his scarf is rich, and gloves are white;
Behold his notes display'd, his body rais'd,
With what a zeal he labours to be prais'd!
No stubborn sinner able to withstand
The force and reas'ning of his wig and hand:
Much better pleas'd, so pious his intent,
With five that laugh, than fifty who repent:
On moral duties, when his tongue refines,
Tully and Plato are his best divines;
What Matthew says, or Mark, the proof but small;
What Locke or Clarke asserts—good scripture all:
Touch'd with each weakness which he does arraign,
With vanity he talks against the vain;
With ostentation does to meekness guide,
Proud of his periods levell'd against pride;
Ambitiously the love of glory slights,
And damns the love of fame—for which he writes.

§ 17.

THE Latin word for cold, one ask'd his friend;
It is, said he—'tis at my finger's end.

§ 18. *The World.*

THE world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart;
'Tis falsely printed, tho' divinely penn'd,
And all th' errata will appear at th' end.

§ 19. *On the Battle of the Books.*

SWIFT for the ancients has argu'd so well,
'Tis apparent from thence, that the moderns excel.

§ 20.

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed,
Which of their lands maintain'd the greatest state;
The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,
The Welshman yet wou'd not his vaunts abate;
Ten cooks, quoth he, in Wales, one wedding sees;
Ay, quoth the other, each man toasts his cheese.

§ 21. *From the Latin.*

UNHAPPY, Dido, was thy fate,
In first and second wedded state!
One husband caus'd thy flight by dying,
Thy death the other caus'd by flying.

§ 22. *On the Funeral of Vulture Hopkins.*

WHAT num'rous lights this wretch's corpse attend,
Who, in his life-time, sav'd a candle's end!

§ 23. *The Humourist. Imitated from Martial.*

IN all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen, about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

§ 24.

A Haughty courtier, meeting in the streets
A scholar, him thus insolently greets;
Base men to take the wall I ne'er permit;
The scholar said, I do; and gave him it.

§ 25.

THUS with kind words Sir Edward cheer'd his friend:
Dear Dick! thou on my friendship may'st depend;
I know thy fortune is but very scant;
But, be assur'd, I'll ne'er see Dick in want.
Dick 's soon confin'd—his friend, no doubt, wou'd free him:
—His word he kept—in want he ne'er wou'd *see* him.

§ 26.

WHEN men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.

§ 27. *To Henry Purcel.*

TO you a tribute from each muse is due;
The whole poetic tribe 's oblig'd to you;
For surely none but you, with equal ease,
Cou'd add to David, and make D'Urfey please.

§ 28. *On the Offering made by King James I. at a grave Comedy, called The Marriage of Arts.*

AT Christ-Church Marriage, play'd before the king,
Lest these learn'd mates should want an offering,
The king himself did offer—what, I pray?
He offer'd, twice or thrice, to go away.

§ 29. *A Country Parson's Answer to a young Lady, who sent him her Compliments on the Ten of Hearts.*

YOUR Compliments, dear lady, pray forbear,
Old English services are more sincere:
You send ten Hearts; the tythe is only mine;
Give me but one, and burn the other nine.

§ 30. *By Dr.* DONNE.

I AM unable, yonder Beggar cries,
To stand or go; if he says true, he lies.

§ 31.

MOORE always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles, you think, approving what he writes;
And yet in this no vanity is shewn;
A modest man may like what's not his own.

§ 32.

FRIEND, in your Epitaphs I'm griev'd,
So very much is said:
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

§ 33. *To Mr. Thomson, who had procured the Author a Benefit Night.*

DENNIS.

REflecting on thy worth, methinks I find
Thy various Seasons in their author's mind.
Spring opes her blossoms, various as thy muse,
And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
And o'er each page a tawney ripeness throws.
Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,
Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.
Winter—But that no semblance takes from thee;
That hoary season yields a type of me.
Shatter'd by Time's bleak storms I with'ring lay,
Leafless, and whit'ning in a cold decay!
Yet shall my propless ivy, pale and bent,
Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lent.

§ 34. *The Fan.* ATTERBURY.

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ;
This Fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love;
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To ev'ry other breast a flame.

§ 35. *To the Author of an Epitaph on Dr. Mead.*

HACKETT.

MEAD's not dead then, you say, only sleeping a little;
Why, egad! Sir, you've hit it off there to a tittle:
Yet, friend, his awaking I very much doubt,
—Pluto knows who he's got, and will ne'er let him out.

§ 36. *To Mr. Pope.*

WHILE malice, Pope, denies thy page
Its own celestial fire;
While critics, and while bards in rage,
Admiring, won't admire:
While wayward pens thy worth assail,
And envious tongues decry;
These times tho' many a friend bewail,
These times bewail not I.
But when the world's loud praise is thine,
And spleen no more shall blame;
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
In one establ[illegible]'d fame:
When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay
Devote a wreath to thee:
That day, (for come it will) that day
Shall I lament to see.

§ 37. *British Oeconomy.*

IN merry old England it once was a rule,
The King had his poet, and also his fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
Poor Cibber must serve both for fool and for poet.

§ 38. *Found stuck on the Statue of the Moor, which supports the Sun Dial in Clement's-Inn.*

IN vain, poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear;
From thee in vain with pangs they flow,
For mercy dwells not here.
From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do't alive.

§ 39. *By* HACKETT.

WHEN Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free;
Of late he's grown brim-full of pride and pelf;
You wonder that he don't remember me;
Why so? You see he has forgot himself.

§ 40. *By* PRIOR.

TO John I ow'd great obligation,
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

§ 41. *On the Burser of St. John's College in Oxford cutting down a fine Row of Trees.*

EVANS.

INDULGENT nature to each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes:
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox;
Lambs fly from wolves, and sailors steer from rocks;
A rogue the gallows as his fate foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to trees.

§ 42. *Good Music, and bad Dancers.*

HOW ill the motion with the music suits,
So Orpheus play'd, and like them danc'd the brutes.

§ 43.

YE little wits, that gleam'd a while,
While Pope vouchsaf'd a ray;
Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,
How soon ye fade away!
To compass Phœbus' car about,
Thus empty vapours rise;
Each tends his cloud to put him out,
That rear'd him to the skies.
Alas! these skies are not your sphere:
There he shall ever burn;
Weep, weep, and fall: For earth ye were,
And must to earth return.

§ 44. *Written in a Lady's Prayer-Book.* Lansdowne.

IN vain, Clarinda, night and day
For mercy to the Gods you pray;
What arrogance, on Heav'n to call
For that which you deny to all!

§ 45.

SO much, my Pope, thy English Iliad charms,
As pity melts us, or as passion warms,
That after-ages shall with wonder seek,
Who 'twas translated Homer into Greek.

§ 46. *By* Harrington.

THE golden hair that Galla wears,
Is her's: who wou'd ha' thought it?
She swear's, 'tis her's; and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

§ 47. *To Lady Isabella Thynne, cutting Trees in Paper.* Waller.

FAIR hand, that can on virgin paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white;
Whose travel o'er that silver field does show,
Like tracks of leverets in morning snow,
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot or blemish to the thought.
Strange, that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours, or of oil!
For though a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis yours alone to make them bend and shake:
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forest dance, but you
Can make the motion, and the forest too.
A poet, when he would describe his mind,
Is, as in language, so in fame, confin'd:
Your works are read wherever there are men:
So far the scissars go beyond the pen.

§ 48. *By* Prior.

THY nags, the leanest things alive,
So very hard thou lov'st to drive;
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more in whips than hay.

§ 49. *A Cure for Poetry.*

SEVEN wealthy towns contend for Homer dead
Thro' which the living Homer begg'd his bread.

§ 50. *On some Snow which melted in a Lady's Breast.*

THE envious snow comes down in haste
To prove thy breast less fair;
But grieves to see itself surpast,
And melts into a tear.

§ 51. *The French Poets.*

WHEN old Elijah, as the scriptures say,
Triumphant mounted on the realm of day,
His spirit doubled, and his cloak beside,
He gave Elisha, by long service try'd.
Tristan from hence would fain example take
For honest Quinault, his disciple's sake:
But this, alas! injurious fate deny'd,
For Tristan poorer than a prophet dy'd.
To Quinault thus the bard expiring spoke,
"My wit I leave thee—But I have no cloak."

§ 52.

ON Grace, Free-will, and Myst'ries high,
Two wits harangu'd the table;
B—ly believes he knows not why,
N——n swears 'tis all a fable.
Peace, ideots, peace! and both agree,
N——sh kiss thy empty brother;
Religion laughs at foes like thee,
But dreads a friend like t'other.

§ 53.

POX on't, quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,
Whatever I forget you learn.

Answered by Mr West.

D— it, quoth Hearne, in furious fret,
Whate'er I learn, you soon forget.

§ 54. *Dr. Aldrich's five Reasons for Drinking.*

GOOD wine; a friend; or being dry;
Or, lest we should be by and by;
Or, any other reason why.

§ 55. *By* Waller.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use;
All but the nymph who should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song:
Like Phœbus thus acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

§ 56. *By* Prior.

ON his death-bed poor Simon lies,
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs and mutual cries,
They both express their care.
A diff'rent cause, says Parson Sly,
The same effect may give;
Poor Simon fears that he shall die,
His wife—that he may live.

§ 57. *Written on the Bed-chamber Door of Charles II.* Rochester.

HERE lies our sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

§ 58.

THAT little patch upon your face
Wou'd seem a foil on one less fair;
On you it hides a killing grace;
And you in pity plac'd it there.

§ 59. *By* Prior.

AS afternoon one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river;
Cupid a shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.
With skill he chose his sharpest dart;
With all his might his bow he drew:
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well guided arrow flew.
I faint! I die! the goddess cry'd:
Oh cruel! could'st thou find none other
To wreak thy spleen on? Parricide!
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.
Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak;
Indeed, Mama, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easy my mistake!
I took you for your likeness, Chloe.

§ 60. *From the Greek.* Ibid.

VENUS take my votive glass:
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see!

§ 61. *Written on a Glass, by a Gentleman who borrowed the Earl of Chesterfield's Diamond Pencil.*

ACCEPT a miracle, instead of wit;
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

§ 62. *On Lady Manchester.* Addison.

WHILST haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er the pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair—
Confusion in their looks they shew'd,
And with unusual blushes glow'd.

§ 63. *Suicide.* Dr. Sewel.

WHEN all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

§ 64. *By* Banks.

YOUNG Courtly takes me for a dunce;
For all night long I spoke not once;
On better grounds I think him such:
He spoke but once, yet once too much.

§ 65. *By* Pope.

MUSE, 'tis enough; at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live—for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

§ 66.

MISTAKEN nature here has join'd
A beauteous face, and ugly mind;
In vain the faultless features strike,
When soul and body are unlike:
Pity that snowy breast should hide
Deceit, and avarice, and pride.
So in rich jars, from China brought,
With glowing colours gaily wrought,
Oft-times the subtle spider dwells,
With secret venom bloated swells,
Weaves all his fatal nets within,
As unsuspected, as unseen.

§ 67. *By* Waller.

WERE men so dull they cou'd not see
That Lyce painted; should they flee
Like simple birds into a net,
So grossly woven and ill-set;
Her own teeth wou'd undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.
These teeth my Lyce must not show,
If she wou'd bite: her lovers, though
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are disabus'd when first she gapes:
The rotten bones discover'd there,
Shew 'tis a painted sepulchre.

§ 68. *To Mr.* Pope.

DEPEND not upon verse for fame,
Tho' none can equal thine;
Our language never rests the same,
'Twill rise, or 'twill decline.
Thy wreaths in course of fleeting hours,
Too soon will be decay'd:
But story lasts, tho' modern flow'rs
Of poetry must fade.
A surer way then would'st thou find,
Thy glory to prolong,
Whilst there remains amongst mankind
The sense of right and wrong?
Thy fame with nature's self shall end,
Let future times but know
That Atterbury was thy friend,
And Bently was thy foe.

§ 69. *By Lord* Hervey.

POSSESS'D of one great hall for state,
Without one room to sleep or eat:
How well you build, let flattery tell,
And all mankind how ill you dwell.

§ 70. *Written in a Window of the Tower, over the Name of R. Walpole, confined in the same Room, Ann. Dom.* 1712. LANSDOWNE.

GOOD unexpected, evil unforeseen, [scene:
Appears by turns, as Fortune shifts the
Some rais'd aloft come tumbling down amain;
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

§ 71. *The Manchester Millers, named Bone and Skin.* BYROM.

BONE and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone,
That flesh and blood can't bear it.

§ 72. *By Sir* G. LYTTLETON.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason wou'd despair.

§ 73.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts two diff'rent pow'rs in one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles, while it wounds.

§ 74. *The Difference between the Ancients and Moderns.*

SOME for the ancients zealously declare,
Others our modern wits are fools, aver:
A third affirms, that they are much the same,
And differ only as to time and name:
Yet sure one more distinction may be told,
Those once were new, but these will ne'er be old.

§ 75. *To Mr. Pope, on his Epitaph on Mr. Gay.* Lord ORRERY.

ENTOMB'D with kings tho' Gay's cold ashes lie,
A nobler monument thy strains supply.
Thy matchless muse, still faithful to thy friend,
By courts unaw'd, his virtues dares commend.
Lamented Gay! forget thy treatment past,
Look down, and see thy merit crown'd at last.
A destiny more glorious which can hope?
In life belov'd, in death bemoan'd by Pope.

§ 76. *On the Queen's Grotto at Richmond.*

LEWIS the living genius fed,
And rais'd the scientific head;
Our Queen, more frugal of her meat,
Raises those heads which cannot eat.

§ 77.

I HEARD last week, friend Edward, thou wast dead.
I'm very glad to hear it too, cries Ned.

§ 78.

FRIEND Isaac, 'tis strange you that live so near Bray,
Shou'd not set up the sign of the Vicar;
Tho' it may be an odd one, you cannot but say,
It must needs be a sign of good liquor.

Answer.

INDEED, Master Poet, your reason's but poor,
For the Vicar would think it a sin,
To stay, like a booby, and lounge at the door;
'Twere a sign 'twas bad liquor therein.

§ 79. *By a Porter. On the Gin Act. To a Great Man.*

WHY will you make us coolly think?
If you would govern, we must drink.

§ 80. *Giles Jolt.*

GILES Jolt as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some waggish pilf'rers stole his team away.
Giles wakes, and cries—What's here? Odsdickin! what!
Why how now? Am I Giles, or am I not?
If he, I've lost six geldings to my smart;
If not—odsbuddikins I've found a cart.

§ 81. *To Zoilus.* JOSIAH RELPH.

WITH industry I spread your praise,
With equal, you my censure blaze;
But, faith! 'tis all in vain we do,
The world nor credits me nor you.

§ 82. *Milton.* DRYDEN.

THREE poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpast;
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature could no farther go;
To make a third she join'd the other two.

§ 83. *On the Duchess of Marlborough's Offer of* 500*l. for the best Poem on the Duke's Actions.*

FIVE hundred pounds! too small a boon
To put the poet's muse in tune,
That nothing might escape her;
Shou'd she attempt th' heroic story
Of the illustrious Churchill's glory,
It scarce would buy the paper.

§ 84. *Scotland.* CLEVELAND.

HAD Cain been a Scot, God would have alter'd his doom, [home.
Nor forc'd him to wander, but confin'd him at

§ 85. *By* PRIOR.

THUS to the muses spoke the Cyprian Dame;
Adorn my altars, and revere my name:
My son shall else assume his potent darts,
Twang goes the bow! my girls have at your hearts.
The muses answer'd,—Venus we deride
The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride.
Send

Send him to nymphs who sleep in Ida's shade,
To the loose dance and wanton masquerade:
Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look,
On the instructive verse and moral book;
On female idleness his pow'r relies,
But when he finds us studying hard he flies.

§ 86. *By* AARON HILL.

WHEN Christ, at Cana's feast, by pow'r divine,
Inspir'd cold water with the warmth of wine,
See! cry'd they, while in red'ning tide it gush'd,
The bashful stream hath seen its God and blush'd.

§ 87. *By* AARON HILL.

TENDER-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains:
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with common natures;
Use 'm kindly, they rebel:
But, be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

§ 88. *Upon the Busts of the English Worthies at Stowe.* *Lord* CLARE.

AMONG these chiefs of British race,
Who live in breathing stone,
Why has not Cobham's bust a place?
—The structure was his own.

§ 89. *By* POPE.

GREAT Villers' fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well he thought advis'd him—"Live like me."
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John!
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."

§ 90. *The Giant angling.*

HIS angle-rod made of a sturdy oak,
His line a cable which in storms ne'er broke,
His hook he bated with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

§ 91.

LYE on! while my revenge shall be
To speak the very truth of thee.

§ 92. *On Marc Angelo's famous Piece of the Crucifixion, who stabb'd a Person, that he might do it more naturally.* Dr. YOUNG.

WHILST his Redeemer on the canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet, his brother welt'ring lies;
The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek, and the distorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines ev'ry spirit as it flies;
He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouze up ev'ry pang repeats the blow;
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face.
Oh! glorious theft! Oh! nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wond'rous force the magic colours boast,
From his own skill he starts in horror lost.

§ 93. *On the Death of a Lady's Cat.* HARRISON.

AND is Miss Tabby from the world retir'd?
And are her lives, all her nine lives, expir'd?
What sounds so moving, as her own, can tell
How Tabby dy'd, how full of play she fell!
Begin, ye tuneful nine, a mournful strife,
And ev'ry muse shall celebrate a life.

§ 94. *A Receipt for Courtship.* SWIFT.

TWO or three dears, and two or three sweets;
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades, given as a lure;
Two or three oaths how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in one day;
Two or three times led out from the play;
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times;
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

§ 95.

YOUR homely face, Flippanta, you disguise
With patches, numerous as Argus' eyes;
I own that patching's requisite for you,
For more we're pleas'd the less your face we view:
Yet I advise, since my advice you ask,
Wear but one patch, and be that patch a mask.

§ 96. *Inscription for a Bust of Lady Suffolk in a Wood.*

HER wit and beauty for a court was made,
Her truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

§ 97. *By Lady* M. W. MONTAGUE.

WHILST thirst of praise and vain desire of fame,
In ev'ry age, is ev'ry woman's aim;
With courtship pleas'd, of silly toasters proud,
Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd;
On each poor fool bestowing some kind glance,
Each conquest owing to some loose advance;
While vain coquets affect to be pursu'd,
And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd;
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide,
In part she is to blame that has been try'd;
He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.

§ 98. *To Mr. Addison, on his Tragedy of Cato.*

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd,
And the true poet is a public good.
This Britain feels; while, by your lines inspir'd,
Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
Enflam'd her senate, and upheld her laws,

Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
And giv'n the just success of Cato's sword.
O'er Cæsar's arms your genius had prevail'd;
And the muse triumph'd, where the patriot fail'd.

§ 99.

TOM's coach and six!—Whither in such haste going?
But a short journey—To his own undoing.

§ 100. *Jealousy.*

TO Bedlam with him; is he sound in mind,
Who still is seeking what he wou'd not find?

§ 101. *By* LEONARD WELSTEAD.

I OWE, says Thomas, much to Peter's care;
Once only seen, he chose me for his heir:
True, Thomas; hence your fortunes take their rise;
His heir you were not, had he seen you twice.

§ 102. *By Dr.* KENRICK.

THE great good man, whom Fortune will displace,
May into scarceness fall, but not disgrace.
His sacred person none will dare profane,
He may be poor, but never can be mean.
He holds his value with the wise and good,
And prostrate seems as great as when he stood.
So ruin'd temples holy awe dispense,
They lose their height, but keep their reverence;
The pious crowd the piles tho' fall'n deplore,
And what they fail to raise they still adore.

§ 103. *Victrix Causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.* G. STEPNEY.

THE gods and Cato did in this divide—
They chose the conqu'ring, he the conquer'd side.

§ 104. *By Dean* SWIFT.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you will, there's nobody at home.

§ 105. *A Flower by Varelst.* PRIOR.

WHEN fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view:
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The Goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And finishing the piece, she smiling said;
Behold one work of mine that ne'er shall fade.

§ 106. *By Sir* SAM. GARTH.

CAN you count the silver lights
That deck the skies, and chear the nights;
Or the leaves that strew the vales,
When groves are stript by winter gales:
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn;
Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,
Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers:
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlbro's acts, or Molly's charms?

§ 107. *By* AARON HILL.

HOW is the world deceiv'd by noise and show!
Alas! how diff'rent, to pretend and know!
Like a poor highway brook, pretence runs loud:
Bustling, but shallow, dirty, weak, and proud;
While, like some nobler stream, true knowledge glides,
Silently strong, and its deep bottom hides.

§ 108. *The Royal Knotter. Sir* CH. SEDLEY.

AH! happy people, ye must thrive,
While thus the royal pair does strive
Both to advance your glory;
While he by 's valour conquers France,
She manufactures does advance,
And makes thread-fringes for ye.
Blest we! who from such queens are freed,
Who, by vain superstition led,
Are always telling beads:
But here's a queen now, thanks to God,
Who, when she rides in coach abroad,
Is always knotting threads.
Then haste, victorious Nassau, haste,
And when thy summer show is past,
Let all thy trumpets sound:
The fringe which this campaign has wrought,
Tho' 't cost the nation scarce a groat,
Thy conquests will surround.

§ 109. *What's Honour?*

NOT to be captious: not unjustly fight:
'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what's right.

§ 110.

JACK his own merit sees. This gives him pride,
That he sees more than all the world beside.

§ 111. *By* PRIOR.

YES, ev'ry poet is a fool:
By demonstration Ned can show it:
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

§ 112. *Dean Swift's Curate.*

I MARCH'D three miles thro' scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
I rode four more to great St. Mary;
Using four legs, when two were weary.
To three fair virgins I did tie men,
In the close bands of pleasing Hymen;
I dipt two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mothers after.
Within an hour and eke an half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf,

Which,

Which, thund'ring out with lungs long-winded,
I chopt so fast, that few there minded.
My emblem the laborious sun,
Saw all these mighty labours done,
Before one race of his was run.
All this perform'd by Robert Hewit;
What mortal else cou'd e'er go through it?

§ 113. *The Miser's Feast.*

HIS chimney smokes! it is some omen dire!
His neighbours are alarm'd, and cry out fire.

§ 114. *On Sir Godfrey Kneller's painting, for the Author, the Statues of Apollo, Venus and Hercules.* Pope.

WHAT God, what genius did the pencil move,
When Kneller painted these?
'Twas friendship—warm as Phœbus, kind as Love,
And strong as Hercules.

§ 115. *The Duke of Ch——s.* Swift.

JAMES B——s was the Dean's familiar friend;
James grows a Duke: their friendship here must end;
Surely the Dean deserves a sore rebuke,
From knowing James, to say, he knows a Duke.

§ 116. *The Doctor and the Patient.*

SLEPT you well? "Very well." My draught did good.
"It did no harm; for yonder it hath stood."

§ 117. *Verses occasioned by Mr. Aikman's Death.* Thomson.

AS those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life, at last but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he, who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er ev'ry friend laid low,
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

§ 118. *To the Reverend Mr. Murdoch, Rector of Straddishall, in Suffolk.* Ibid.

THUS safely low, my friend, thou canst not fall;
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life:
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
Guard while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease.
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the storms of fate;
High bliss is only for a higher state.

§ 119. *The Power of Time.* Swift.

IF neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand:
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry—
When my old cassock, said a Welch divine,
Is out at elbows, why should I repine?

§ 120. *By Dr.* Doddridge, *on his Motto,*

Dum vivimus, vivamus.

LIVE while you live, the Epicure will say,
And take the pleasure of the present day:
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.—
Lord, in my view let both united be!
I live in pleasure, when I live to Thee.

§ 121. *On the Publication of Mrs. Rowe's Poems, since her Death.*

THUS Philomela sung, on earth detain'd,
While cumb'rous clay the rising soul restrain'd:
Now the freed spirit, with th' angelic choir,
In fields of light attunes th' immortal lyre,
And hymns her God in strains more soft, more strong;—
There only cou'd she learn a loftier song.

§ 122. *By Lord* Lansdowne.

BELIEVE me, Chloe, those perfumes, that cost
Such sums to sweeten thee, is treasure lost;
Not all Arabia would sufficient be;
Thou smell'st not of thy sweets, they stink of thee.

§ 123. *By* Prior.

WHEN Topewell thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat:
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon reply'd,
You may have forgot, you was drunk when you dy'd.

§ 124.

BRUTUS unmov'd heard how his Portia fell.
Should Jack's wife die, he would behave as well.

§ 125. *By Dean* Swift.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown;
No more I hear my church's bell,
Than if it rang out for my knell;
At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

§ 126. *On a Fan which bore the Story of Cephalus and Procris, with this Motto, "Aura "veni."* Pope.

COME, gentle air, th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the sacred shade;
Come,

Come, gentle air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies:
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray!
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play;
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound;
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove,
Alike both lovers fall, by those they love:
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she [gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

§ 127.

ONE day in Chelsea meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says Ralph, a merry wag,
An epigram, if smart and good,
In all its circumstances shou'd
Be like a jelly-bag.
Your simile, I own, is new,
But how wilt make it out? says Hugh.
Quoth Ralph, I'll tell thee, friend:
Make it at top both wide, and fit
To hold a budget full of wit,
And point it at the end.

§ 128. *By Mrs.* PILKINGTON.

STELLA and Flavia ev'ry hour
Unnumber'd hearts surprise;
In Stella's soul lies all her pow'r,
And Flavia's in her eyes.
More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
And Stella's more confin'd;
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.
Stella like Britain's monarch reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like Eastern tyrants Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.
Then boast, fair Flavia, boast your face,
Your beauty's only store:
Each day that makes thy charms decrease
Will give to Stella more.

§ 129. *To Mr. Pope on his Dunciad.*

THE raven, rook, and pert jackdaw,
Tho' neither birds of moral kind,
Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuft with straw,
To shew us which way blows the wind.
Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
And point instruction ev'ry way.
With Ægypt's art thy pen may strive,
One potent drop let this but shed,
And ev'ry rogue that stunk alive
Becomes a precious mummy dead.

§ 130.

TREASON does never prosper: what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

§ 131.

CURIO's rich side-board seldom sees the light,
Clean is his kitchen, and his spits are bright;
His knives and forks, all rang'd in even rows,
No hand molests, no servants discompose;
A curious jack hung up to please the eye,
For ever still; whose flyers—never fly:
His plates unsullied, shining on the shelf;
For Curio dresses nothing but himself.

§ 132. *On a Bee, stifled in Honey.*

FROM flow'r to flow'r, with eager pains
See the blest busy lab'rer fly;
When all that from her toil she gains,
Is in the sweets she hoards to die.
'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,
With life's soft sweets, each fav'rite joy:
If we taste wisely, they relieve,
But if we plunge too deep, destroy.

§ 133. *On Mr. Pope's Death.*

ARISE, ye glimmering stars of wit!
For, lo! the Sun of Verse is set.

§ 134. *By Dr.* SWIFT.

AS Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heels, and he ran for his life.
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble, [the rabble;
And screen'd him at once from the shrew and
Then ventur'd to give some wholesome advice;
But Tom is a fellow of honour so nice,
Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take warning, [ing,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morn-
He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his life; [by his wife,
—Then went home, and was cudgell'd again

§ 135. *On Mr. Butler's Monument in Westminster-Abbey.* S. WESTLEY.

WHILST Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No gen'rous patron wou'd a dinner give:
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to [dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here an emblem shown;
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.

§ 136. *Inscription for a Fountain adorned with Queen Anne's and the Duke of Marlborough's Statues, and the chief Rivers of the World round the Work.* PRIOR.

YE active streams, where'er your waters flow,
Let distant climes, and furthest nations know, [taught,
What ye from Thames and Danube have been
How Anne commanded, and how Marlbro'
fought.

§ 137. *By* W. CONGREVE.

SEE, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes,
And now the sun begins to rise;

Less

Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams than her bright eyes.
With light united, day they give,
But diff'rent fates ere night fulfill;
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!

§ 138.

LET Blackmore still, in good king Arthur's vein,
To Fleckno's empire his just right maintain;
Let him his own to common sense oppose,
With praise and slander maul both friends and foes;
Let him great Dryden's awful name prophane,
And learned Garth with envious pride disdain;
Let the quack scribble any thing but bills,
His satire wounds not, but his physic kills.

§ 139. *By* JOSIAH RELPH.

NO, Varus hate's a thing that's base;
I own indeed he's got a knack
Of flatt'ring people to their face,
But scorns to do't behind their back.

§ 140. *Under a Picture of Mr. Poyntz.* LYTTLETON.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz! but who shall find
A hand, or colours to express thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear,
In a false world that dares to be sincere:
Wise without art; without ambition great;
Tho' firm, yet pliant; active, tho' sedate;
With all the richest stores of learning fraught;
Yet better still by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the distrest to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;
That, when misfortune su'd, ne'er sought to know
What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fix'd on equal virtue's temp'rate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause;
That, to his own perfections singly blind,
Wou'd for another think this praise design'd.

§ 141. *By* JOSIAH RELPH.

WHEN from her bosom Arria pull'd the blade,
Thus to her lord the tender heroine said;
The wound I gave myself with ease I bear,
Alas! I die by that which kills my dear.

§ 142. *The Commons' Petition to King Charles the Second.* ROCHESTER.

IN all humility we crave
Our sovereign may be our slave;
And humbly beg that he may be
Betray'd by us most loyally.
And if he please once to lay down
His scepter, dignity, and crown,
We'll make him, for the time to come,
The greatest prince in Christendom.

§ 143. *The King's Answer.*

CHARLES at this time having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

§ 144. *The Worm Doctor.* J. RELPH.

VAGUS advanc'd on high proclaims his skill
By cakes of wond'rous force the worms to kill:
A scornful ear the wiser sort impart,
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art.
But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,
For man (as Job has told us) is a worm.

§ 145. *On Plutarch's Statue. From the Greek.* DRYDEN.

WISE, honest Plutarch! to thy deathless praise
The sons of Rome—this grateful statue raise:
For why? both Greece and Rome thy fame have shar'd,
Their heroes written, and their lives compar'd.
But thou thyself could'st never write thy own;
Their lives had parrallels—but thine has none.

§ 146. *On the Statue of Niobe. From the Greek.*

TO stone the gods have chang'd her—but in vain—
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

§ 147. *To a young Gentleman.*

NATURE has done her part: do thou but thine;
Learning and sense let decency refine.
For vain applause transgress not virtue's rules,
A witty sinner is the worst of fools.

§ 148. *Ulysses' Dog.* POPE.

WHEN wise Ulysses, from his native coast,
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and ev'n his queen, unknown:
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
The faithful dog alone his master knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant, now cashier'd, he lay;
And tho' e'en then expiring on the plain
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient Lord again.
Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
'Twas all he cou'd, and fawn'd, and kiss'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy: then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and dy'd.

§ 149. *To King Charles I. on his Navy.* WALLER.

SHOULD nature's self invade the world again,
And o'er the center spread the liquid main,

Thy

Thy power were safe—and her destructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
Thy dreadful fleet would style thee Lord of all,
And rise in triumph o'er the drowned ball.

§ 150. *On Mrs. Barbiere's first Appearance on the Stage.*

NO pleasure now from Nicolini's tongue,
In vain he strives to move us with his song:
On a fair Syren we have fix'd our choice,
And wait with longing ears for Barbiere's voice:
When, lo! the nymph by bashful awe betray'd,
Her fault'ring tongue denies her looks its aid:
But so much innocence adorns her fears,
And with such grace her modesty she wears,
By her disorder all her charms increase,
And, had she better sung, she'd pleas'd us less.

§ 151. *On the Spectator.*

WHEN first the Tatler to a mute was turn'd,
Great Britain for her censor's silence mourn'd;
Robb'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,
Till the Spectator rose, and blaz'd as bright.
So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,
And sigh'd till circling days his joys renew'd;
Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,
Whether a bright successor, or the same;
So we; but now from this suspence are freed,
Since all agree who both with judgment read,
'Tis the same sun, and does himself succeed.

§ 152. *To the Lord Chancellor King. (Alluding to his Motto, "Labor ipse voluptas!")*

'TIS not the splendor of the place,
The guilded coach, the purse, the mace,
And all the pompous train of state,
With crowds which at the levee wait,
That make you happy, make you great:
But when mankind you strive to bless,
With all the talents you possess;
When all the joys you can receive
Flow from the benefits you give:
This takes the heart, this conquers spite,
And makes the heavy burden light:
True pleasure, rightly understood,
Is only labour to do good.

§ 153. *Written in a Lady's Milton.* PRIOR.

WITH virtue strong as yours, had Eve been arm'd
In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd:
Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought—
Nor had frail Adam fell—nor Milton wrote.

§ 154. *From the Greek.* PRIOR.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth:
Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both, I unconcern'd stand by;
Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

§ 155. *A Character of an old Rake.*

SCORN'D by the wise, detested by the good,
Nor understanding aught, nor understood;
Profane, obscene, loud, frivolous, and pert;
Proud, without spirit; vain, without desert;
Affecting passions vice has long subdu'd;
Desperately gay—and impotently lewd:
And, as thy weak companions round thee sit,
For eminence in folly deem'd a wit.

§ 156. *Dr. Wynter to Dr. Cheney, on his Books in favour of a Vegetable Diet.*

TELL me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou didst thy system learn;
From Hippocrate thou hast it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grass;
The one for babes is only food,
The other for an ass.

Doctor! one new prescription try,
(A friend's advice forgive;)
Eat grass, reduce thyself, and die;
Thy patients then may live.

§ 157. *Dr. Cheney to Dr. Wynter.*

MY system, doctor, is my own,
No tutor I pretend;—
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But your's your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive;
Tis natural you should bid me die,
That you yourself may live.

§ 158. *On King William's Exploits, during two Campaigns in Flanders.*

THE author sure must take great pains,
Who fairly writes his story,
In which of these two last campaigns
He gain'd the greatest glory:

For, while that he march'd on to fight,
Like hero nothing fearing,
Namur was taken in his sight,
And Mons within his hearing.

§ 159. *A smart Repartee.* SWIFT.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
What reason can be given,
(Since marriage is an holy thing)
That there are none in heaven?
There are no women he reply'd;—
She quick returns the jest—
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.

§ 160.

§ 160. *On Glover's Leonidas being compared to Virgil.*

EQUAL to Virgil!—It may perhaps;
But then, by Jove, 'tis Dr. Trapp's.

§ 161. *On a bad Translation.*

HIS work now done, he'll publish it, no doubt,
For sure I am that murder will come out.

§ 162. *To a bad Fidler.*

OLD Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd Old Nick,
Whilst thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle-stick.

§ 163. *On Sir John Vanbrugh's Device of a Lion and a Cock, at Blenheim.*

HAD Marlb'rough's troops in Gaul no better fought,
Than Van, to grace his fame, in marble wrought,
No more in arms, than he in emblems skill'd,
The cock had drove the lion from the field.

§ 164. *On the Bridge at Blenheim.* Dr. Evans.

THE lofty arch his high ambition shews,
The stream, an emblem of his bounty, flows.

§ 165. *To a Lady.* A. Hill.

IF fixt on yours, my eyes in pray'r you see,
You must not call my zeal idolatry!
For since our Maker's throne is plac'd so high,
That only in his works the God we spy:
And what's most bright most gives him to our view,
I look most near him, when I look on you.

§ 166. *The Antidote.*

WHEN Lesbia first I saw, so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air;
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire:
But, soon as e'er the beauteous ideot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke;
Like balm the tickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd, her tongue unbound.

§ 167. *The Female Prattler.*

FROM morn to night, from day to day,
At all times, and in ev'ry place,
You scold, repeat, and sing and say,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.
Forbear, my Fannia; Oh, forbear,
If your own health or our's you prize;
For all mankind that hear you, swear
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.
Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd;
All are distracted while they gaze,
But, if they listen, they are cur'd.
Your silence would acquire more praise,
Than all you say, or all you write;
One look ten thousand charms displays;
Then hush!—and be an angel quite.

§ 168. *The Avaro.*

THUS to the master of a house,
Which, like a church, would starve a mouse;
Which never guest had entertain'd,
Nor meat nor wine its floors had stain'd;
I said:—Well, Sir, 'tis vastly neat;
But where d' you drink, and where d' you eat?
If one may judge, by rooms so fine,
It costs you more in mops than wine.

§ 169. *Effectual Malice.*

OF all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,
Cotin's the sharpest—and succeeds the best;
Others outrageous scold, and rail downright
With serious rancour, and true Christian spite:
But he, more sly, pursues his fell design,—
Writes scoundrel verses—and then says they're mine.

§ 170. *On a Regiment sent to Oxford, and a Present of Books to Cambridge, by King George I. 1715.* By Dr. Trapp.

THE king observing, with judicious eyes,
The state of both his universities,
To one he sent a regiment; for why?
That learned body wanted loyalty:—
To th' other he sent books, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

§ 171. *Answered by Sir William Browne.*

THE king to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force.
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

§ 172. *The Friendly Contest.*

WHILE Cam and Isis their sad tribute bring
Of rival grief, to weep their pious king,
The bards of Isis half had been forgot,
Had not the sons of Cam in pity wrote;
From their learn'd brothers they took off the curse,
And prov'd their verse not bad—by writing worse.

§ 173. *Against Life. From the Greek of Posidippus.*

WHAT tranquil road, unvex'd by strife,
Can mortals chuse thro' human life?
Attend the courts, attend the bar—
There discord reigns, and endless jar:
At home the weary wretches find
Severe disquietude of mind:
To till the fields gives toil and pain;
Eternal terrors sweep the main:
If rich, we fear to lose our store;
Need and distress await the poor:
Sad cares the bands of Hymen give;
Friendless, forlorn, th' unmarried live:
Are children born? we anxious groan;
Childless, our lack of heirs we moan:
Wild, giddy schemes our youth engage;
Weakness and wants depress old age.
Would fate then with my wish comply,
I'd never live, or quickly die.

§ 174. *For Life. From the Greek of Metrodorus.*

MANKIND may rove, unvex'd by ſtrife,
Thro' every road of human life.
Fair wiſdom regulates the bar,
And peace concludes the worldly war:
At home auſpicious mortals find
Serene tranquillity of mind:
All-beauteous nature decks the plain;
And merchants plow for gold the main:
Reſpect ariſes from our ſtore;
Security from being poor:
More joys the bands of Hymen give;
Th' unmarry'd with more freedom live:
If parents our bleſt lot we own;
Childleſs, we have no cauſe to moan:
Firm vigour crowns our youthful ſtage;
And venerable hairs old-age.
Since all is good, then who would cry,
"I'd never live, or quickly die?"

§ 175. *The Revenge of America.* WARTON.

WHEN Cortez' furious legions flew
O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,
Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
Old India's awful genius roſe:
He ſat on Andes' topmoſt ſtone,
And heard a thouſand nations groan;
For grief his feathery crown he tore,
To ſee huge Plata foam with gore;
He broke his arrows, ſtamp'd the ground,
To view his cities ſmoking round.
What woes, he cry'd, hath luſt of gold
O'er my poor country widely roll'd!
Plund'rers proceed! my bowels tear,
But ye ſhall meet deſtruction there;
From the deep-vaulted mine ſhall riſe
Th' inſatiate fiend, pale Avarice;
Whoſe ſteps ſhall trembling Juſtice fly,
Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!
I ſee all Europe's children curſt
With lucre's univerſal thirſt:
The rage that ſweeps my ſons away
My baneful gold ſhall well repay.

§ 176. *Mutual Pity.*

TOM, ever jovial, ever gay,
To appetite a ſlave,
Still whores and drinks his life away,
And laughs to ſee me grave.
'Tis thus that we two diſagree:
So diff'rent is our whim;
The fellow fondly laughs at me—
While I could cry for him.

§ 177. *Univerſal Complaiſance.*

THRO' ſervile flattery thou doſt all commend—
Who cares to pleaſe, whom no man can offend?

§ 178. *Under the Statue of a Water Nymph, at Stourhead, Somerſetſhire. From the Latin.* POPE.

NYMPH of the grot, theſe ſacred ſprings I keep,
And to the murmur of theſe waters ſleep:
Ah, ſpare my ſlumbers! gently tread the cave,
Or drink in ſilence, or in ſilence lave.

§ 179. *On his own Grotto.* POPE.

THOU who ſhalt ſtop, where Thames' tranſlucent wave
Shines a broad mirror thro' the ſhadowy cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs diſtil,
And pointed cryſtals break the ſparkling rill;
Unpoliſh'd gems no ray on pride beſtow,
And latent metals innocently glow:
Approach! Great Nature ſtudiouſly behold!
And eye the mine without a wiſh for gold.
Approach! but awful!—Lo th' Egerian grot,
Where, nobly penſive, St. John ſat and thought;
Where Britiſh ſighs from dying Wyndham ſtole,
And the bright flame was ſhot thro' Marchmont's ſoul.
Let ſuch, ſuch only, tread this ſacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

§ 180. *A Prudent Choice.*

WHEN Loveleſs marry'd Lady Jenny,
Whoſe beauty was the ready penny;
I choſe her, ſays he, like old plate,
Not for the faſhion, but the weight.

§ 181. *On a great Houſe adorned with Statues.*

THE walls are thick, the ſervants thin,
The gods without, the dev'l within.

§ 182. *On a haſty Marriage.*

MARRY'D! 'tis well! a mighty bleſſing!
But poor's the joy, no coin poſſeſſing.
In ancient times, when folks did wed,
'Twas to be one at "board and bed:"
But hard's his caſe, who can't afford
His charmer either bed or board.

§ 183. *The Incurious.*

THREE years in London Bobadil had been,
Yet not the lions nor the tombs had ſeen;
I cannot tell the cauſe without a ſmile;—
The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.

§ 184. *To a Spendthrift diſinherited.*

HIS whole eſtate thy father, by his will,
Gave to the poor—thou haſt good title ſtill.

§ 185. *On a pale Lady.*

WHENCE comes it, that, in Clara's face,
The lily only has a place?—
Is it, that the abſent roſe
Is gone to paint her huſband's noſe?

§ 186. *The Muſical Conteſt.* SWIFT.

SOME ſay that Signior Bononcini,
Compar'd to Handel, 's a mere ninny:
Others aver, that, to him, Handle
Is ſcarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange! that ſuch difference ſhould be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!

§ 187.

§ 187. *The happy Physiognomy.*

YOU ask why * Roome diverts you with his jokes,
Yet, if he prints, is dull as other folks?
You wonder at it!—This, Sir, is the case;
The jest is lost—unless he prints his face.

§ 188. *On seeing a Miser at a Concert in Spring-Gardens.*

MUSIC has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To calm the tyrant and relieve th' opprest:
But Vauxhall's concert's more attractive pow'r
Unlock'd Sir Richard's pocket at threescore:
O strange effect of music's matchless force,
T' extract two shillings from a miser's purse!

§ 189. *On certain Pastorals.*

SO rude and tuneless are thy lays,
The weary audience vow,
'Tis not th' Arcadian swain that sings,
But 'tis his herds that lowe.

§ 190. *On a Gentleman, who expended his Fortune in Horse Racing.*

JOHN run so long, and run so fast,
No wonder, he run out at last;
He ran in debt, and then, to pay,
He distanc'd all—and ran away.

§ 191. *On the Collar of a Dog presented by Mr. Pope to the Prince of Wales.*

I AM his highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

§ 192. *From the Greek.*

A Blooming youth lies buried here,
Euphemius, to his country dear:
Nature adorn'd his mind and face
With every muse and every grace:
Prepar'd the marriage state to prove,
But Death had quicker wings than Love.

§ 193. *On Sophocles.*

WIND, gentle ever-green, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid:
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine:
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung:
Whose soul, exalted like a god of wit,
Among the muses and the graces wait.

§ 194. *On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.* BEN JONSON.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and wise, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

§ 195. *By* BEN JONSON.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die;
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live:
If she had a single fault,
Leave it bury'd in this vault.

§ 196. *Intended for Dryden.* POPE.

THIS Sheffield rais'd. The sacred dust below
Was Dryden once. The rest who does not know?

§ 197. *On Mr. Rowe.* POPE.

THY reliques, Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakespeare place thy honour'd bust.
Oh! next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiments to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too bless'd!
And bless'd, that timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

§ 198. *On Mr. Fenton.* POPE.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, "Here lies an honest man:"
A poet, bless'd beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great,
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace,
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

§ 199. *On Mr. Gay.* IBID.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man; simplicity a child;
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in his end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay.

§ 200. *On Tom D'Urfey.*

HERE lies the Lyric, who, with tale and song,
Did life to threescore years and ten prolong:
His tale was pleasant, and his song was sweet;
His heart was chearful—but his thirst was great.
Grieve, reader! grieve, that he, too soon grown old,
His song has ended, and his tale has told.

* Author of a paper, called Pasquin, reflecting on Mr. Pope.

§ 201. *To Aaron Hill, Esq.* S. RICHARDSON.

WHEN noble thoughts with language pure unite,
To give to kindred excellence its right,
Tho' unincumber'd with the clogs of rhyme,
Where tinkling sounds for want of meaning chime,
Which, like the rock in Shannon's midway course,
Divide the sense, and interrupt its force:
Well may we judge so strong and clear a rill
Flows higher from the muses' sacred *Hill*.

§ 202. PRIOR, *on himself*.

TO me 'tis given to die, to thee 'tis given
To live; alas! one moment sets us even;
Mark how impartial is the will of Heav'n.

§ 203. *Inscription on an Urn at Lord Corke's, to the Memory of the Dog Hector.*

STRANGER, behold the mighty Hector's tomb!
See! to what end both dogs and heroes come.
These are the honours by his master paid
To Hector's manes and lamented shade:
Nor words nor honours can enough commend
The social dog—nay more, the faithful friend!
From nature all his principles he drew;
By nature faithful, vigilant, and true;
His looks and voice his inward thoughts express'd;
He growl'd in anger, and in love caress'd.
No human falshood lurk'd beneath his heart;
Brave without boasting, gen'rous without art.
When Hector's virtues man, proud man! displays,
Truth shall adorn his tomb with Hector's praise.

§ 204. *On a Parish Clerk.*

HERE lies, within his tomb, so calm,
Old Giles: pray sound his knell;
Who thought no song was like a psalm,
No music like a bell.

§ 205. *On an old Woman who sold Pots at Chester.*

BENEATH this stone lies Cath'rine Gray,
Chang'd to a lifeless lump of clay:
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
Yet now she's turn'd to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
Abate your grief, and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows but in a run of years,
In some tall pitcher, or broad pan,
She in her shop may be again?

§ 206. *To the* Pye-house *Memory of Nell Batcheleur, the Oxford Pye-woman.*

HERE, into the dust,
The mouldering crust
Of Elenor Batcheleur's shoven;
Well vers'd in the arts,
Of pies, custards, and tarts,
And the lucrative skill of the oven.

When she'd liv'd long enough,
She made her last puff—
A puff by her husband much prais'd:
Now here she doth lie,
And makes a dirt pie,
In hopes that her *crust* shall be *rais'd*.

§ 207. *On Sir John Vanbrugh, the Poet and Architect.*
By Dr. EVANS.

LIE heavy on him, earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

§ 208. *Posthumous Fame.*

A Monster, in a course of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold;
Now breathes his bust, now are his virtues shown,
Their date commencing with the sculptur'd stone.
If on his spacious marble we rely,
Pity a worth, like his, should ever die!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch, like him, should ever live.

§ 209. *On the Hon. Simon Harcourt.* POPE.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art draw near:
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief—but when he dy'd.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak:
Yet let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And, with a father's sorrow, mix his own!

§ 210. *On General Withers.* IBID.

HERE, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human-kind,
O born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O soft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us say, those English glories gone,
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

§ 211. *On Mr. Craggs.* IBID.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end;
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend:
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd—by the muse he lov'd.

§ 212.

§ 212. *On Sir Isaac Newton.*

APPROACH, ye wise of soul, with awe divine,
'Tis Newton's name that consecrates this shrine!
That sun of knowledge, whose meridian ray
Kindled the gloom of nature into day!
That soul of science, that unbounded mind,
That genius which ennobled human kind!
Confess'd supreme of men, his country's pride:
And half esteem'd an angel—till he dy'd:
Who in the eye of Heav'n like Enoch stood,
And thro' the paths of knowledge walk'd with God:
Whose fame extends, a sea without a shore!
Who but forsook one world to know the laws of more.

§ 213. *On the same.* POPE.

NATURE, and nature's laws, lay hid in night;
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

§ 214. *From* COWLEY.

HERE lies the great—False marble, tell me where?
Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.

§ 215. *On a young Lady.* MALLET.

THIS humble grave, tho' no proud structure grace,
Yet truth and goodness sanctify the place:
Yet blameless virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb:
Escap'd from death, O safe on that calm shore,
Where sin, and pain, and passion are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor pow'r decree,
Regard and pity wait sincere on thee!
Lo! soft remembrance drops a pious tear,
And holy friendship sits a mourner here.

§ 216. *On Mr. Aikman and his Son.* IBID.

DEAR to the wise and good, beneath this stone
Here sleep in peace, the father and the son!
By virtue, as by nature close ally'd,
The painter's genius, but without the pride:
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,
Honour's clear light, and friendship's warmth divine,
The son, fair-rising, knew too short a date!
But oh! how more severe the parent's fate!
He saw him torn untimely from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish, wept, and dy'd!

§ 217. *On a young Lady.*

HERE innocence and beauty lie, whose breath
Was snatch'd by early, not untimely, death.
Hence did she go just as she did begin
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next blessing to a life well spent.

§ 218. *On an Infant.*

TO the dark and silent tomb
Soon I hasted from the womb;
Scarce the dawn of life began,
Ere I measur'd out my span.

I no smiling pleasures knew;
I no gay delights could view:
Joyless sojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.——

Happy infant, early bless'd!
Rest, in peaceful slumber, rest;
Early rescu'd from the cares
Which increase with growing years.

No delights are worth thy stay,
Smiling as they seem, and gay;
Short and sickly are they all,
Hardly tasted ere they pall.

All our gaiety is vain,
All our laughter is but pain,
Lasting only, and divine,
Is an innocence like thine.

§ 219. *Another.*

BENEATH a sleeping infant lies;
To earth her body's lent:
More glorious she'll hereafter rise,
Tho' not more innocent.

When the arch-angel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Millions will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine!

§ 220. *On Two Twin-Sisters.*

FAIR marble, tell, to future days,
That here two virgin-sisters lie,
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death gave tears to ev'ry eye.

In stature, beauty, years and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone;
So much alike, so much the same,
That death mistook them both for one.

§ 221. *To the Memory of Mrs. Catharine Shuckburgh, who died at Bath, March 22, 1764.*

REMOV'D from all the pains and cares of life,
Here rests the pleasing friend and faithful wife:
Ennobled by the virtues of her mind;
Constant to goodness, and in death resign'd;
Who plac'd true practice in a wise retreat,
Privately pious; and unknown, tho' great;
Sure, in the silent sabbath of the grave,
To taste that tranquil peace she always gave.
O early-lost, in virtue's fairest prime!
Thy pieties supply'd life's want of time.
No death is sudden to a soul prepar'd,—
When God's own hour brings always God's reward.

 Thy

Thy death, (and such, O reader, wish thy own!)
Was free from terrors, and without a groan:
Thy spirit to himself th' Almighty drew,
Mild as his sun exhales th' ascending dew.

---

§ 222. *Epitaph on Mrs. Mason, in the Cathedral at Bristol.* Mason.

TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
Take that best gift, which Heav'n so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
Her faded form. She bow'd to taste the wave—
And died. Does youth, does beauty read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee:
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move:
And, if so fair, from vanity as free,
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love;
Tell them, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas ev'n to thee) yet, the dread path once trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

---

§ 223. *Epitaph on Miss Drummond, in the Church of Brodsworth, Yorkshire.* Mason.

HERE sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace;
Grace, that with tenderness and sense combin'd
To form that harmony of soul and face,
Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.
Such was the maid, that in the morn of youth,
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Blest with each art that owes its charm to truth,
Sunk in her father's fond embrace, and died.
He weeps: oh venerate the holy tear:
Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load:
The parent mourns his child upon the bier,
The Christian yields an angel to his God.

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§ 224. *Epitaph on Mrs. Clarke.* Gray.

LO! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps;
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.

Her infant image, here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh; an unavailing tear;
Till time shall ev'ry grief remove,
With life, with mem'ry, and with love.

§ 225. *On General Wolfe: in the Church of Westeram, in Kent—where he was born, 1727.*

WHILE George in sorrow bows his laurell'd head,
And bids the artist grace the soldier dead,—
We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth! the fairest in the lists of fame.
Proud of thy birth, we boast th' auspicious year;
Struck with thy fall, we shed the gen'ral tear:
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone,—
And from thy matchless honour date our own.

---

§ 226. *The Prayer of a wise Heathen.*

GREAT Jove, this one petition grant;
(Thou knowest best what mortals want:)
Ask'd or unask'd, what 's good supply;
What 's evil—to our prayers deny!

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§ 227. *To the Right Hon. Lady Ch——, 1763.*

WHEN lovely Portia glitters at the play,
Or, in her birth-night robes, outshines the day;
From crowds distinguish'd by her grace and air,
Portia the fairest seems, where all are fair:
A kindling passion ev'ry breast alarms,
Each tongue proclaims the triumph of her charms.
But when, retir'd amidst their rural bow'rs,
She chears th' illustrious patriot's calmer hours;
Or, smiling, sits her infant tribe among,
And guides to virtue's paths the list'ning throng:
Behold, amidst these pleasing cares of life,
The tender mother, and th' engaging wife!
More just applause these humbler virtues share,
And Portia shines—as good as she is fair.

---

§ 228. *An Incident in High Life.*

THE Bucks had din'd, and deep in council sat;
Their wine was brilliant—but their wit grew flat:
Up starts his lordship, to the window flies,
And lo! "A race! a race!" in rapture cries:
"Where?" quoth Sir John: "Why, see "two drops of rain
"Start from the summit of the crystal pane:—
"A thousand pounds! which drop with nimblest force
"Performs its current down the slippery course!"
The betts were fix'd; the dire suspence they wait
For victory, pendant on the nod of fate.
Now down the sash, unconscious of the prize,
The bubbles roll—like pearls from Chloe's eyes.
But ah! the glittering joys of life are short!
How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!
Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
Th' approaching drops into *one* bubble draws.

Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project
croſs'd:
How hard their lot, who neither won nor loſt!

§ 229.

AS a weſt-country mayor, with formal ad-
dreſs, [Beſs:
Was making his ſpeech to the haughty Queen
"The Spaniard," quoth he, "with inveterate
"ſpleen [queen;
"Has preſum'd to attack you, a poor virgin
"But your Majeſty's courage has made it ap-
"pear, [the ear."
"That the Don had ta'en the wrong *ſow* by

§ 230. *A Court Audience.*

OLD South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
But much too ſerious for a court,
Who at all preaching made a ſport:
He ſoon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The doctor ſtopp'd; began to call,
"Pray 'wake the Earl of Lauderdale:
"My Lord! why, 'tis a monſtrous thing!
"You ſnore ſo loud—you'll 'wake the king."

§ 231. *On a Diſpute between Dr. Radcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

SIR Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common
way
Into one common garden—and each had a key.
Quoth Kneller, "I'll certainly ſtop up that door,
"If ever I find it unlock'd any more."
"Your threats," replies Radcliffe, "diſturb
"not my eaſe; [pleaſe."
"And ſo you don't *paint* it, e'en do what you
"You're ſmart," rejoins Kneller; "but, ſay
"what you will, ["pill."
"I'll *take* any thing from you—but potion or

§ 232. *The Empty Gun.*

AS Dick and Tom in fierce diſpute engage,
And, face to face, the noiſy conteſt wage;
"Don't *cock* your chin at me," Dick ſmartly
"cries; [replies.
"Fear not—his head's not *charg'd*," a friend

§ 233. *To ———, Eſq. Antiquary and F. R. S.*

GIVE me the thing that's pretty, odd, and
new:
All ugly, old, odd things—I leave to you.

§ 234. *On erecting a Monument to Shakeſpeare, under the Direction of Mr. Pope, Lord Burlington, &c.*

TO mark her Shakeſpeare's worth and Bri-
tons' love,
Let Pope deſign, and Burlington approve:
Superfluous care! When diſtant times ſhall view
This tomb grown old—his works ſhall ſtill be
new.

§ 235. *On Mr. Naſh's Picture at full Length, between the Buſts of Sir Iſaac Newton and Mr. Pope, at Bath.* CHESTERFIELD.

THE old Egyptians hid their wit
In hieroglyphic dreſs,
To give men pains in ſearch of it,
And pleaſe themſelves with gueſs.

Moderns, to hit the ſelf-ſame path,
And exerciſe their parts,
Place figures in a room at Bath:
Forgive them, God of Arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All Wiſdom does expreſs;
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happineſs.

Pope is the emblem of true Wit,
The ſunſhine of the mind;
Read o'er his works in ſearch of it,
You'll endleſs pleaſure find.

Naſh repreſents man in the maſs,
Made up of wrong and right;
Sometimes a king, ſometimes an aſs:
Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture plac'd the buſts between,
Adds to the thought much ſtrength;
Wiſdom and Wit are little ſeen,
But Folly's at full length.

§ 236. *The following Lines were handed up to a beautiful young Lady who was attending the Trial of Criminals at the Aſſizes in Surrey.*

WHILST petty offences and felonies ſmart,
Is there no juriſdiction for ſtealing one's
heart? ["defy you;"
You, fair one, will ſmile, and cry, "Laws, I
Aſſur'd that no peers can be ſummon'd to try
you. [you;
But think not that paltry defence will ſecure
For the muſes and graces will juſt make a jury.

§ 237. *The dropſical Man.* TAYLOR.

A Jolly, brave toper, who could not forbear,
Though his life was in danger, old port
and ſtale beer, [drink on,
Gave the Doctor the hearing—but ſtill would
'Till the dropſy had ſwell'd him as big as a ton;
The more he took phyſic the worſe ſtill he grew,
And tapping was now the laſt thing he could do.
Affairs at this criſis, and doctors come down,
He began to conſider—ſo ſent for his ſon.
Tom, ſee by what courſes I've ſhorten'd my life,
I'm leaving the world ere I'm forty and five;
More than probable 'tis, that in twenty-four
hours,
This manor, this houſe, and eſtate will be yours;
My early exceſſes may teach you this truth,
That 'tis working for death to drink hard in
one's youth.
Says Tom (who's a lad of a generous ſpirit,
And not like young rakes, who're in haſte to
inherit)

 Sir,

Sir, don't be dishearten'd; altho' it be true,)
Th' operation is painful, and hazardous too,
'Tis no more than what many a man has gone through.
And then, as for years, you may yet be call'd young,
Your life after this may be happy and long.
Don't flatter me, Tom, was the father's reply,
With a jest in his mouth, and a tear in his eye:
Too well by experience, my vessels, thou know'st,
No sooner are tapp'd, but they give up the ghost.

EPIGRAMS *from* MARTIAL.

§ 238. *To James Harris, Esq.*

MARTIAL, Book iv. Ep. 87.

WOULD'ST thou, by attic taste approv'd,
By all be read, by all be lov'd,
To learned Harris' curious eye,
By me advis'd, dear Muse, apply:
In him the perfect judge you'll find,
In him the candid friend, and kind.
If he repeats, if he approves,
If he the laughing muscles moves,
Thou nor the critic's sneer shalt mind,
Nor be to pies or trunks consign'd.
If he condemns, away you fly,
And mount in paper-kites the sky,
Or dead 'mongst Grub-street's records lie.

§ 239. Book i. Ep. 11.

CURMUDGEON the rich widow courts,
Nor lovely she, nor made for sports;
'Tis to Curmudgeon charm enough,
That she has got a church-yard cough.

§ 240. Book i. Ep. 14.

WHEN Arria from her wounded side
To Pætus gave the reeking steel,
I feel not what I've done, she cry'd;
What Pætus is to do—I feel.

§ 241. Book iii. Ep. 43.

BEFORE a swan, behind a crow,
Such self-deceit ne'er did I know.
Ah! cease your arts—death knows you're grey,
And spite of all will keep his day.

§ 242. Book iv. Ep. 78.

WITH lace bedizen'd comes the man,
And I must dine with Lady Anne.
A silver service loads the board,
Of eatables a slender hoard.
"Your pride, and not your victuals spare;
"I came to dine, and not to stare."

§ 243. Book vii. Ep. 75.

WHEN dukes in town ask thee to dine,
To rule their roast, and smack their wine;
Or take thee to their country-seat,
To mark their dogs, and bless their meat;
———, dream not on preferment soon,
Thou 'rt not their friend, but their buffoon.

§ 244. Book viii. Ep. 35.

ALIKE in temper and in life,
A drunken husband, sottish wife,
She a scold, a bully he,—
The devil 's in 't they don't agree.

§ 245. Book xii. Ep. 23.

YOUR teeth from Hemmet, and your hair from Bolney.
Was not an eye to be had for money?

§ 246. Book xii. Ep. 30.

NED is a sober fellow, they pretend—
Such would I have my coachman, not my friend.

§ 247. Book xii. Ep. 103.

YOU sell your wife's rich jewels, lace, and cloaths;
The price once paid, away the purchase goes;
But she a better bargain proves, I'm told;
Still sold returns, and still is to be sold.

§ 248. Book i. Ep. 40.

IS there, t' enroll amongst the friendly few,
Whose names pure faith and ancient fame renew?
Is there, enrich'd with virtue's honest store,
Deep vers'd in Latian and Athenian lore?
Is there, who right maintains, and truth pursues,
Nor knows a wish that Heaven can refuse?
Is there, who can on his great self depend?
Now let me die, but Harris is this friend.

§ 249. Book ii. Ep. 80.

WHEN Fannius should have 'scap'd his foe,
His own hands stopp'd his breath:
And was 't not madness, I would know,
By dying, to 'scape death?

§ 250. *The same.*

HIMSELF he slew, when he the foe would fly;
What madness this—for fear of death to die!

§ 251. Book v. Ep. 78.

VARUS did lately me to supper call;
The furniture was large, the feast but small,
The table's spread with plate, not meat; they put
Much to accost the eye, not for the gut:
We came to feast our bellies, not our eyes;
Pray take away your gold; give us some pies.

§ 252. Book i. Ep. 16.

THOU, whom (if faith or honour recommends
A friend) I rank amongst my dearest friends,
Remember you are now almost threescore;
Few days of life remain, if any more:
Defer not what no future time insures,
And only what is past, esteem that your's.
Successive cares and troubles for you stay;
Pleasure not so! it nimbly fleets away;
Then seize it fast: embrace it ere it flies;
In the embrace it vanishes and dies.
"I'll live to-morrow," will a wise man say?
To-morrow is too late;—then live to-day.

§ 253. *From Martial, literally translated.*

A Landlord of Bath put upon me a queer *bam:*
I ask'd him for punch, and the dog gave me * *mere rum.*

* Merum is not translated at all.

§ 254.

§ 254. Book ii. Ep. 41.

YES; I submit, my lord; you've gain'd your end;
I'm now your slave—that would have been your [friend.
I'll bow, I'll cringe, be supple as your glove;—
Respect, adore you—ev'ry thing—but love.

§ 255. Book viii. Ep. 19.

HAL says he's poor, in hopes you'll say he's not;
But take his word for't; Hal's not worth a [groat

§ 256. Book i. Ep. 16.

WHEN from her breast chaste Arria snatch'd the sword,
And gave the deathful weapon to her lord;
My wound, she said, believe me, does not smart,
But thine, alone, my Pætus, pains my heart.

§ 257. Book ix. Ep. 82.

MY works the reader and the hearer praise;--
They're incorrect, a brother poet says:
But let him rail; for, when I give a feast,
Am I to please the cook, or please the guest?

§ 258. Book i. Ep. 34.

HER father dead—alone no grief she knows;
Th' obedient tear at every visit flows.
No mourner he, who must by praise be fee'd,
But he, who mourns in secret, mourns indeed!

§ 259. Book i. Ep. 39.

THE verses, friend, which thou hast read, are mine;
But as thou read'st them, they may pass for thine.

§ 260. Book ii. Ep. 3.

YOU say, you nothing owe; and so I say:
He only owes, who something has to pay.

§ 261. Book ii. Ep. 58.

YOU'RE fine, and ridicule my thread-bare gown;
Thread-bare indeed it is; but 'tis my own.

---

§ 262.

I Dropt a thing in verse, without a name;
I felt no censure, and I gain'd no fame:
The public saw the bastard in the cradle,
But ne'er enquir'd: so left it to the beadle.
A certain nobleman takes up the child,
The real father lay perdue, and smil'd.
The public now enlarges every grace,
What shining eyes it has! how fair a face!
Of parts what symmetry! what strength divine!
The noble brat is sure of Pelops' line.

---

§ 263. *The Mistake.* TAYLOR.

A Cannon-ball, one bloody day,
Took a poor sailor's leg away;
And, as on his comrade's back he made off,
A second fairly took his head off.
The fellow, on this odd emergence,
Carries him pick-back to the surgeons.
Z——ds! cries the doctor, are you drunk,
To bring me here a headless trunk?
A lying dog! cries Jack—he said
His leg was off, and not his head.

---

§ 264. *An Epitaph to the Memory of Lucy Lyttleton.*

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been:
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love;
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd;
Her mind was virtue by the graces dress'd.

---

§ 265. *An Inscription on the Tomb raised to the Memory of the Author's Father, and of others his Ancestors.* Lord CLARE.

UNMARK'D by trophies of the great and vain,
Here sleeps in silent tombs a gentle train.
No folly wasted their paternal store,
No guilt, no sordid av'rice made it more;
With honest fame, and sober plenty crown'd,
They liv'd, and spread their cheering influence round.
May he whose hand this pious tribute pays,
Receive a like return of filial praise!

---

§ 266.

I LOV'D thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

---

§ 267.

SINCE first you knew my am'rous smart,
Each day augments your proud disdain;
'Twas then enough to break my heart,
And now, thank Heav'n! to break my chain.
Cease, thou scorner, cease to shun me!
Now let love and hatred cease!
Half that rigour had undone me,
All that rigour gives me peace.

---

§ 268.

MY heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you;
Now we have liv'd three months asunder,
How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

---

§ 269. *Dialogue between an old Incumbent, and the Person promised the next Presentation.*

I'M glad to see you well.—O faithless breath!
What, glad to see me well, and wish my death!
No more, replies the youth, Sir, this misgiving:
I wish not for your death, but for your living.

§ 270.

§ 270.

THO' cheerful, discreet, and with freedom well bred,
She never repented an idle word said:
Securely she smiles on the forward and bold,
They feel what they owe her, and feel it untold.

§ 271.

I SWORE I lov'd, and you believ'd,
Yet, trust me, we were both deceiv'd;
Though all I swore was true.
I lov'd one gen'rous, good, and kind,
A form created in my mind;
And thought that form was you.

§ 272. *On one who first abused, and then made Love to a Lady.*

FOUL —— with graceless verse,
The noble —— dar'd asperse,
But when he saw her well bespatter'd;
Her reputation stain'd and tatter'd;
He gaz'd and lov'd the hideous elf,
She look'd so very like himself.
True sung the bard well known to fame*,
Self-love and social are the same.

§ 273.

SHE who in secret yields her heart,
Again may claim it from her lover;
But she who plays the trifler's part,
Can ne'er her squander'd fame recover.
Then grant the boon for which I pray!
'Tis better lend than throw away.

§ 274.

WE thought you without titles great,
And wealthy with a small estate;
While by your humble self alone,
You seem'd unrated and unknown.
But now on fortune's swelling tide
High-borne, in all the pomp of pride;
Of grandeur vain, and fond of pelf,
'Tis plain, my lord, you knew yourself.

§ 275.

TOM thought a wild profusion great,
And therefore spent his whole estate:
Wil. thinks the wealthy are ador'd,
And gleans what miser's blush to hoard.
Their passion, merit, fate the same,
They thirst and starve alike for fame.

§ 276. *To Clarissa.*

WHY like a tyrant wilt thou reign,
When thou may'st rule the willing mind?
Can the poor pride of giving pain
Repay the joys that wait the kind?
I curse my fond enduring heart,
Which scorn'd presumes not to be free,
Condemn'd to feel a double smart,
To hate myself, and burn for thee.

§ 277.

EVER busy, ne'er employ'd,
Ever loving, ne'er enjoy'd,
Ever doom'd to seek and miss,
And pay unbless'd the price of bliss.

§ 278.

VAINLY hath Heaven denounc'd the woman's woes,
Thou know'st no tender cares, no bitter throes,
Unfelt your offspring comes, unfelt it goes.

§ 279. *On Shakespeare's Monument at Stratford upon Avon.*

SEWARD.

GREAT Homer's birth sev'n rival cities claim,
Too mighty such monopoly of Fame;
Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe
His wond'rous worth; what Egypt could bestow,
With all the schools of Greece and Asia join'd,
Enlarg'd th' immense expansion of his mind.
Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian strain,
The † British Eagle and the Mantuan Swan
Tow'r equal heights. But happier Stratford, thou,
With incontested laurels deck thy brow:
Thy bard was thine unschool'd, and from thee brought
More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia taught.
Not Homer's self such matchless honours won;
The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakespeare none.

§ 280. *A Sonnet. Imitated from the Spanish of Lopez de Vega. Menagiana, tom. IV. p. 176.*

EDWARDS.

CAPRICIOUS Wray a sonnet needs must have;
I ne'er was so put to't before:—a sonnet!
Why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it:
'Tis good howe'er t' have conquer'd the first stave.
Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
Said I, and found myself i' the midst o' the second.
If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,
I should turn back on th' hardest part and laugh.
Thus far with good success I think I've scribbled,
And of the twice seven lines have clean got o'er ten.
Courage! another 'll finish the first triplet.
Thanks to thee, Muse, my work begins to shorten.
There's thirteen lines got through, driblet by driblet,
'Tis done! count how you will, I warr'nt there's fourteen.

§ 281.

ON Pollard oak, hollow at heart,
Tremendous lightning darted.
Tremble at God's aveng'ing dart,
Oh all ye hollow-hearted.

* Mr. Pope. † Milton.

§ 282.

NO wonder that Oxford and Cambridge profound,
In learning and ſcience ſo greatly abound;
When all carry thither a little each day,
And we meet with ſo few who bring any away.

§ 283.

AS Quin and Foote
One day walk'd out
To view the country round,
In merry mood
They chatting ſtood
Hard by the village-pound.
Foote from his poke
A ſhilling took,
And ſaid, Ill bet a penny
In a ſhort ſpace,
Within this place,
I'll make this piece a guinea.
Upon the ground,
Within the pound.
The ſhilling ſoon was thrown;
Behold, ſays Foote,
The thing's made out,
For there is one pound one.
I wonder not,
Says Quin, that thought
Should in your head be found,
Since that's the way
Your debts you pay—
One ſhilling in the pound.

§ 284. *On a Statue of Apollo crowning Merit.*

MERIT, if thou'rt bleſt with riches,
For God's ſake buy a pair of breeches,
And give them to thy naked brother,
For one good turn deſerves another.

§ 285.

OH let me die in peace! Eumenes cried,
To a hard creditor at his bed-ſide.
How! die! roar'd Gripus; thus your debts evade!
No, no, Sir, you ſha'nt die 'till I am paid.

§ 286. *On Sleep.*

ALTHOUGH ſoft ſleep death's ſad reſemblance wears,
Still do I wiſh him on my couch to lie;
Come, balmy ſleep, for ſweetly it appears,
Thus without life to live, thus without death to die.

§ 287. *On a bad Singer.*

WHEN ſcreech-owls ſcreek, their note portends
To fooliſh mortals death of friends:
But when Corvina ſtrains her throat,
E'en ſcreech-owls ſicken at the note.

§ 288.

UPON ſome haſty errand Tom was ſent,
And met his pariſh curate as he went;
But, juſt like what he was, a ſorry clown,
It ſeems he paſt him with a cover'd crown.
The gownman ſtopp'd, and, turning, ſternly ſaid—
I doubt, my lad, you're far worſe taught than fed!
Why aye! ſays Tom, ſtill jogging on, that's true:
Thank God, he feeds me! but I'm taught by you.

§ 289. *Epitaph on a certain Miſer.*

HERE lies one who for med'cines would not give
A little gold, and ſo his life he loſt:
I fancy now he'd wiſh again to live,
Cou'd he but gueſs how much his fun'ral coſt.

§ 290. *On Captain Grenville.*
Lord LYTTELTON.

YE weeping muſes, graces, virtues, tell,
If ſince your all-accompliſh'd Sidney fell,
You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
A loſs like that theſe plaintive lays record!
Such ſpotleſs honour; ſuch ingenuous truth;
Such ripen'd wiſdom in the bloom of youth!
So mild, ſo gentle, ſo compos'd a mind,
To ſuch heroic warmth and courage join'd!
He too, like Sidney, nurs'd in learning's arms,
For nobler war forſook her ſofter charms:
Like him, poſſeſs'd of ev'ry pleaſing art,
The ſecret wiſh of every female heart;
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He, unrepining, for his country dy'd.

§ 291. *Deſigned for the Monument of Sir Iſaac Newton.*

MORE than his name were leſs—'twould ſeem to fear
He who increas'd Heav'n's fame, could want it here.
Yet—when the ſun he lighted up ſhall fade,
And all the worlds, he found at firſt, decay'd;
Then void and waſte eternity ſhall lie,
And time and Newton's name, together die.

§ 292. *Upon a young Gentleman refuſing to walk with the Author in the Park, becauſe he was not dreſſed well.* GARRICK.

FRIEND Col and I, both full of whim,
To ſhun each other oft agree;
For I'm not beau enough for him,
And he's too much a beau for me.
Then let us from each other fly,
And arm in arm no more appear;
That I may ne'er offend your eye,
That you may ne'er offend my ear.

§ 293. *On Mrs. Clive's reſenting being put out of the Part of Portia, and ſaying ſhe was ſurely as well qualified to wear Breeches as Mr. Garrick was to play Ranger.* IBID.

DEAR Kate, it is vanity both us bewitches,
Since I muſt the truth on't reveal;

For when I mount the ladder and you wear the breeches,
We shew—what we ought to conceal.

§ 294. *On Mr. Quin.* GARRICK.

SAYS Epicure Quin, should the devil in hell
In fishing for men take delight,
His hook bait with ven'son, I love it so well,
Indeed I am sure I should bite.

§ 295. *Extempore, on hearing a certain impertinent Address in the Newspapers. By Garrick, Thomson, &c.*

THOU essence of dock, of valerian and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of this age,
The worst that we wish thee, for all thy bad crimes,
Is to take thy own physic, and read thy own rhymes.

§ 296. *Answer to the Junto.*

THEIR wish must be in form revers'd,
To suit their doctor's crimes;
For, if he takes his physic first,
He'll never read his rhymes.

§ 297. *Dr. Hill's Reply to the Junto's Epigram.*

YE desperate junto, ye great or ye small,
Who combat dukes, doctors, the deuce, and 'em all!
Whether gentlemen, scribblers, or poets in jail,
Your impertinent curses shall never prevail:
I'll take neither sage, dock, nor balsam of honey;
Do you take the physic, and I'll take the money.

§ 298. *Written soon after Dr. Hill's Farce, called The Rout, was acted.* GARRICK.

FOR physic and farces,
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is.

§ 299. *To Dr. Hill, upon his Petition of the Letter I, to Mr. Garrick.* IBID.

IF 'tis true as you say, that I've injur'd a letter,
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the better;
May the right use of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fix'd by the tongue and the pen;
Most devoutly I wish that they both have their due,
And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*.

§ 300. *Colloquial Epigram**. IBID.

Wilmot.

YOU should call at his house, or should send him a card,
Can Garrick alone be so cold?

Garrick.

Shall I, a poor player, and still poorer bard,
Shall folly with Camden make bold?
What joy can I give him, dear Wilmot declare?
Promotion no honours can bring;
To him the Great Seals are but labour and care,
Wish joy to your country and king.

§ 301. *To the Author of the Farmer's Letters, which were written in Ireland in the Year of the Rebellion, by Henry Brooke, Esq; 1745.* GARRICK.

OH thou, whose artless, free-born genius charms,
Whose rustic zeal each patriot bosom warms;
Pursue the glorious task, the pleasing toil,
Forsake the fields, and till a nobler soil;
Extend the farmer's care to human kind,
Manure the heart, and cultivate the mind;
There plant religion, reason, freedom, truth,
And sow the seeds of virtue in our youth:
Let no rank words corrupt, or brambles choak,
And shake the vermin from the British oak:
From northern blasts protect the vernal bloom,
And guard our pastures from the wolves of Rome.
On Britain's liberty ingraft thy name,
And reap the harvest of immortal fame!

§ 302. *Upon a Lady's Embroidery.* IBID.

ARACHNE once, as poets tell,
A goddess at her art defy'd;
But soon the daring mortal fell
The hapless victim of her pride.
O then beware Arachne's fate,
Be prudent, Chloe, and submit;
For you'll more surely feel her hate,
Who rival both her heart and wit.

§ 303. *Death and the Doctor. Occasioned by a Physician's lampooning a Friend of the Author.* IBID.

AS Doctor —— musing sat,
Death saw, and came without delay:
Enters the room, begins the chat,
With "Doctor, why so thoughtful, pray?"
The Doctor started from his place,
But soon they more familiar grew:
And then he told his piteous case,
How trade was low, and friends were few.
"Away with fear," the phantom said,
As soon as he had heard his tale:
"Take my advice, and mend your trade;
"We both are loosers if you fail.
"Go write, your wit in satire show,
"No matter whether smart or true;
"Call —— names, the greatest foe
"To dulness, folly, pride, and you.

* Soon after the promotion of Lord Camden to the Seals, Mr. Wilmot, his Lordship's purse-bearer, called at Hampton, where, learning that Mr. Garrick had not yet paid his congratulatory compliments, the conversation between the two gentlemen furnished Mr. Garrick with the subject of the Epigram; in which, with an admirable address, our English Roscius has turned an imputed neglect into a very elegant panegyric on that truly patriotic nobleman.

"Then

"Then copies spread, there lies the trick,
"Among your friends be sure you send 'em;
"For all who read will soon grow sick,
"And when your call'd upon, attend 'em.
"Thus trade increasing by degrees,
"Doctor, we both shall have our ends:
"For you are sure to have your fees,
"And I am sure to have your friends."

§ 304. *Upon a certain Lord's giving some Thousand Pounds for a House.* Garrick.

SO many thousands for a house,
For you, of all the world, lord Mouse!
A little house would best accord
With you, my very little lord!
And then exactly match'd would be
Your house and hospitality.

§ 305. *Upon seeing Mr. Taylor's Pictures of Bath, and hearing a Connoisseur declare that "they were finely painted for a Gentleman."* Ibid.

TELL me the meaning, you who can,
Of "finely for a gentleman!"
Is genius, rarest gift of Heaven,
To the hir'd artist only given?
Or, like the Catholic salvation,
Pal'd in for any class or station?
Is it bound 'prentice to the trade,
Which works, and as it works is paid?
Is there no skill to build, invent,
Unless inspir'd by *five per cent.?*
And shalt thou, Taylor, paint in vain,
Unless impell'd by hopes of gain?
Be wise, my friend, and take thy fee,
That Claude Loraine may yield to thee.

§ 306. *Tom Fool to Mr. Hoskins, his Counsellor and Friend.* Ibid.

ON your care must depend the success of my suit,
The possession I mean of the house in dispute.
Consider, my friend, an attorney's my foe,
The worst of his tribe, and the best is so-so.
O let not his quiddits and quirks of the law,
O let not this harpy your poor client claw;
In law as in life, I know well 'tis a rule,
That a knave should be ever too hard for a fool.
To this rule one exception your poor client implores,
That the fool may for once beat the knave out [of doors.

§ 307. *From the Spanish.* Ibid.

FOR me my fair a wreath has wove,
Where rival flowers in union meet;
As oft she kiss'd the gift of love,
Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.
A bee within a damask rose
Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,—
And fixes on Louisa's lip.
There tasting all the bloom of spring,
Wak'd by the ripening breath of May,
Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
And with the honey flew away.

§ 308. *An Epitaph upon the celebrated Claudius Philips*, Musician, who died very poor.* Garrick.

PHILIPS, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r and hapless love,
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,
Here find that calm, thou gav'st so oft before.
Sleep, undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
'Till angels wake thee, with a note like thine.

§ 309. *Epitaph on William Hogarth† in Chiswick Church-Yard.* Ibid.

FAREWEL, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And thro' the eye correct the heart!

If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear:—
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

§ 310. *Epitaph on James Quin‡, in Bath Cathedral.* Ibid.

THAT tongue, which set the table on a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more!
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbinger of wit,
Which spoke, before the tongue, what Shakespeare writ.
Cold are those hands, which, living, were [stretch'd forth,
At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
Here lies James Quin! deign, reader, to be taught,
(Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In nature's happiest mould however cast)
To this complexion thou must come at last.

§ 311. *Epitaph on Laurence Sterne* ‖. Ibid.

SHALL pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd titled fool to praise;
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn,
Where genius, wit, and humour, sleep with Sterne?

§ 312. *Epitaph on Mr. Beighton, who had been Vicar of Egham Forty-five Years.* Ibid.

NEAR half an age, with every good man's praise,
Among his flock the shepherd pass'd his days;
The friend, the comfort of the sick and poor;
Want never knock'd unheeded at his door;

* This Epitaph has been ascribed to Dr. Johnson, but was really written by Mr. Garrick. See European Magazine, January 1785.

† He died October 26, 1764.

‡ Mr. Quin died January 1766.

‖ Mr. Sterne was born at Clonmel in Ireland, November 24, 1713; and died in London, March 18, 1768.

Oft when his duty call'd, disease and pain
Strove to confine him, but they strove in vain.
All moan his death, his virtues long they try'd,
They knew not how they lov'd him, 'till he dy'd.
Peculiar blessings did his life attend,
He had no foe, and Camden was his friend.

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§ 313. *Epitaph on Paul Whitehead, Esq.* GARRICK.

Near this place
Are deposited the remains
of
PAUL WHITEHEAD, Esq.
Who was born January 25, 1710.
And died Dec. 30, 1774.
Aged 65.

Here lies a man misfortune could not bend;
Prais'd as a poet, honour'd as a friend:
Tho' his youth kindled with the love of fame,
Within his bosom glow'd a brighter flame.
Whene'er his friends with sharp affliction bled,
And from the wounded deer the herd was fled,
Whitehead stood forth—the healing balm apply'd,
Nor quitted their distresses—'till he dy'd.

---

§ 314. *A Tribute, by Mr. Garrick, to the Memory of a Character he long knew and respected.*

*Epitaph on Mr. Havard, Comedian **.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God!"

HAVARD from sorrow rests beneath this stone;
An honest man—belov'd as soon as known;
Howe'er defective in the mimic art,
In real life he justly play'd his part!
The noblest character he acted well,
And Heaven applauded—when the curtain fell.

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§ 315. *Inscription on a Grotto of Shells at Crux-Easton †, the work of Nine young Ladies ‡.* POPE.

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;
Beauty, which nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art;
But fate dispos'd them in his humble sort,
And hid in desarts what would charm a court.

---

§ 316. *Verses occasioned by seeing a Grotto built by Nine Sisters.* HERBERT.

SO much this building entertains my sight,
Nought but the builders can give more delight:
In them the master-piece of nature's shown,
In this I see art's master-piece in stone.
O! Nature, Nature, thou hast conquer'd art;
She charms the sight alone, but you the heart.

§ 317. *Lines written by the celebrated* THOMSON, *to his* AMANDA; *with a Copy of the* SEASONS.—*Never before published.*

ACCEPT, dear Nymph! a tribute due
To sacred friendship, and to you!
But with it take, what breath'd the whole,
O! take to thine, the Poet's soul!
If Fancy here her pow'r displays,
Or, if a heart exalt these lays,
You fairest in that fancy shine,
And all that heart is fondly thine!

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§ 318. *An Epigram.*

A Member of the modern great,
Pass'd Sawney with his budget;
The peer was in a car of state,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.

But Sawney shall receive the praise
His Lordship wou'd parade for:
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And th' other's shoes are paid for.

---

§ 319. *The Lawyer and Client.*

TWO Lawyers, when a knotty cause was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends, as before;
"Zounds!" says the client, "How come yaw
"To be such friends, who were such foes just
"naw?"
Thou fool, says one, we lawyers, tho' so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between.

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§ 320. *Epitaph on Mrs. Ellen Temple, late Wife of Mr. John Temple, of Malton, Surgeon.* By Mr. GENTLEMAN.

HERE in just hope, above the stars to rise,
The mortal part of ELLEN TEMPLE lies,
In whom those beauties of a spotless mind,
Faith, and good works, were happily combin'd;
A patient, careful, constant, loving wife,
The foe of scandal, and domestic strife;
The tender mother, undissembling friend,
Who grac'd those virtues with a pious end;
Who, still preserving an unblemish'd name,
Ne'er meanly strove to taint a neighbour's fame;
Who play'd—as reader thou shou'dst do—her part,
With inward peace, and rectitude of heart;
Who, christian-like, resign'd her final breath,
And, dying free from censure, smil'd at death.

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§ 321. *Epigram.*

SAYS a beau, to a lady, Pray, name if you can,
Of all your acquaintance, the handsomest man?
The lady reply'd, If you'd have me speak true,
He's the handsomest man that's the most unlike you.

* He died 20th February 1778. † In the county of Hants, the seat of Edward Lisle, Esq.
‡ Miss Lisles, daughters of Edward Lisle, Esq. and sisters to Dr. Lisle.

§ 322. *On a Bowl of Punch.*

WHENE'ER a bowl of punch we make,
Four striking opposites we take;
The strong, the small, the sharp, the sweet,
Together mix'd, most kindly meet;
And when they happily unite,
The bowl "is pregnant with delight;"

In conversation thus we find,
That, four men differently inclin'd;
With talents each distinct; and each
Mark'd by peculiar powers of speech;
With tempers too, as much the same,
As milk and verjuice, frost and flame:
Their parts, by properly sustaining,
May all prove highly entertaining.

§ 323. *A Description of London.*

HOUSES, churches, mixt together,
Streets unpleasant in all weather;
Prisons, palaces contiguous,
Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous;
Gaudy things, enough to tempt ye,
Showy outsides, insides empty;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of laundresses afraid;
Rogues, that nightly rob and shoot men,
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians;
Noble, simple, all conditions;
Worth, beneath a thread-bare cover,
Villainy, bedaub'd all over;
Women—black, red, fair, and grey,
Prudes, and such as never pray;
Handsome, ugly, noisy still,
Some, that will not, some, that will;
Many a beau, without a shilling,
Many a widow, not unwilling;
Many a bargain, if you strike it.
This is London—How d' ye like it?

§ 324. *On a young Lady.*

BEHOLD a nymph, with ev'ry virtue grac'd,
Minerva's head on Venus' shoulders plac'd!
Kind nature here displays her nicest art,
With sweet relievos hides the soundest heart;
But while it hides, it elegantly tells
With what benevolence her bosom swells.
Here's beauty mental, moral, and divine,
To charm the lover, and his thoughts refine.

§ 325. *PARADOX.*

FOUR people sat down, in one evening to play,
They play'd all that eve', and parted next day;
Cou'd you think, when you're told, as thus they all sat,
No other play'd with them, nor was there one [bet;
Yet, when they rose up, each gained a guinea,
Tho' none of 'em lost to th' amount of a penny.

Answer.

Four merry fidlers play'd all night,
To many a dancing ninny;
And the next morning went away,
And each receiv'd a guinea.

§ 326. *On the Fifth of November.*
By an IRISH BELLMAN.

TO-NIGHT's the day, I speak it with great sorrow, [morrow;
That, we were all t' have been blown up, to-
Therefore, take care of fires, and candle-light,
'Tis a cold frosty morn, and so good-night.

§ 327. *Epitaph on a Lawyer.*

ENTOMB'D within this vault, a lawyer lies,
Whom fame assureth us, was just and wise;
An able advocate, and honest too!—— [true.
That's wondrous strange, indeed!—if it be

§ 328. *Reflections over a Pipe of Tobacco, and a Pinch of Snuff.*

WHILST smoke arises from my pipe,
Thus to myself I say:
Why should I anxious be for life,
Which vanishes away?
Our social snuff-boxes convey,
The same ideas just;
As if they silently would say,
Let's mingle dust to dust.

§ 329. *A Country Quarter Sessions.*

THREE or four parsons, full of October;
Three or four squires, between drunk and sober;
Three or four lawyers, three or four lyars;
Three or four constables, three or four cryers;
Three or four parishes, bringing appeals,
Three or four writings, and three or four seals;
Three or four bastards, three or four whores,
Tag, rag, and bob-tail, three or four scores;
Three or four statutes, misunderstood,
Three or four paupers, all praying for food;
Three or four roads, that never were mended,
Three or four scolds—and the sessions is ended.

§ 330. *Epigram.*

WHAT legions of fables and whimsical tales,
Pass current for gospel, where priestcraft prevails?
Our ancestors thus were most strangely deceiv'd;
What stories and nonsense for faith they believ'd?
But we, their wise sons, who these fabl.. reject,
Even truth, now-a-days, are too apt to suspect;
From believing too much, the right faith we let
So now we believe, faith! nothing at all. [fall,

§ 331. *Another.*

CRIES Ned to his neighbours, as onward they prest,
Conveying his wife to her place of long rest;
Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure,
For, why should we thus make a toil of a pleasure.

§ 332.

§ 332. *On Six Sorts of People, who keep Fasts.*

THE miser fasts, because he will not eat,
The poor man fasts, because he has no meat;
The rich man fasts, with greedy mind to spare,
The glutton fasts, to eat the greater share:
The hypocrite, he fasts, to seem more holy,
The righteous man, to punish sin and folly.

§ 333. *Epitaph on a Blacksmith.*

MY sledge and hammer lie declin'd,
My bellows too have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
My vice is in the dust all laid;
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.
My fire-dry'd corpse lies here at rest,
My soul, smoke-like, soars to be blest.

§ 334. *A whimsical Epitaph, taken from a Stone in a Church.*

HERE lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who as a wife did never vex one;
We can't say that for her at th' next stone.

§ 335. *On Quadrille. To a young Lady.*

DEIGN, lovely nymph, to hear the least of bards,
Who draws instruction from a game of cards;
What, tho' Quadrille perplex you, here is shown,
How hard the task, for her, who plays alone.
But, wou'd you then consent to be a wife?
Think first, Oh think! you play your cards for life!
Shou'd sordid friends controul your right good will,
Beware the wretched state of forc'd Spadille.
Shou'd man, by grandeur, strive your heart to fire,
A cross fish well denotes a purse-proud 'Squire;
Then, pass by wealth, and power, for better, sure,
It is, with some kind swain, to play secure;
And he, dear girl, who does your charms adore,
Now asks you leave, Oh! let him soon say more.

§ 336. *To-morrow. An Epigram.*

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does to-morrow lye?
That 'tis so mighty long e'er it arrive?
Beyond the Indies, does this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear,
'Twill be both very old, and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say,
To-day's too late; the wise liv'd yesterday.

§ 337. *Spoke extempore by the Earl of Rochester to a Parish Clerk.*

STERNHOLD, and Hopkins, had great qualms,
When they translated David's Psalms,
To make the heart full glad:
But had it been poor David's fate,
To hear thee sing, and them translate,
By Jove, 'twould have made him mad.

§ 338. *Rhyme to Lisbon. By the same.*

HERE's a health to Kate,
Our Sovereign's mate,
Of the Royal House of Lisbon;
But, the Devil take Hyde,
And, the Bishop, beside,
That, made her bone, his bone.

§ 339. *On Punch.*

HENCE, restless care, and low design!
Hence, foreign compliments, and wine!
Let generous Britons, brave, and free,
Still, boast their punch, and honesty;
Life is a bumper, fill'd by fate,
And we the guests, who share the treat;
Where strong, insipid, sharp, and sweet,
Each other duly temp'ring, meet;
Awhile, with joy, the scene is crown'd,
Awhile, the catch and toast go round;
And, when the full carouse is o'er,
Death puffs the lights, and shuts the door.
Say, then, physicians of each kind,
Who cure the body, or the mind;
What harm, in drinking, can there be,
Since punch, and life, so well agree?

§ 340. *The Disappointed Husband.*

A Scolding wife, so long a sleep possess'd,
Her spouse presum'd her soul was now at rest;
Sable was call'd to hang the room with black,
And all their cheer was sugar, rolls, and sack.
Two mourning staffs stood centry at the door,
And silence reign'd, who ne'er was there before;
The cloaks, and tears, and hankerchiefs, prepar'd,
They march'd, in woeful pomp, to the church-yard;
When, see, of narrow streets what mischiefs come!
The very dead can't pass in quiet home;
By some rude jolt the coffin-lid was broke,
And Madam, from her dream of death, awoke;
Now all was spoil'd! the Undertaker's pay,
Sour faces, cakes, and wine, quite thrown away;
But some years after, when the former scene
Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again;
The tender husband took especial care,
To keep the passage from disturbance clear;
Charging the bearers, that they tread aright,
Nor put his dear in such another fright.

§ 341. *An Epigram.*

MUSIC's a crotchet, the sober thinks vain,
The fiddle's a wooden projection;
Tunes are but flirts of a whimsical brain,
Which the bottle brings best to perfection:
Musicians are half-witted, merry, and mad,
The same are all those that admire 'em;
They're fools if they play, unless they're well paid,
And the others are blockheads to hire 'em.

§ 342. *An Epigram.*

SAYS Johnny to Paddy, "I can't for my life,
"Conceive how a dumb pair are made man
"and wife,
"Since they can't with the form, and the parson
"accord."
Says Paddy, "You fool! they take each other's
"word."

§ 343. *The Biter bit.*

A Certain priest had hoarded up,
A secret mass of gold;
But where he might bestow it safe,
By fancy was not told.

At last, it came into his head,
To lock it in a chest;
Within the chancel, and he wrote
Thereon, *Hic Deus est.*

A merry grigg, whose greedy mind,
Long wish'd for such a prey;
Respected not the sacred words,
That on the casket lay.

Took out the gold, and blotted out
The priest's inscript thereon,
Wrote, *Resurrexit non est hic,*
"Your God is rose and gone."

§ 344. *On the Death of Dr. Secker, late Archbishop of Canterbury.*

WHILE Secker liv'd, he shew'd how Seers
should live;
While Secker taught, heav'n open'd to our
[eye;
When Secker gave, we know how angels give;
When Secker dy'd, we knew, e'en Saints
must die.

§ 345. *Epigram.*

Occasion'd by the Words "ONE PRIOR," *in Burnet's History.*

ONE PRIOR!—and is this, this all the fame,
The Poet from th' Historian can claim!
No; Prior's verse posterity shall quote,
When 'tis forgot *one Burnet* ever wrote.

§ 346. *On Content. An Epigram.*

IT is not youth can give content,
Nor is it wealth's decree;
It is a gift from Heaven sent,
Tho' not to thee or me.

It is not in the Monarch's crown,
Tho' he'd give millions for't;
It dwells not in his Lordship's frown,
Or waits on him to court.

It is not in a coach and six,
It is not in a garter;
'Tis not in love, or politics,
But 'tis in Hodge the carter.

§ 347. *The First Pair.*

ADAM alone, could not be easy,
So he must have a wife an' please ye;
And how did he procure this wife,
To cheer his solitary life?
Out of a rib, Sir, from his side,
Was form'd this necessary bride:
But how did he the pain beguile?
How?—He slept sweetly all the while;
And when this rib was re-apply'd,
In woman's form to Adam's side;
How then, I pray you, did it answer?
"He never slept so sweet again, Sir."

§ 348. *Similies. To Molly.*

MY passion is as mustard strong;
I sit all sober sad;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, tho' as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger, I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig, I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake, with sighs and care,
Sleak as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat, now thin!

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart, as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale;
And, merry as a grigg, is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The God of love, at her approach,
Is busy as a bee!
Hearts sound as any bell, or roach,
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ay me! as thick as hops, or hail,
The fine men croud about her;
But soon as dead as a door-nail,
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg, her shape appears;
Oh! were we join'd together!
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as a razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are;
Methinks I taste them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;

Sharp as a needle are her words;
Her wit like pepper bites.
Brisk as a body-louse she trips
Clean as a penny drest;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as a globe her, her breast.

Full as an egg, was I with glee,
And happy as a King!
Good Lord! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing:

But false as hell, she like the wind,
Chang'd, as her sex must do;
Tho' seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel, true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru;
Great as an Emp'ror should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post;
Let us like burrs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll find me truer than a die,
And wish me better speed;
Flat as a flounder, when I lie,
And, as a herring, dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

---

§ 349. *On the Word* REPRESENTATIVE.

TO represent, is but to personate,
Which shou'd be truly done, at any rate;
Thus they, who're fairly chose without a fee,
Should give their votes, no doubt, with liberty;
But when a seat is sold by th' venal tribe,
He represents them best,—who takes a bribe.

---

§ 350. *On the Shortness of Human Life.*

LIKE as a damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree;
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day;
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonah had;
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done;
Withers the rose, the blossom blasts,
The flower fades, the morning hastes;
The sun doth set, the shadows fly,
The goard consumes, and mortals die.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun;
Or like a bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May;
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan.
E'n such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death;
The grass decays, the tale doth end,
The bird is flown, the dews ascend;
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look;
Or like the shuttle in the hand,
Or like the writing in the sand;
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream;
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death;
The bubble's burst, the look's forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot;
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water glides, man's life is done.

---

§ 351. *Epitaph on Captain Jones, Who published some marvellous Accounts on his Travels, the Truth of all which he thought proper to testify by*
AFFIDAVIT.

TREAD softly, mortals, o'er the bones
Of the world's wonder, Capt. Jones!
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believ'd by any.
Posterity let this suffice,
He swore all's true, yet here he lies.

---

§ 352. *A Portrait from Life.*
By Dr. SWIFT.

COME sit by my side, while this picture I draw,
In chatt'ring a mag-pye, in pride a jack-daw;
A temper, the devil himself cou'd not bridle,
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed,
She swils like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit;
A housewife in bed, at table a slattern,
For all an example, for no one a pattern;
Now tell me, friend * Thomas † Ford, † Grattan and ‡ merry Dan,
Has this any likeness to good Madam Sheridan.

---

§ 353. *An Epigram,*
On seeing a young Lady writing Verses with a Hole in her Stocking.

TO see a Lady of such grace,
With so much sense and such a face,
So slatternly, is shocking;
Oh! if you would with Venus vie,
Your pen and poetry lay by,
And learn to mend your stocking.

---

§ 354. *An Epigram.*

AS Tom was, one day, in deep chat with his friend,
He gravely advis'd him his manners to mend;
That his morals were bad, he had heard it from many,
They lie, reply'd Tom, for I never had any.

* Dr. Sheridan. † The Dean's friends. ‡ Mr. D. Jackson.

§ 355.

§ 355. *On Time.*

SAY, is there aught that can convey
An image of its tranſient ſtay!
'Tis an hand's breadth; 'tis a tale;
'Tis a veſſel under ſail;
'Tis a courſer's ſtraining ſteed;
'Tis a ſhuttle in its ſpeed;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the purſuing ſight:
'Tis a vapour in the air;
'Tis a whirlwind ruſhing there;
'Tis a ſhort-liv'd fading flow'r;
'Tis a rainbow, on a ſhow'r;
'Tis a momentary ray,
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid ſtream;
'Tis a ſhadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the cloſing watch of night,
Dying at approaching light;
'Tis a landſcape vainly gay,
Painted upon crumbling clay;
'Tis a lamp that waſtes its fires;
'Tis a ſmoke that quick expires;
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a ſigh;
Be prepar'd, O Man! to die.

§ 356. *An Anatomical Epitaph on an Invalid. Written by* HIMSELF.

HERE lies an head, that often ach'd:
Here lies two hands that always ſhak'd;
Here lies a brain of odd conceit;
Here lies a heart that often beat:
Here lie two eyes that daily wept,
And in the night but ſeldom ſlept;
Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd;
Here lies two feet that feebly walk'd;
Here lie the midriff and the breaſt,
With loads of indigeſtion preſt;
Here lies the liver, full of bile,
That ne'er ſecreted proper chyle;
Here lie the bowels, human tripes,
Tortur'd with wind, and twiſting gripes;
Here lies the livid dab, the ſpleen,
The ſource of life's ſad tragic ſcene;
That left ſide weight, that clogs the blood,
And ſtagnates nature's circling flood;
Here lie the nerves, ſo often twitch'd
With painful cramps and poignant ſtitch;
Here lies the back, oft rackt with pains,
Corroding kidneys, loins and reins;
Here lies the ſkin by ſcurvy fed,
With pimples and eruptions red;
Here lies the man, from top to toe,
That fabric fram'd for pain and woe.

§ 357. *A Poem.*

By Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

SHALL I like an Hermit dwell
On a rock, or in a cell,
Calling home the ſmalleſt part
That is miſſing of my heart,
To beſtow it where I may
Meet a rival ev'ry day?
If ſhe undervalue me,
What care I how rich ſhe be?

Were her treſſes angel gold,
If a ſtranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a brayde,
And, with little more a-do,
Work them into bracelets too;
If the mine be grown ſo free,
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hand as rich a prize
As her hairs, or precious eyes;
If ſhe lay them out to take
Kiſſes, for good manners ſake;
And let ev'ry lover ſkip
From her hand unto her lip;
If ſhe ſeem not chaſte to me,
What care I how chaſte ſhe be?

No, ſhe muſt be perfect ſnow
In effect, as well as ſhow;
Warming but, as ſnow-balls do,
Not like fire, by burning too;
But, when ſhe, by change hath got
To her heart a ſecond Lot,
Then, if others ſhare with me,
Farewel her, whate'er ſhe be!

§ 358. *A Poem. Occaſioned by the foregoing.*

PAINT, paint no more, no more with blots,
Or chequer ſo thy face with ſpots,
That I muſt view thee, as men ſtrive
To ſee eclipſes through a ſieve;
Be thou but pleaſing unto me,
What care I what elſe thou be?

Be thou fatter than a hog,
A butcher's doublet, or his dog;
Be thy cheeks butter, thy noſe greaſe;
May we make brewis on thy face;
Yet if thou do not melt to me,
What care I how fat thou be?

Be thy noſe like fiery coals,
Or a greater, full of holes,
Let it turn up, or elſe hook in,
And ſo be claſp'd unto thy chin;
Yet, if it turn not unto me,
What care I how crook'd it be?

Though reading, thou muſt look ſo cloſe,
As thou wert reading with thy noſe;
From thine eyes let filth run more
Than broken boil, or plaguy ſore;
Yet, if they do not look on me,
What care I how foul they be?

Canſt thou outſcold a butter wench,
Or a freſh lawyer, at the bench;
Canſt thou the noiſe of thunder drown,
Sour all the beer about the town?
Yet, if thou wilt not ſpeak to me,
What care I how loud thou be?

Be thy mouth like jaws of death,
That they who kiſs, muſt kiſs thy teeth;

And hold by th' handle of thy chin,
Lest their foot slip, and they fall in;
Yet, if thou wilt not gape on me,
What care I how broad it be?

Smells thy breath like nurse's clout,
Or a candle just burnt out;
Or so, that men mistake the place,
And, untruss coming near thy face;
Yet, if it smell not so to me,
What care I how strong it be?

Women, like paper, whilst they're white,
Are fit for ev'ry man to write;
I'd have a mistress such a one,
I might be sure she was my own;
Be thou then but such to me,
What care I what else thou be?

§ 359. *The Stage Coach.*

RESOLV'D to visit a far distant friend,
A porter to the Bull-and-Gate, I send,
And bid the slave at all events engage
Some place or other in the Chester stage;
The slave returns—its done as soon as said—
Your honour's sure when once the money's paid;
My brother whip, impatient of delay,
Puts to at three, and swears he cannot stay;
(Four dismal hours ere the break of day.)
Rous'd from sound sleep, thrice call'd, at length I rise,
Yawning, stretch out my arms, half clos'd my eyes;
By steps and lanthorn, enter the machine,
And take my place, how cordially! between
Two aged matrons of excessive bulk,
To mend the matter too, of meaner folk;
While in like mode, jamm'd in on t'other side
A bullying Captain, and a fair-one, ride;
Foolish as fair, and in whose lap a boy——
—Our plague eternal, but her only joy;
At last, the glorious number to complete,
Steps in my landlord for that bodkin seat;
When soon by ev'ry hillock, rut, and stone,
Into each other's face by turns we're thrown;
This grannam scolds, that coughs, and Capt. swears,
The fair-one screams, and has a thousand fears;
While our plump landlord, train'd in other lore,
Slumbers at ease, nor yet asham'd to snore;
And master Dicky in his mother's lap,
Squalling brings up at once three meals of pap;
Sweet company! next time, I do protest, Sir,
I'll walk to Dublin, e're I'll ride to Chester.

§ 360. *Mr. Garrick being asked by a Nobleman if he did not intend to sit in Parliament, gave him an Answer in the following Lines.*

MORE than content with what my talents gain,
Of public favour, though a little vain;
Yet not so vain my mind, so madly bent,
To wish to play the fool in Parliament;
In each dramatic unity to err;
Mistaking time and place, and character:
Were it my fate to quit the mimic art,
I'd "strut and fret" no more in any part;
No more in public scenes would I engage,
Or wear the cap and mask on any stage.

§ 361. *The Thought; or, A Song of Similies.*

I'VE thought; the fair Narcissa cries,
What is it like, Sir?——"Like your eyes——
"'Tis like a chair—'tis like a key——
"'Tis like a purge—'tis like a flea——
"'Tis like a beggar—like the sun——
"'Tis like the Dutch—'tis like the moon——
"'Tis like a kilderkin of ale——
"'Tis like a Doctor—like a whale——
Why are my eyes, Sir, like a SWORD?
For that's the Thought, upon my word.
"Ah! witness every pang I feel,
"The deaths they give, the likeness tell.
"A sword is like a chair you 'll find,
"Because, 'tis most an end behind.
"'Tis like a key, for 't will undo one;
"'Tis like a purge, for 't will run thro' one;
"'Tis like a flea, and reason good,
"'Tis often drawing human blood."
Why like a beggar?——"You shall hear;
"'Tis often carried 'fore the May'r;
"'Tis like the sun, because its gilt;
"Besides, it travels in a *belt*.
"'Tis like the Dutch, we plainly see,
"Because that state, whenever we
"A push for our own int'rest make,
"Does instantly our sides forsake."
The moon?—"Why, when all 's said and done,
"A sword is very like the moon;
"For if his Majesty (God bless him)
"When County Sheriff comes t' address him,
"Is pleas'd his favours to bestow
"On him, before him kneeling low,
"This o'er his shoulders glitters bright,
"And gives the glory to the Knight (night):
"'Tis like a kilderkin, no doubt,
"For its not long in drawing out.
"'Tis like a Doctor, for who will
"Dispute a Doctor's pow'r to kill?"
But why a sword is like a whale
Is no such easy thing to tell;
"But since all swords are swords, d' ye see,
"Why, let it then a backsword be,
"Which, if well us'd, will seldom fail
"To raise up somewhat like a whale."

§ 362. *The Astronomer's Room.*

ONE day I call'd, and, PHILO out,
I op'd the door, and look'd about;
When, all his goods being full in view,
I took this inventory true:——
Item,—A bed without a curtain,
A broken jar to empty dirt in;
A candlestick, a greasy night-cap,
A spitting pot to catch what might hap;
Two stockings darn'd with numerous stitches,
A piece of shirt, a pair of breeches;
A three legg'd stool, a four-legg'd table,
Were fill'd with book unfit for rabble;
Sines, tangents, secants, radius, co-sines,
Subtangents, segments, and all those signs;
Enough

Enough to ſhew the man who made 'em,
Was full as mad as he who read 'em:
An almanack of ſix years ſtanding,
A cup with ink, and one with ſand in;
One corner held his books and cheſt,
And round the floor was ſtrew'd the reſt;
That all things might be like himſelf,
He'd neither cloſet, drawer, or ſhelf;
Here, piſs-pot, ſauce-pot, broken platter;
Appear'd like heterogeneous matter;
In ancient days the walls were white,
But, who 'gainſt damps and ſnails can fight?
They're now in wreathy ringlets bound,
Some ſquare, ſome oval, and ſome round;
The antiquarian there may find
Each hieroglyphic to his mind;
Such faces there may fancy trace,
As never yet knew time or place;
And he who ſtudies maps or plans,
Has all the work done to his hands;
In ſhort, the room, the goods, and author,
Appear'd to be one made for t' other.

§ 363. *Epitaph by a Gentleman, to the Memory of his Lady.*

FAREWEL, my beſt belov'd, whoſe heav'nly mind,
Genius and virtue, ſtrength with ſoftneſs join'd,
Devotion undebas'd by pride or art,
With meek ſimplicity and joy of heart;
Tho' ſprightly, gentle; tho' polite, ſincere,
And only of thyſelf a judge ſevere;
Unblam'd, unequal'd in each ſphere of life,
The tendereſt daughter, ſiſter, parent, wife;
In thee, their patroneſs, th' afflicted loſt;
Thy friends, their pattern, ornament, and boaſt;
And I—but ah! can words my loſs declare,
Or paint th' extremes of tranſport and deſpair;
O thou, beyond what verſe or ſpeech can tell,
My guide, my friend, my beſt belov'd, farewel!

§ 364. *On ſeeing a great Commander effeminately dreſſed at a Ball.*

'TIS ſaid, that our ſoldiers ſo lazy are grown,
With pleaſure and plenty undone,
That they more for their carriage, than courage, are known,
And ſcarce know the uſe of a gun.

Let them ſay what they will, ſince it nobody galls,
And exclaim out ſtill louder and louder;
But there ne'er was more money expended in *balls*,
Or a greater conſumption of *powder*.

§ 365. *An original Epitaph.*

HERE lies faſt aſleep, awake me who can?
That medley of paſſions, and follies, *a Man*;
Who ſometimes lov'd licenſe, and ſometimes reſtraint,
Too much of the ſinner, too little of ſaint;
From quarter to quarter I ſhifted my track;
'Gainſt the evils of life a moſt notable quack;
But, alas! I ſoon found the defects of my ſkill,
And my noſtrums in practiſe prov'd treacherous ſtill;
From life's certain ills, 'twas in vain to ſeek eaſe,
The remedy oft prov'd another diſeaſe;
What in rapture began, often ended in ſorrow,
And the pleaſure to-day, brought reflection to-morrow;
When each action was o'er, and its errors were ſeen,
Then I view'd with ſurprize the ſtrange thing I had been;
My body and mind were ſo oddly contriv'd,
That at each other's failing, both parties conniv'd;
Imprudence of mind brought on ſickneſs and pain,
The body diſeas'd, paid the debt back again;
Thus coupled together, life's journey they paſt,
Till they wrangled and jangled, and parted at laſt;
Thus tir'd and weary, I have finiſh'd my courſe,
Am glad it is bed-time, and things are no worſe.

§ 366. *Epitaph on an Honeſt Sailor.*

WHETHER ſailor or not, for a moment avaſt!
Poor Tom's mizen top-ſail is laid to the maſt;
He'll never turn out, or more heave the lead;
He's now All-a-Back, nor will ſails Shoot-a-Head;
He ever was briſk, and tho' now gone to wreck,
When he hears the Laſt Whiſtle he'll jump upon Deck.

§ 367. *The Conſultation.*

THREE Doctors met in conſultation,
Proceed with great deliberation;
The caſe was deſperate all agreed;
But what of that?—they muſt be fee'd;
They write then, as 'twas fit they ſhould,
But for their own, not patient's good;
Conſulting wiſely, don't miſtake, Sir,
Not what to give, but what to take, Sir.

§ 368. *On a Landlord, drunk.*

LANDLORD, with thee, now even is the wine,
For thou has pierc'd his hogſhead, and he, thine.

§ 369. *A Rapſody.*

AS I walk'd by myſelf, I ſaid to myſelf,
And myſelf ſaid again to me;
Look to thyſelf, take care of thyſelf,
For nobody cares for thee;
Then I ſaid to myſelf, and thus anſwer'd myſelf,
With the ſelf ſame repartee;
Look to thyſelf, or look not to thyſelf,
'Tis the ſelf ſame thing to me.

§ 370. *To-Day and To-Morrow.*

TO-Day man's dreſs'd in gold and ſilver bright,
Wrapt in a ſhroud before to-morrow night;
To-Day he's feeding on delicious food,
To-Morrow dead, unable to do good;
To-Day he's nice, and ſcorns to feed on crumbs,
To-Morrow he's himſelf a diſh for worms;
To-Day he's honour'd, and in vaſt eſteem,
To-Morrow not a beggar values him;

To-Day he rises from a velvet bed,
To-Morrow lies in one that's made of lead;
To-Day his house, tho' large, he thinks but small,
To-Morrow no command, no house at all;
To-Day has forty servants at his gate,
To-Morrow scorn'd, not one of them will wait!
To-Day perfum'd, as sweet as any rose,
To-Morrow stinks in every body's nose;
To-Day he's grand, majestic, all delight,
Gastful and pale before to-morrow night;
True, as the scripture says, "man's life's a span."
The present moment is the life of man.

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§ 371. *An Inscription over a Gentleman's Chimney-Piece, near Barnsley.*

TO my best, my friends are free;
Free with that, and free with me;
Free to pass the harmless joke,
And the tube sedately smoke;
Free to drink—just what they please,
As at home, and at their ease;
Free to speak, and free to think—
No informers with me drink;
Free to stay a night, or so;
When uneasy, free to go.

---

§ 372. *The Character.*

AN easy mein, engaging in address,
Looks, which at once, each winning grace express;
A life, where love and truth are ever join'd,
A nature, ever great, and ever kind;
A wisdom solid, and a judgment clear,
The smile indulgent, and a soul sincere;
Meek without meanness, gentle and humane,
Fond of improving, but yet never vain;
So justly good, so faithful to his friend,
Ever obliging, cautious to offend;
A mind, where gen'rous pity stands confess'd,
Ready to ease and succour the distress'd;
If these respect and admiration raise,
They surely must demand our greatest praise;
In one bright view th' accomplish'd youth we see,
These virtues all are thine—and thou art he.

---

§ 373. *Poverty and Poetry.*

'TWAS sung of old, how one Amphion
Cou'd, by his verses, tame a Lion;
And by his strange enchanting tunes,
Make bears and wolves dance rigadoons;
His songs could call the timber down,
And form it into house or town;
But it is plain, now in these times,
No house is rais'd by poet's rhymes;
They for themselves can only rear
A few old castles in the air.
Poor are the brethren of the Bays,
Down from high strains, to ekes and ayes;
The muses too, are virgins yet,
And may be, till they portions get;
Yet, still the doating rhymer dreams,
And sings of Helicon's bright streams;
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields nothing, but insipid water;
Yet, ev'n a-thirst, he sweetly sings
Of Nectar, and Elizian springs.
The grave physician, who by physic,
Like death, dispatches him that is sick,
Pursues a sure and thriving trade,
Tho' patients die, the doctor's paid;
Licenc'd to kill, he gains a palace,
For what another mounts a gallows.
In shady groves the muses play,
And love, in flow'ry meads, to stray;
Pleas'd with a bleaky barren ground,
Where rip'ning fruits are never found.
But then, some say, you purchase fame,
And gain a never dying name;
Great recompence for real trouble!
To be rewarded with a bubble.
Thus soldiers, who in many battles
Get bangs and blows, and God knows what else,
Are paid with fame, and wooden leg,
And gain a pass, with leave to beg.

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§ 374. *On Bribery.*

A Poor man once a judge besought,
To judge aright his cause;
And with a pot of oil salutes
This judger of the laws.

My friend, quoth he, thy cause is good;
He, glad, away did trudge;
Anon, his wealthy foe did come,
Before this partial judge.

A hog, well fed, this churl presents,
And craves a strain of law;
The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right,
Was judg'd not worth a straw.

Therewith he cry'd, O! partial judge,
Thy doom has me undone;
When oil I gave, my cause was good,
But now to ruin run.

Poor man, quoth he, I thee forgot,
And see, thy cause of soil;
A hog came since into my house,
And broke thy pot of oil.

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§ 375. *Lady Jane Gray being asked her Opinion concerning the real Presence in the Sacrament, gave the following artful and solid Answer:*

CHRIST was the word that spake it;
He took the bread, and break it;
And what the word did make it,
That I believe, and take it.

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§ 376. *Epigram.*

IT blew an hard storm, and in utmost confusion,
The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
Which done, and the weight of their sins they'd confess'd,
Were transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to the priest;
To lighten the ship and conclude their devotion,
They toss'd the poor parson souse into the ocean.

§ 377.

§ 377. *Epigram.*

KIND Peggy kiss'd her husband, with these words,
"Mine own sweet Will, how dearly I love thee;"
If true, quoth Will, the world none such affords;
And that, 'tis true, I dare her warrant be:
For ne'er was woman yet, or good or ill,
But lov'd, always best, her own sweet Will.

§ 378. *Dialogue between Harry, who had a large Library, and Dick, who had more Understanding than Books.*

QUOTH Harry to his friend one day,
"Wou'd, Richard, I'd *thy* Head!"
'What wilt thou give for't? (Dick reply'd)
'The bargain 's quickly made.'—
"*My* head and all my books I'd give,
"With readiness and freedom."—
'I'd take thy books, but with *thy* head,
'Gad zooks! I ne'er could read 'em.

§ 379. *Epitaph on a Cobler.*

DEATH, at a Cobler's door oft made a stand,
And always found him on the mending hand;
At last, came death, in very dirty weather,
And ripp'd the sole from off the upper-leather;
Death put a trick upon him, and what was't?
The cobler call'd for 's awl, death brought his last.

§ 380. *True Benevolence.*

THE other day, says Ned to Joe,
(Near Bedlam's confines groping)
Whene'er I hear the cries of woe,
My hand is always open.

I own, says Joe, that, to the poor,
(You prove it ev'ry minute)
Your hand is open, to be sure,
But then, there's nothing in it.

§ 381. *Epigram on Bishop Atterbury's burying the Duke of Buckingham.*

I HAVE no hopes, the duke he says, and dies;
"In sure and certain hopes"—the prelate cries.
Of these two learned peers, I pr'ithee say, man,
Who is the living knave, the priest or layman?
The duke, he stands, an infidel confest;
"He's our dear brother," quoth the lordly priest.
The duke, the knave, still brother dear he cries,
And who can say the reverend prelate lies?

§ 382. *Written under a Lady's Name in a Window.*

THREE brilliants fair Celinda grac'd,
(There love's artillery lies)
One, from her snowy finger blaz'd,
Two, sparkled in her eyes.
The first, which shone with fainter rays,
Could here her name impart;
The others drew her charming face
More deeply on my heart.

§ 383. *On the Death of Dean Swift.*

WHEN Gay breath'd his last, we in silence complain'd,
But yet, we'd a Pope, and a Swift, who remain'd;
Pope falls! all Parnassus resounds with our cries,
And prayers daily made, to keep Swift from [the skies;
Vain wishes! vain pr ers! to the winds they are giv'n,
For death comes relentless, and takes him to heav'n;
At little misfortunes we're soberly sad,
But its time, now we've lost all our wits—to run mad.

§ 384. *Spoken Extempore to a Lady, on being asked what this World was like.*

THIS world is a prison in every respect,
Whose walls are the heavens in common;
The gaoler is sin, and the prisoners men,
And the fetters are nothing but—women.

§ 385. *The Thief.*

I Tell with equal truth and grief,
That little Kitt's an arrant thief;
Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more,—that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn;
Stole all the softness Æther pours
On primrose buds, in vernal show'rs.

There's no repeating all her wiles,
She stole the graces' winning smiles;
'Twas quickly seen she robb'd the sky,
To plant a star in either eye;
She pilfer'd Oriental pearl for teeth,
And stole the cow's ambrosial breath;
The cherry steep'd in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.

These were her infant spoils, a store
To which, in time, she added more;
At twelve she stole from Cyprus queen
Her air, and love-commanding mein;
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
From Pallas, sense to charm the soul;
She sung,—amaz'd the Syrens heard,
And to assert, their voice appear'd;
She play'd—the muses, from their hill,
Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill;
Apollo's wit was next her prey,
And then the beams that light the day;
While Jove, her pilf'ring thefts to crown,
Pronounc'd these beauties all her own;
Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her art,
And t' other day she stole—my heart.

Cupid! if lovers are thy care,
Revenge the vot'ry on the fair;

Do justice on her stolen charms,
And let her prison be—my arms.

§ 386. *Beauty's Value. By* Shakespeare.

BEAUTY is but a vain, a fleeting good,
A shining gloss that faideth suddenly;
A flower that dies when almost in the bud,
A brittle glass that breaketh presently.

A fleeting good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead, within an hour.

As goods when lost, we know, are seldom found,
As fading gloss no rubbing can excite;
As flowers, when dead, are trampled on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can unite;

So beauty blemish'd once, is ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pains and cost.

§ 387. *On the frequent Defeats of the French Army in the last War.*

THE toast of each Briton in war's dread alarms,
O'er bottle or bowl, is success to our *arms*;
Attack'd, put to flight, and soon forc'd from each trench,
Success to our *legs*, is the toast of the French.

§ 388. *A Sailor having been sentenced to the Cat of Nine Tails, when tied ready for Punishment, spoke the following Lines to his Commander, who had an Aversion to a Cat.*

BY your honour's command, an example I stand
Of your justice to all the ship's crew;
I'm hamper'd and stript, and if I am whip'd,
'Tis no more than I own is my due.

In this bad condition, I humbly petition,
To offer some lines to your eye:
Merry Tom by such trash avoided the lash,
And if fate and you please, so may I.

There's nothing you hate (I'm inform'd) like a cat!
Why! your honour's aversion is mine;
If puss then with one tail can so make your heart fail,
O! save me from that which has nine.

N. B. He was pardoned.

§ 389. *On a certain Lady's Study.*

TO Chloe's study shall we go,
(For ladies have their studies now)
Oh! what a splendid sight is there!
'Twould make the dullest hermit stare;
There stands all rang'd, in proud array,
Each French romance, and modern play;
Love's magazine of flames and darts,
Whole histories of eyes and hearts!
But oh! view well the outward scene,
You'll never need to look within;
What Chloe loves, she plainly shows,
For lo! her very books are beaux.

§ 390. *Epitaph on a Scolding Wife.*

HERE lies my wife, poor Molly! let her lie;
She finds repose at last—and so do I.

§ 391. *An Epigram.*

THE lofty oak, from a small acorn grows,
And to the skies ascends with spreading boughs;
As years increase, it shades th' extended plain,
Then, big with death, and vengeance, plows the main,
Hence rises fame, and safety to our shore,
And from an acorn, springs Britannia's power.

§ 392. *The Modern Courtier.*

PRAY, say what's that, which smirking trips this way,
That powder'd thing, so neat, so trim, so gay?
Adorn'd with tambour'd vest, and spangl'd sword,
That supple servile thing?—O! that's a Lord!
You jest—that thing a Peer? an English Peer?
Who ought, (with head, estate, and conscience clear)
Either in grave debate, or hardy fight,
Firmly maintain a free-born people's right:
Surely those Lords were of another breed,
Who met their monarch John, at Runnemede;
And clad in steel, there, in a glorious hour,
Made the curb tyrant feel the people's pow'r;
Made him confess, beneath that awful rod,
Their voice united is the voice of God.

§ 393. *Epitaph on a beautiful and virtuous young Lady.*

SLEEP soft in dust, wait the Almighty's will,
Then rise unchang'd, and be an angel still.

§ 394. *An Epitaph on a poor, but honest Man.*

STOP, reader, here, and deign a look
On one without a name;
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book
Of fortune, or of fame.

Studious of peace, he hated strife,
Meek virtues fill'd his breast;
His coat of arms, "a spotless life;"
"An honest heart," his crest.

Quarter'd therewith was innocence;
And thus his motto ran:
A conscience void of all offence
"Before both God and man."

In the great day of wrath, tho' pride
Now scorns his pedigree;
Thousands shall wish they'd been ally'd
To this great family.

§ 395. *An Epitaph on a very idle Fellow. From* Cambden.

HERE lyeth one that once was born, and cry'd,
Liv'd sev'ral years, and then—and then—he dy'd.

§ 396. *The Picture of Slander.*

WHAT mortal but slander, that serpent, hath stung, [tongue?
Whose teeth are sharp arrows, a razor her
The poison of asps, her vivid lip loads,
The rattle of snakes with the spittle of toads;
Her throat is an open sepulchre, her legs
Sit hatching of vipers, and cockatrice eggs;
Her sting is a scorpion's: like hyena, she'll cry;
With the ear of an adder, a basilisk's eye;
The mouth of a monkey, the hug of a bear,
The head of a parrot, the chat of a hare;
The wing of a magpye, the snout of a hog,
The feet of a mole, and the tail of a dog;
Her claw is a tyger's, her forehead is brass,
With the hiss of a goose, and the bray of an ass.

§ 397. *On a covetous old Parson.*

CRIES Spintext, in spleen, "This public donation,
Methinks, favours much of vain ostentation;
G—d bless me, five pounds, why the sum is immense,
And for pity, mere pity! 'tis shew and pretence;
When I do an alms, fame's trumpet ne'er blows
What my right hand is doing, my left never knows;
All my gifts I bestow in so private a way,
That when, how, or where, no mortal can say;'
Spintext, it is true, has such art to conceal 'em,
That his parish ne'er see, nor the poor ever [feel 'em,
And thus he makes sure that none shall reveal 'em.

§ 398. *Epigram to a pretended Friend, and real Enemy.*

THY hesitating tongue, and doubtful face,
Shew all thy kindness to be mere grimace;
Throw off the mask; at once be foe, or friend;
'Tis base to soothe, when malice is the end;
The rock that's seen, gives the poor sailor dread,
But double terror that which hides its head.

§ 399. *On a Tombstone in Essex.*

HERE lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife;
Their sirname was Prichard;
They liv'd without strife;
And the reason was plain——
They abounded in riches;
They nor care had, nor pain,
And the wife WORE THE BREECHES.

§ 400. *To Lady Mary Wortley Montague. By Mr. POPE.*

IN beauty or wit, no mortal as yet
To question your empire has dar'd;
But men of discerning have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady, was hard.

Impertinent schools, with musty dull rules,
Have reading to females deny'd;
So Papists refuse, the bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

'Twas a woman at first, (indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight;
And sages agree, the laws should decree,
To the first of possessors, the right.

Then bravely, fair dame, resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive, from a second bright EVE,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

But if the first Eve hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she;
What punishment new shall be found out for [you,
Who tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

§ 401. *On the Death of a Wife, a notable Scold and a Shrew. By the Husband.*

WE lived one and twenty year,
As man and wife together;
I could no longer keep her here,
She's gone—I know not whither.

Could I but guess, I do protest,
I speak it not to flatter;
Of all the women in the world
I never would come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave doth hide her;
And sure her soul is not in hell,
—The devil would ne'er abide her.

I rather think she's soar'd aloft,
For in the last great thunder
Methought I heard her very voice,
Rending the clouds in sunder.

§ 402. *The Rose. By Mr.* PHILIPS.

THE rose's age is but a day,
Its bloom, the pledge of its decay;
Sweet in scent; in colour bright;
It blows at morn, and fades at night.

Imitated by Dr. SWIFT.

My age is not a moment's stay,
My birth the same with my decay;
I favour ill; no colour know;
And fade the instant that I blow.

§ 403. *A Boston Epigram.—Wrote in 1774. To the Ministry.*

YOU'VE sent a rod to Massachusset,
Thinking th' Americans will buss it;
But much I fear for Britain's sake,
That this same rod will prove a snake.

§ 404. *Epitaph on Mr. Thomas Hammond, a Parish Clerk, a good Man, and an excellent Back-gammon Player; was succeeded in his Office by a Mr. Trice.*

BY the chance of the die,
On his *back* here doth lie,

Our most audible clerk, Master Hammond;
Tho' he *bore many men*,
'Till three score and ten,
Yet, at length, he by death is *back-gam-mon'd*.

But hark! neighbours, hark!
Here again comes the clerk;
By a *hit* very lucky and nice;
With death we're now even,
He just stept to heaven,
And is with us again in a TRICE.

§ 405. *On Matrimony. An Epigram.*

TOM prais'd his friend, who chang'd his state,
For binding fast himself, and KATE,
In union so divine;
"Wedlock 's the end of life," he cry'd;
"Too true, alas," said Jack, and sigh'd,
"'Twill be the end of mine."

§ 406. *An Epitaph on the death of a favourite Parrot, that was found in a Necessary-House.*

HERE safe lies interr'd, the remains of a bird,
Who submits to all conquering fate;
Whose master took care to teach it to swear,
As his mistress had taught it to prate.

If complaint should be made of the place where he 's laid,
Poor Betty is only in fault;
Poor Betty, to save th' expence of a grave,
Thought proper to chuse it a vault.

To preserve it dear fame, for time without name,
His mistress, still kinder and kinder;
Declar'd with a tear, she'd never come here,
Without leaving something behind her.

§ 407. *Epitaph on Lady Molesworth, who was burnt to death by a Fire which broke out in her Dwelling-House, London, the 6th of May, 1763.*

A Peerless matron, pride of female life,
In ev'ry state, as widow, maid, or wife;
Who wedded to threescore, preserv'd her fame;
She liv'd a Phœnix, and expir'd in flame.

§ 408. *On hearing of a Gentleman's Pocket being pick'd of his Watch.*

HE that a watch would wear, this he must do,
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.

§ 409. *The Country Parson's Blessings.*

WOULD ye, my friends, live free from care,
Attentive lend a willing ear;
While I, in humble verse, relate,
The blessings of my humble state:

I have a living brings in clear
About an hundred pounds a year;
The tythe well paid, without law——strife,
(I'm not incumber'd with a wife)
A single church, not grand, but neat,
My people rather good, than great;
A strong-built house, and pasture good,
Where Sorrel crops his livelihood;
A garden cloath'd with greens and fruits,
And intermix'd with flow'ry roots;
A walk, with well-mow'd greensword laid,
Where I may smoke, in sun or shade;
A terrace rais'd, whence I survey
The market folk, who pass that way;
A shaded bench, where I may read
Old Baker's Chronicle, or Speed;
The neighb'ring clergy, kind and free,
Who give and take civility;
Of humour good, of mirth and sense,
Who o'er a glass some wit dispense;
(For where's the crime to meet and prate,
Of country news, and tricks of state?)
Some social gents of goodly worth,
Who scorn to boast of wealth or birth;
Who ne'er assume the courtier's frown,
Yet keep above the homely clown;
Who love their country, king, and church,
And in no dues the parson lurch;
With ease, I keep a maid and man,
This *Harry* call'd, the other *Nan*;
A table-sleek, with pudding grac'd,
Or plain or plumb, as suits my taste;
Attended by a sav'ry dish,
Of mutton, beef, or fowl, or fish;
A pile of sallad, fresh and green;
In summer, fruit, well pick'd and clean;
Sound sparkling ale, and sometimes wine,
When Patron deigns with Vic—— to dine.
Oft, o'er the fields with gun I stride,
And faithful *Banter* by my side;
Then, if a mushroom is in sight,
It serves to supper me, at night;
Or else a veltfare, or a snipe;
Sometimes a dish of double tripe.

Thus joyous, do I pass my life;
Stranger to tumult, or to strife;
Pleasures I feel in this blest state,
Unfelt, unknown, to rich and great;
When airy fancy mounts on wing,
I think myself a sort of king;
My pipe, my scepter; cup, my crown;
My elbow chair, my regal throne.

§ 410. *The happy Fire-Side.*

THE hearth was clean, the fire clear,
The kettle on for tea;
PALEMON, in his elbow chair,
As bless'd as man could be.

Clarinda, who his heart possess'd,
And was his new-made bride;
With head reclin'd upon his breast,
Sat toying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state,
A fav'rite dog was laid;
By whom a little sportive cat,
In wanton humour, play'd.

Clarinda's hand he gently preſs'd,
She ſtole an am'rous kiſs;
And bluſhing, modeſtly confeſs'd
The fulneſs of her bliſs.

Palemon, with a heart elate,
Pray'd to Almighty Jove;
That it might ever be his fate,
Juſt ſo to live, and love.

Be this eternity, he cry'd,
And let no more be given;
Continue this, my lov'd fire-ſide,
I aſk no other heaven.

§ 411. *The Retroſpect of Life.*

RICHES, chance may take or give;
Beauty lives a day, and dies;
Honour lulls us while we live;
Mirth 's a cheat, and pleaſure flies.

Is there nothing worth our care?
Time, and chance, and death our foes;
If our joys ſo fleeting are,
Are we only ty'd to woes?

Let bright virtue anſwer, no;
Her eternal powers prevail,
When honours, riches, ceaſe to flow,
And beauty, mirth, and pleaſure fail.

§ 412. *An Invitation into the Country.*

THE ſwallows, in their torpid ſtate,
Compoſe their uſeleſs wing,
And bees in hives as idly wait
The call of early ſpring.

The keeneſt froſt that binds the ſtream,
The wildeſt wind that blows,
Are neither felt nor fear'd by them,
Secure of their repoſe.

But man, all feeling and awake,
The gloomy ſcene ſurveys;
With preſent ills his heart muſt ach,
And pant for brighter days.

Old Winter, halting o'er the mead,
Bids me and Mary mourn,
But lovely Spring peeps o'er his head,
And whiſpers your return.

Then April, with her ſiſter May,
Shall chaſe him from the bow'rs,
And weave freſh garlands ev'ry day,
To crown the ſmiling hours.

And if a tear that ſpeaks regret
Of happier times appear,
A glimpſe of joy that we have met
Shall ſhine, and dry the tear.

§ 413. *Invitation to the feathered Race.* GREAVES.

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
Freſh verdure decks the grove;
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers! hither fly,
And ſhun the noon-tide heat:
My ſhrubs a cooling ſhade ſupply;
My groves, a ſafe retreat.

Here, freely hop, from ſpray to ſpray,
Or weave the moſſy neſt:
Here, rove and ſing the live-long day;
At night, here ſweetly reſt.

Amid this cool tranſlucent rill,
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
And revel in the ſhade.

No ſchool-boy rude, to miſchief prone,
E'er ſhews his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a ſtone,
In this ſequeſter'd place.

Hither the vocal thruſh repairs;
Secure the linnet ſings;
The goldfinch dreads no ſlimy ſnares,
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah, quit thy haunt,
Yon diſtant woods among,
And, round my friendly grotto, chant
Thy ſweetly plaintive ſong.

Let not the harmleſs red-breaſt fear,
Domeſtic bird, to come,
And ſeek a ſure aſylum here,
With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artleſs tribe!
Shall ſtore of fruit preſerve:
O! let me thus your friendſhip bribe;
Come, feed without reſerve.

For you, theſe cherries I protect;
To you, theſe plums belong:
Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd;
But ſweeter far your ſong.

Let, then, this league betwixt us made,
Our mutual intereſts guard:
Mine, be the gift of fruit and ſhade;
Your ſongs be my reward.

§ 414. *Addreſs to a Nightingale.* THOMSON.

O NIGHTINGALE! beſt poet of the grove,
That plaintive ſtrain can ne'er belong to thee,
Bleſt in the full poſſeſſion of thy love:
O lend that ſtrain, ſweet Nightingale! to me.
'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
I love a maid who all my boſom charms,
Yet loſe my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.
You, happy birds! by Nature's ſimple laws
Lead your ſoft lives, ſuſtain'd by Nature's fare;
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
And love and ſong is all your pleaſing care:
But we, vain ſlaves of intereſt and of pride,
Dare not be bleſt, leſt envious tongues ſhould blame;
And hence, in vain, I languiſh for my bride:
O mourn with me, ſweet bird! my hapleſs flame.

§ 415.

§ 415. RETALIATION: A Poem. Goldsmith.

THE title and nature of this Poem, *ſhew that it owed its birth to ſome preceding circumſtances of feſtive merriment, which, from the wit of the company, and the very ingenious Author's peculiar oddities, were probably enlivened by ſome poignant ſtrokes of humour. This piece was only intended for the Doctor's private amuſement, and that of the particular friends who were its ſubject; and he unfortunately did not live to reviſe, or even finiſh it, in the manner which he intended. The public have, however, already ſhewn how much they were pleaſed with its appearance, even in its preſent form.*

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each gueſt brought his diſh, and the feaſt was united;
If our * landlord ſupplies us with beef and with fiſh,
Let each gueſt bring himſelf, and he brings the beſt diſh:
Our † Dean ſhall be veniſon, juſt freſh from the plains;
Our ‡ Burke ſhall be tongue, with a garniſh of brains;
Our § Will ſhall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour,
And || Dick with his pepper ſhall heighten their ſavour:
Our * Cumberland's ſweet-bread its place ſhall obtain,
And † Douglas is pudding, ſubſtantial and plain;
Our ‡ Garrick's a ſallad, for in him we ſee
Oil, vinegar, ſugar, and ſaltneſs agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am
That § Ridge is anchovy, and || Reynolds is lamb;
That * Hickey's a capon; and by the ſame rule,
Magnanimous Goldſmith a gooſberry fool:
At a dinner ſo various, at ſuch a repaſt,
Who'd not be a glutton, and ſtick to the laſt?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me ſit while I'm able,
'Till all my companions ſink under the table;
Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, re-united to earth,
Who mixt reaſon with pleaſure, and wiſdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At leaſt in ſix weeks I could not find 'em out;
Yet ſome have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That ſly-boots was curſedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whoſe genius was ſuch,
We ſcarcely can praiſe it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the Univerſe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Tho' fraught with all learning, yet ſtraining his throat;
To perſuade † Tommy Townſend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, ſtill went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a ſtateſman, too proud for a wit:
For a patriot, too cool; for a drudge, diſobedient,
And too fond of the *right* to purſue the *expedient*.
In ſhort, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, Sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honeſt William, whoſe heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulſe, it forc'd him along,
His conduct ſtill right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipſy, the chariot drove home;
Would you aſk for his merits, alas! he had none,
What was good was ſpontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honeſt Richard, whoſe fate I muſt ſigh at,
Alas, that ſuch frolic ſhould now be ſo quiet!
What ſpirits were his, what wit and what whim,
* Now breaking a jeſt, and now breaking a limb;
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
Now teazing and vexing, yet laughing at all?

* The maſter of the St. James's Coffee-houſe, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characteriſed in this poem, held an occaſional club.

† Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry, in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

‡ Mr. Edmund Burke, member for Wendover, and one of the greateſt orators in this kingdom.

§ Mr. William Burke, late Secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

|| Mr. Richard Burke, Collector of Granada, no leſs remarkable in the walks of wit and humour, than his brother Edmund Burke is juſtly diſtinguiſhed in all the branches of uſeful and polite literature.

* Author of the Weſt-Indian, Faſhionable Lover, the Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

† Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windſor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no leſs diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a Citizen of the World, than a ſound Critic, in detecting ſeveral literary miſtakes, or rather forgeries, of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's Hiſtory of the Popes.

‡ David Garrick, Eſq; joint Patentee and acting Manager of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.

§ Counſellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Iriſh bar, the reliſh of whoſe agreeable and pointed converſation is admitted, by all his acquaintance, to be very properly compared to the above ſauce.

|| Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Preſident of the Royal Academy.

* An eminent Attorney.

† Mr. T. Townſend, member for Whitchurch.

* Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having ſlightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on thoſe accidents, as a kind of retributive juſtice for breaking his jeſts upon other people.

In

In short, so provoking a devil was Dick, [Nick.
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old
But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care [are.
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,
And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view,
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks;
Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines, [reclines.
Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant
When Satire and Censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture;
Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile; [over,
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine,
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaister'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting:
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day;
Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back. [came,
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave? [rais'd,
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you
While he was berosciu'd, and you were beprais'd?
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.
Old Shakespeare, receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature:
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper:
Perhaps you may ask, if the man was a miser?
I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser;
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat;
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in the men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest; ah no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye,
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill, he was still hard of hearing: [and stuff,
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios,
He shifted his * trumpet, and only took snuff.

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§ 416. LINES *from* Dr. BARNARD, *Dean of* Derry, *to* Dr. GOLDSMITH *and* Mr. CUMBERLAND.

DEAR Noll and dear Dick, since you've made us so merry, [Derry!
Accept the best thanks of the poor Dean of
Tho' I here must confess, that your meat and your wine [fine;
Are not quite to my taste, tho' they're both very
For sherry's a liquor monastic, you own;
Now there's nothing I hate so—as drinking alone:
It may do for your monks, or your curates and vicars, [quors.
But, for my part, I'm fond of more sociable li-
Your ven'son's delicious—tho' too sweet your sauce is—
Sed non ego maculis offendar paucis. dish-up,
So soon as you please, you may serve me your
But instead of your sherry, pray make me a—*Bishop!*

* Sir Joshua Reynolds is so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

§ 417. *On* Dr. GOLDSMITH's *Characteriſtical Cookery.*

A Jeu D' Eſprit.

By D. GARRICK, *Eſq.*

ARE theſe the choice diſhes the Doctor has ſent us? [us?
Is this the great poet whoſe works ſo content
This Goldſmith's fine feaſt, who has written fine books? [cooks.
Heaven ſends us good *meat*— but the *Devil ſends*

§ 418. JUPITER *and* MERCURY. *A Fable.* *Written ſome Time ſince.* IBID.

HERE, *Hermes*, ſays *Jove*, who with nectar was mellow, [*fellow*;—
Go fetch me ſome clay—I will make an *odd*
Right and wrong ſhall be jumbled,—much gold and ſome droſs; [he croſs;
Without cauſe be he pleas'd, without cauſe be
Be ſure, as I work, to throw in contradictions,
A great love of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions; [the baking,
Now mix theſe ingredients, which, warm'd in
Turn to *learning*, and *gaming*, *religion*, and *raking*. [chaſte;
With the love of a wench, let his writings be
Tip his tongue with ſtrange matter, his pen with fine taſte;
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and ſet fire to the tail: [it,
For the joy of each ſex, on the world I'll beſtow
This *Scholar, Rake, Chriſtian, Dupe, Gameſter,* and *Poet;*
Tho' a mixture ſo odd, he ſhall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals—be GOLDSMITH his name!
When on earth this ſtrange meteor no more ſhall appear, [here!
You, *Hermes*, ſhall fetch him—to make us ſport

§ 419. *The* LAMENTATION *of* GLUMDALCLITCH, *For the* LOSS *of* GRILDRIG.

A Paſtoral. GAY.

SOON as Glumdalclitch miſs'd her pleaſing care,
She wept, ſhe blubber'd, and ſhe tore her hair.
No Britiſh miſs ſincerer grief has known,
Her ſquirrel miſſing, or her ſparrow flown.
She furl'd her ſampler, and haul'd-in her thread,
And ſtuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then ſpread her hands, and with a bounce let
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall. [fall
In peals of thunder now ſhe roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow:
Yet lovely in her ſorrow ſtill appears,
Her locks diſhevell'd, and her flood of tears,
Seem like the lofty barn of ſome rich ſwain,
When from the thatch drips faſt a ſhower of rain.
In vain ſhe ſearch'd each cranny of the houſe,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouſe.
"Was it for this (ſhe cry'd) with daily care
"Within thy reach I ſet the vinegar;
"And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
"While pepper-water worms thy bait ſupply'd;
"Where twin'd the ſilver eel around thy hook,
"And all the little monſters of the brook!
"Sure in that lake he dropt: My Grilly's drown'd."
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
"Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boaſt;
"But little creatures enterprize the moſt.
"Trembling, I've ſeen thee dare the kitten's paw;
"Nay, mix with children as they play'd at taw;
"Nor fear'd the marbles, as they bounding flew;
"Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.
"Why did I truſt thee with that giddy youth?
"Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
"Vers'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
"To ſome lord's daughter ſold the living toy;
"Or rent him limb from limb, in cruel play,
"As children tear the wings of flies away.
"From place to place o'er Brobdignag I'll roam,
"And never will return, or bring thee home.
"But who hath eyes to trace the paſſing wind?
"How then thy fairy footſteps can I find?
"Doſt thou, bewilder'd, wander all alone,
"In the green thicket of a moſſy ſtone;
"Or, tumbled from the toadſtool's ſlippery round, [ground,
"Perhaps, all maim'd, lie groveling on the
"Doſt thou, imboſom'd in the lovely roſe,
"Or ſunk within the peach's down, repoſe?
"Within the king-cup, if thy limbs are ſpread,
"Or in the golden cowſlip's velvet head:
"O ſhew me, Flora, 'midſt thoſe ſweets, the flower [bower
"Where ſleeps my Grildrig in this fragrant
"But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
"On little females, and on little loves;
"Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny ſpouſe,
"The baby-playthings that adorn thy houſe,
"Doors, windows, chimneys, and the ſpacious rooms,
"Equal in ſize to cells of honey-combs.
"Haſt thou for theſe now ventur'd from the ſhore,
"Thy bark a bean-ſhell, and a ſtraw thy oar?
"Or in thy box now bounding on the main?
"Shall I ne'er bear thyſelf and houſe again?
"And ſhall I ſet thee on my hand no more,
"To ſee thee leap the lines, and traverſe o'er
"My ſpacious palm? of ſtature ſcarce a ſpan,
"Mimic the actions of a real man?
"No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
"As ſeamen at a capſtern anchors weigh?
"How waſt thou wont to walk with cautious tread
"A diſh of tea, like milk-pail, on thy head?
"How chace the mite that bore thy cheeſe away,
"And keep the rolling maggot at a bay?"
She ſaid; but broken accents ſtopt her voice,
Soft as the ſpeaking trumpet's mellow noiſe.
She ſobb'd a ſtorm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which ſeem'd like two broad ſuns in miſty ſkies!— [man
O! ſquander not thy grief; thoſe tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
Th

The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

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§ 420. *A Receipt for stewing Veal.* GAY.

TAKE a knuckle of veal;
You may buy it or steal.
In a few pieces cut it:
In a stewing-pan put it.
Salt, pepper, and mace
Must season this knuckle;
Then * what's join'd to a place
With other herbs muckle;
That which kill'd king † Will;
And what never ‡ stands still.
Some § sprigs of that bed
Where children are bred,
Which much you will mend, if
Both spinnage and endive,
And lettuce, and beet,
With marygold meet.
Put no water at all;
For it maketh things small,
Which, lest it should happen,
A close cover clap on.
Put this pot of || Wood's mettle
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach)
About—let me see—
Thrice as long as you preach ¶:
So skimming the fat off,
Say grace with your hat off.
O, then! with what rapture
Will it fill dean and chapter!

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§ 421. *The Old Cheese.* KING.

YOUNG Slouch the Farmer had a jolly wife,
That knew all the conveniencies of life,
Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied
The wit which Nature had to him denied:
But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
And make a better man than Slouch afeard.
This made censorious persons of the town
Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own:
For, if he went abroad too much, she'd use
To give him slippers, and lock up his shoes.
Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted:
Yet still into his story she would break
With, "'Tis not so—pray give me leave to [speak."
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not differing much from calling of him fool;
Told him, he must exert himself, and be
In fact the master of his family.
He said, "That the next Tuesday noon [would show
"Whether he were the lord at home, or no;
"When their good company he would intreat
"To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat."
With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his rash act disclose,
And prays dear Sukey, that, one day at least,
He might appear as master of the feast.
"I'll grant your wish," cries she, "that you may see
"'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me."
The guests upon the day appointed came,
Each bowsy Farmer with his simpering dame.
"Ho! Sue!" cries Slouch, "why dost not thou appear!
"Are these thy manners when Aunt Snap is ["here?"
"I pardon ask," says Sue; "I'd not offend
"Any my dear invites, much less his friend."
Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,
And make the main ingredient of his treat
His saying, "There was nothing fit to eat:
"The boil'd Pork stinks, the roast Beef's not enough,
"The Bacon's rusty, and the Hens are tough;
"The Veal's all rags, the Butter's turn'd to Oil;
"And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil.
"'Tis we are the first Slouches ever fate
"Down to a pudding without Plumbs or Fat.
"What Teeth or Stomach's strong enough to feed
"Upon a Goose my Grannum kept to breed?
"Why must old Pidgeons, and they stale, be drest,
"When there's so many squab ones in the nest?
"This Beer is sour; this musty, thick, and stale,
"And worse than any thing, except the Ale.
Sue all this while many excuses made:
Some things she own'd; at other times she laid
The fault on chance, but oftener on the maid.
Then Cheese was brought. Says Slouch, "This e'en shall roll:
"I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a bowl:
"This is skim-milk, and therefore it shall go;
"And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too."
But now Sue's patience did begin to waste;
Nor longer could dissimulation last.
"Pray let me rise," says Sue, "my dear: I'll [find
"A Cheese perhaps may be to Lovy's mind."
Then in an entry, standing close, where he
Alone, and none of all his friends, might see;
And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,
And far enough on this occasion smelt;
"I'll try, my joy!" she cried, if I can please
"My Dearest with a taste of his Old Cheese!"
Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife's vigorous hand
Wielding her oaken sapling of command,
Knew well the twang: "Is't the Old Cheese, my Dear?
"No need, no need of Cheese," cries Slouch: ["I'll swear,
"I think I've din'd as well as my Lord Mayor!"

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* Vulgo, salary. † Supposed sorrel. ‡ This is by Dr. Bently thought to be time, or thyme.
§ Parsley. Vide Chamberlayne. || Of this composition, see the Works of the Copper-farthing Dean.
¶ Which we suppose to be near four hours.

§ 422.

§ 422. *The Pilgrims and the Peas.—A true Story.* PETER PINDAR.

A BRACE of ſinners, for no *good*,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's ſhrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, ſtone, wood,
And in a fair white wig, look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had thoſe ſad rogues to travel
With ſomething in their ſhoes much worſe than *gravel*;
In ſhort, their toes, ſo gentle, to *amuſe*,
The prieſt had ordered peas into their ſhoes:

A *noſtrum* famous in old Popiſh times
For purifying ſouls that ſtunk with crimes;
A ſort of apoſtolic ſalt,
That Popiſh parſons for its powers exalt
For keeping ſouls of ſinners *ſweet*,
Juſt as our kitchen-ſalt keeps *meat*.

The knaves ſet off on the ſame day,
Peas in their ſhoes, to go and pray;
But very diff'rent was their ſpeed, I wot;
One of the ſinners gallop'd on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limp'd as if he had been *ſhot*.

One ſaw the Virgin ſoon—*peccavi* cried—
Had his ſoul whitewaſh'd all ſo clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit, with ſaints above, to live *for ever*.

In coming back, however, let me ſay,
He met his brother rogue, about half way—
Hobbling with outſtretch'd bum and bending knees;
Damning the ſouls and bodies of the peas;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in ſweat,
Deep ſympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now!" the light-toed, whitewaſh'd pilgrim broke—
"You lazy lubber!"—
"Ods curſe it," cried the other, "'tis no *joke*!—
"My feet, once hard as any rock,
"Are now as ſoft as *blubber*.

"Excuſe me, Virgin Mary, that I ſwear—
"As for Lorretto, I ſhall not get there:
"No! to the Dev'l my ſinful ſoul muſt go,
"For damme if I ha'nt loſt ev'ry toe.

"But, brother ſinner, do explain
"How 'tis that you are not in pain;
"What pow'r hath work'd a wonder for "*your* toes:
"Whilſt *I*, juſt like a ſnail, am crawling,
"Now ſwearing, now on ſaints devoutly bawl-"ing,
"Whilſt not a raſcal comes to eaſe my woes?

"How is't that *you* can like a greyhound *go*,
"Merry, as if that nought had happen'd, burn ye!
"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you muſt *know*,
"That juſt before I ventur'd on my journey,
"To walk a little more at eaſe,
"I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."

§ 423. *A Country Bumpkin and Razor-ſeller.* IB.

A Fellow in a market town,
Moſt muſical, cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence;
Which certainly ſeem'd wond'rous cheap,
And for the money, quite a heap,
As ev'ry man wou'd buy, with caſh and ſenſe.

A country humpkin the great offer heard:
Poor Hodge, who ſuffer'd by a broad black beard,
That ſeem'd a ſhoe-bruſh ſtuck beneath his noſe,
With chearfulneſs the eighteen pence he paid,
And proudly to himſelf, in whiſpers ſaid,
"This raſcal ſtole the razors, I ſuppoſe."

"No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
"Provided that the razors *ſhave*;
"It certainly will be a monſtrous prize:
So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
Smiling in heart, and ſoul content,
And quickly ſoap'd himſelf to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a diſh or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Juſt like a hedger cutting furze:
'Twas a vile razor!—then the reſt he try'd—
All were impoſtors—"Ah," Hodge ſigh'd!
"I wiſh my eighteen pence within my "purſe."

In vain to chace his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and ſtamp'd, and ſwore:
Brought blood, and danc'd, blaſphem'd and made wry faces,
And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle, form'd of '*oppoſition* ſtuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not loſe its ruff;
So kept it—laughing at the ſteel and ſuds:
Hodge, in a paſſion, ſtretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direſt vengeance, with clench'd claws,
On the vile cheat that ſold the goods.
"Razors!—a damn'd confounded dog—
"Not fit to ſcrape a hog!"

Hodge ſought the fellow—found him, and begun—
"P'rhaps, Maſter Razor-rogue, to you 'tis ſun,
"That people flay themſelves out of their "lives:
"You raſcal!—for an hour have I been grub-bing,
"Giving my ſcoundrel whiſkers here a ſcrub-"bing,
"With razors juſt like oyſter knives.
"Sirrah! I tell you you're a knave,
"To cry up razors that can't *ſhave*."

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a "knave:
"As for the razors you have bought,
"Upon my ſoul I never thought
"That they would *ſhave*."

"Not think they'd ſhave!" quoth Hodge with wond'ring eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
"What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries:—
"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a ſmile—"to *ſell*."

§ 424.

§ 424. *The Bald-pated Welshman, and the Fly.*
SOMERVILLE.

"— Qui non moderabitur iræ,
" Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit & mens,
" Dum pœnas odio per vim festinat inulto." Hor.

A Squire of Wales, whose blood ran higher
Than that of any other squire,
Hasty and hot; whose peevish honour
Reveng'd each slight was put upon her;
Upon a mountain's top, one day,
Expos'd to Sol's meridian ray;
He fum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd, he swore,
Exhal'd a sea at every pore;
At last, such insults to evade,
Sought the next tree's protecting shade;
Where, as he lay dissolv'd in sweat,
And wip'd off many a rivulet,
Off in a pet the beaver flies,
And flaxen wig, time's best disguise,
By which, folks of maturer ages
Vie with smooth beaux and ladies pages:
Though 'twas a secret rarely known,
Ill-natur'd age had cropt his crown,
Grubb'd all the covert up, and now
A large smooth plain extends his brow.
Thus as he lay with numskul bare,
And courted the refreshing air,
New persecutions still appear,
A noisy fly offends his ear.
Alas! what man of parts and sense
Could hear such vile impertinence?
Yet so discourteous is our fate,
Fools always buz about the great.
This insect now, whose active spight
Teaz'd him with never-ceasing bite,
With so much judgment play'd his part,
He had him both in tierce and quart:
In vain with open hands he tries
To guard his ears, his nose, his eyes:
For now at last, familiar grown,
He perch'd upon his worship's crown;
With teeth and claws his skin he tore,
And stuff'd himself with human gore.
At last, in manners to excel,
Untruss'd a point, some authors tell.
But now what rhetoric could assuage
The furious squire, stark mad with rage?
Impatient at the foul disgrace,
From insect of so mean a race;
And plotting vengeance on his foe,
With double fist he aims a blow;
The nimble fly escap'd by flight,
And skip'd from this unequal fight.
Th' impending stroke with all its weight
Fell on his own beloved pate.
Thus much he gain'd by this adventurous deed,
He foul'd his fingers, and he broke his head.

MORAL.

Let senates hence learn to preserve their state,
And scorn the fool, below their grave debate,
Who by th' unequal strife grows popular and great.
Let him buz on, with senseless rant defy
The wise, the good; yet still 'tis but a fly.
With puny foes the toil's not worth the cost,
Where no thing can be gain'd, much may be lost;
Let cranes and pigmies in mock war engage,
A prey beneath the generous eagle's rage.
True honour o'er the clouds sublimely wings;
Young Ammon scorns to run with less than kings.

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§ 425. *The incurious Bencher.* Ibid.

AT Jenny Mann's, where heroes meet,
And lay their laurels at her feet;
The modern Pallas, at whose shrine
They bow, and by whose aid they dine;
Colonel Brocade among the rest
Was every day a welcome guest.
One night, as carelessly he stood,
Chearing his reins before the fire,
(So every true-born Briton should)
Like that, he chaf'd, and fum'd, with ire.
" Jenny," said he, " 'tis very hard,
" That no man's honour can be spar'd;
" If I but sup with Lady Dutchess,
" Or play a game at ombre, such is
" The malice of the world, 'tis said,
" Although his Grace lay drunk in bed,
" 'Twas I that caus'd his aching head.
" If Madam Doodle would be witty,
" And I am summon'd to the city,
" To play at blind-man's-buff, or so,
" What won't such hellish malice do?
" If I but catch her in a corner,
" Humph—'tis, Your servant, Colonel Horner;
" But rot the sneering fops, if e'er
" I prove it, it shall cost them dear;
" I swear by this dead-doing blade,
" Dreadful examples shall be made:
" What—can't they drink bohea and cream,
" But (d—mn them) I must be their theme?
" Other mens business let alone,
" Why should not coxcombs mind their own?
As thus he rav'd with all his might,
(How insecure from fortune's spight,
Alas! is every mortal wight!)
To shew his antient spleen to Mars,
Fierce Vulcan caught him by the a—
Stuck to his skirts, insatiate varlet!
And fed with pleasure on the scarlet.
Hard by, and in the corner, sat
A bencher grave, with look sedate,
Smoking his pipe, warm as a toast,
And reading over last week's post;
He saw the foe the fort invade,
And soon smelt out the breach he made:
But not a word—a little sly
He look'd, 'tis true, and from each eye
A side-long glance sometimes he sent,
To bring him news, and watch th' event.
At length, upon that tender part
Where honour lodges (as of old
Authentic Hudibras has told)
The blustering colonel felt a smart.
Sore griev'd for his affronted bum,
Frisk'd, skip'd, and bounc'd about the room.
Then turning short, " Zounds, sir!" he cries—
" Pox on him, had the fool no eyes?

"What! let a man be burnt alive!"
  "I am not, ſir, inquiſitive,"
(Reply'd Sir Gravity) "to know
"Whate'er your Honour's pleas'd to do;
"If you will burn your tail to tinder,
"Pray what have I to do to hinder?
"Other mens' buſineſs let alone,
"Why ſhould not coxcombs mind their own?"
  Then, knocking out his pipe with care,
Laid down his penny at the bar;
And, wrapping round his freeze ſurtout,
Took up his crab-tree, and walk'd out.

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§ 426. *The officious Meſſenger. A Tale.* Ibid.

MAN, of precarious ſcience vain,
  Treats other creatures with diſdain;
Nor Pug nor Shock have common ſenſe,
Nor even Pol the leaſt pretence,
Though ſhe prates better than us all,
To be accounted rational.
The brute creation here below,
It ſeems, is Nature's puppet-ſhow;
But clock-work all, and mere machine.
What can theſe idle gimcracks mean?
Ye world-makers of Greſham-hall,
Dog Rover ſhall confute you all;
Shall prove that every reaſoning brute
Like Ben of Bangor can diſpute;
Can apprehend, judge, ſyllogize,
Or like proud Bently criticize:
At a moot point, or odd diſaſter,
Is often wiſer than his maſter.
He may miſtake, ſometimes, 'tis true;
None are infallible but you.
The dog whom nothing can miſlead,
Muſt be a dog of parts indeed:
But to my tale; hear me, my friend,
And with due gravity attend.
  Rover, as heralds are agreed,
Well-born, and of the ſetting breed;
Rang'd high, was ſtout, of noſe acute,
A very learn'd and courteous brute.
In parallel lines his grounds he beat,
Not ſuch as in one centre meet;
In thoſe let blundering doctors deal,
His were exactly parallel.
When tainted gales the game betray,
Down cloſe he ſinks, and eyes his prey.
Though different paſſions tempt his ſoul,
True as the needle to the pole,
He keeps his point, and, panting, lies,
The floating net above him flies,
Then, dropping, ſweeps the fluttering prize.
Nor this his only excellence:
When ſurly farmers took offence,
And the rank corn the ſport deny'd,
Still faithful to his maſter's ſide,
A thouſand pretty pranks he play'd,
And chearful each command obey'd:
Humble his mind, though great his wit,
Would lug a pig, or turn the ſpit;
Would fetch and carry, leap o'er ſticks,
And forty ſuch diverting tricks.
Nor Partridge, nor wiſe Gadbury,
Could find loſt goods as ſoon as he:
Bid him go back a mile or more,
And ſeek the glove you hid before,
Still his unerring noſe would wind it;
If above ground, was ſure to find it;
Whimpering for joy his maſter greet,
And humbly lay it at his feet.
  But hold—it cannot be deny'd,
That uſeful talents miſapply'd
May make wild work. It hapt one day,
Squire Lobb, his maſter, took his way,
New ſhav'd, and ſnug, and very tight,
To compliment a neighbouring knight;
In his beſt trowſers he appears
(A comely perſon for his years);
And clean white drawers, that many a day
In lavender and roſe-cakes lay.
Acroſs his brawny ſhoulders ſtrung,
On his left ſide his dagger hung;
Dead-doing blade! a dreadful gueſt,
Or in the field, or at the feaſt.
No franklin carving of a chine
At Chriſtide, ever look'd ſo fine.
With him obſequious Rover trudg'd,
Nor from his heels one moment budg'd:
A while they travel'd, when within
Poor Lobb perceiv'd a rumbling din:
Then warring winds, for want of vent,
Shook all his earthly tenement.
So in the body politic
(For ſtates ſometimes, like men, are ſick)
Dark faction mutters through the crowd,
Ere bare-fac'd treaſon roars aloud:
Whether crude humours undigeſted
His labouring entrails had infeſted,
Or laſt night's load of bottled ale,
Grown mutinous, was breaking gaol:
The cauſe of this his aukward pain,
Let Johnſon or let H—th explain;
Whoſe learned noſes may diſcover,
Why Nature's ſtink-pot thus ran over.
My province is th' effect of trace,
And give each point its proper grace,
Th' effect, O lamentable caſe!
Long had he ſtruggled, but in vain,
The factious tumult to reſtrain:
What ſhould he do? Th' unruly rout
Preſs'd on, and it was time, no doubt,
T' unbutton, and to let all out.
The trowſers ſoon his will obey;
Not ſo his ſtubborn drawers, for they,
Beneath his hanging paunch cloſe ty'd,
His utmoſt art and pains defy'd:
He drew his dagger on the ſpot,
Reſolv'd to cut the Gordian knot.
In the ſame road juſt then paſs'd by
(Such was the will of deſtiny)
The courteous curate of the place,
Good-nature ſhone o'er all his face;
Surpriz'd the flaming blade to view,
And, deeming ſlaughter muſt enſue,
Off from his back himſelf he threw.
Then without ceremony ſeiz'd
The ſquire, impatient to be eas'd.

"Lord

" Lord! Master Lobb, who would have " thought
" The fiend had e'er so strongly wrought?
" Is suicide so slight a fault?
" Rip up thy guts, man! What—go quick'
" To hell? Outrageous lunatic!
" But, by the blessing, I'll prevent,
" With this right hand, thy foul intent."
Then grip'd the dagger fast; the squire,
Like Peleus' son, look'd pale with ire;
While the good man like Pallas stood,
And check'd his eager thirst for blood.
At last, when both a while had strain'd,
Strength, join'd with zeal, the conquest gain'd.
The curate in all points obey'd,
Into the sheath returns the blade:
But first th' unhappy squire he swore,
T' attempt upon his life no more.
With sage advice his speech he clos'd,
And left him (as he thought) compos'd,
But was it so, friend Lobb? I own,
Misfortune seldom comes alone;
Satan supplies the swelling tide,
And ills on ills are multiply'd.
Subdued, and all his measures broke,
His purpose and intent mistook:
Within his drawers, alas! he found
His guts let out without a wound:
For, in the conflict, straining hard,
He left his postern-gate unbarr'd;
Most woefully bedawb'd, he moans
His piteous case, he sighs, he groans.
To lose his dinner, and return,
Was very hard, not to be borne:
Hunger, they say, parent of arts,
Will make a fool a man of parts.
The sharp-set squire resolves at last,
Whate'er befel him, not to fast:
He mus'd a while, chaf'd, strain'd his wits,
At last on this expedient hits:
To the next brook with sober pace
He tends, preparing to uncase,
Straddling and muttering all the way,
Curs'd inwardly th' unlucky day.
The coast now clear, no soul in view,
Off in a trice his trowsers drew;
More leisurely his drawers, for care
And caution was convenient there:
So fast the plaister'd birdlime stuck,
The skin came off with every pluck.
Sorely he gall'd each brawny ham;
Nor other parts escap'd, which shame
Forbids a bashful muse to name.
Not without pain the work atchiev'd,
He scrubb'd and wash'd the parts aggriev'd;
Then, with nice hand, and look sedate,
Folds up his drawers, with their rich freight,
And hides them in a bush, at leisure
Resolv'd to fetch his hidden treasure:
The trusty Rover lay hard by,
Observing all with curious eye.

Now rigg'd again, once more a beau,
And matters fix'd *in statu quo*,
Brisk as a snake in merry May,
That just has cast his slough away,
Gladsome he caper'd o'er the green,
As he presum'd, both sweet and clean;
For, oh! amongst us mortal elves,
How few there are smell out themselves!
With a mole's ear, and eagle's eye,
And with a blood-hound's nose, we fly
On others' faults implacably.
But where's that ear, that eye, that nose,
Against its master will depose?
Ruddy Miss Prue, with golden hair,
Stinks like a pole-cat or a bear,
Yet romps about me every day,
Sweeter, she thinks, than new-made hay.
Lord Plausible, at Tom's and Will's,
Whose poisonous breath in whispers kills,
Still buzzes in my ear, nor knows
What fatal secrets he bestows:
Let him destroy each day a score,
'Tis mere chance-medley, and no more.
In fine, self-love bribes every sense,
And all at home is excellence.

The squire arriv'd in decent plight,
With reverence due salutes the knight;
Compliments past, the dinner-bell
Rung quick and loud, harmonious knell
To greedy Lobb! The Orphéan lyre
Did ne'er such rapturous joys inspire;
Though this the savage throng obey,
That hunger tames more fierce than they.
In comely order now appear,
The footmen loaded with good cheer,
Her ladyship brought up the rear.
Simpering she lisps, " Your servant, Sir—
" The ways are bad, one can't well stir
" Abroad, or 'twere indeed unkind
" To leave good Mrs. Lobb behind—
" She's well, I hope—Master, they say,
" Comes on apace—How's Miss, I pray?
Lobb bow'd and cring'd, and, muttering low,
Made for his chair, would fain fall-to.
These weighty points adjusted, soon
My lady brandishes her spoon.
Unhappy Lobb, pleas'd with his treat,
And minding nothing but his meat,
Too near the fire had chose his seat:
When, oh! th' effluvia of his bum
Begin amain to scent the room,
Ambrosial sweets, and rich perfume.
The flickering footman stopt his nose;
The chaplain too, under the rose,
Made aukward mouths; the knight took snuff;
Her ladyship began to huff;
" Indeed, Sir John—pray, good my dear—
" 'Tis wrong to make your kennel here—
" Dogs in their place are good, I own—
" But in the parlour—foh!—be gone."

Now Rockwood leaves th' unfinish'd bone,
Banish'd for failings not his own;
No grace ev'n Fidler could obtain,
And favourite virgin fawn'd in vain.
The servants, to the stranger kind,
Leave trusty Rover still behind;
But Lobb, who would not seem to be
Defective in civility,
And, for removing of all doubt,
Knitting his brows, bids him get out:

By ſigns expreſſes his command,
And to the door points with his hand.
The dog, or through miſtake or ſpight,
(Grave authors have not ſet us right),
Fled back the very way he came,
And in the buſh ſoon found his game;
Brought in his mouth the ſavoury load,
And at his maſter's elbow ſtood.
O Lobb, what idioms can expreſs
Thy ſtrange confuſion and diſtreſs,
When on the floor the drawers diſplay'd
The fulſome ſecret had bewray'd?
No traitor, when his hand and ſeal
Produc'd his dark deſigns reveal,
E'er look'd with ſuch a hanging face,
As Lobb half-dead at this diſgrace.
Wild-ſtaring, thunder-ſtruck, and dumb,
While peals of laughter ſhake the room;
Each ſaſh thrown up to let in air,
The knight fell backward in his chair,
Laugh'd till his heart-ſtrings almoſt break,
The chaplain giggled for a week;
Her ladyſhip began to call,
For hartſhorn, and her Abigail;
The ſervants chuckled at the door,
And all was clamour and uproar.
Rover, who now began to quake,
As conſcious of his foul miſtake,
Truſts to his heels to ſave his life;
The ſquire ſneaks home, and beats his wife.

§ 427. *The Devil outwitted. A Tale.*
SOMERVILLE.

A Vicar liv'd on this ſide Trent,
Religious, learn'd, benevolent,
Pure was his life, in deed, word, thought,
A comment on the truths he taught:
His pariſh large, his income ſmall,
Yet ſeldom wanted wherewithal;
For againſt every merry tide
Madam would carefully provide.
A painful paſtor; but his ſheep,
Alas! within no bounds would keep;
A ſcabby flock, that every day
Run riot, and would go aſtray.
He thump'd his cuſhion, fretted, vext,
Thumb'd o'er again each uſeful text;
Rebuk'd, exhorted, all in vain,
His pariſh was the more profane:
The ſcrubs would have their wicked will,
And cunning Satan triumph'd ſtill.
At laſt, when each expedient fail'd,
And ſerious meaſures nought avail'd,
It came into his head to try
The force of wit and raillery.
The good man was by nature gay,
Could gibe and joke, as well as pray;
Not like ſome hide-bound folk, who chace
Each merry ſmile from their dull face,
And think pride zeal, ill-nature grace.
At chriſtenings and each jovial feaſt,
He ſingled out the ſinful beaſt:
Let all his pointed arrows fly,
Told this and that, look'd very ſly,
And left my maſters to apply.
His tales were humorous, often true,
And now and then ſet off to view
With lucky fictions and ſheer wit,
That pierc'd, where truth could never hit.
The laugh was always on his ſide,
While paſſive fools by turns deride;
And, giggling thus at one another,
Each jeering lout reform'd his brother;
Till the whole pariſh was with eaſe
Sham'd into virtue by degrees:
Then be advis'd, and try a tale,
When Chryſoſtom and Auſtin fail.

§ 428. *The Frogs Choice.* IBID.

Ὦ πόποι, οἷον δὴ νυ Θεὰς βροτοὶ αἰτιόωνται.
Ἐξ ἡμέων γάρ φασι κάκ' ἔμμεναι· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
Σφῇσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὑπὲρ μόρον ἄλγε' ἔχουσιν.

IN a wild ſtate of nature, long
The frogs at random liv'd,
The weak a prey unto the ſtrong,
With anarchy oppreſs'd and griev'd.
At length the lawleſs rout,
Taught by their ſufferings, grew devout:
An embaſſy to Jove they ſent,
And begg'd his highneſs would beſtow
Some ſettled form of government,
A king to rule the fens below.
Jove, ſmiling, grants their odd requeſt,
A king th' indulgent power beſtow'd,
(Such as might ſuit their genius beſt):
A beam of a prodigious ſize,
With all its cumberous load,
Came tumbling from the ſkies.
The waters daſh againſt the ſhore,
The hollow caverns roar:
The rocks return the dreadful ſound,
Convulſions ſhake the ground.
The multitude with horror fled,
And in his oozy bed
Each ſkulking coward hid his head.
When all is now grown calm again,
And ſmoothly glides the liquid plain,
A frog more reſolute and bold,
Peeping with caution from his hold;
Recover'd from his firſt ſurprize,
As o'er the wave his head he popt,
He ſaw—but ſcarce believ'd his eyes,
On the ſame bank where firſt he dropt,
Th' imperial lubber lies,
Stretch'd at his eaſe, careleſs, content:
Is this the monarch Jove has ſent,
(Said he) our warlike troops to lead?
Ay! 'tis a glorious prince indeed;
By ſuch an active general led,
The routed mice our arms ſhall dread,
Subdued ſhall quit their claim:
Old Homer ſhall recant his lays,
For us new trophies raiſe,
Sing our victorious arms, and juſtify our fame.
Then laughing impudently loud,
He ſoon alarm'd the daſtard croud.
The croaking nations with contempt
Behold the worthleſs indolent,

Oh

Oh wings of winds, swift scandal flies,
Libels, lampoons, and lyes,
Hoarse treasons, tuneless blasphemies.
With active leap at last upon his back they stride,
And on the royal loggerhead in triumph ride.

Once more to Jove their prayers addrest,
And once more Jove grants their request:
A stork he sends, of monstrous size,
Red lightning flashing in his eyes;
Rul'd by no block, as heretofore,
The gazing crowds press'd to his court;
Admire his stately mien, his haughty port,
And only not adore.
Addresses of congratulation,
Sent from each loyal corporation,
Full freight with truth and sense,
Exhausted all their eloquence.
But now, alas! 'twas night; kings must have meat:
The Grand Vizier first goes to pot,
Three Bassas next, happy their lot!
Gain'd Paradise by being eat.
And this, said he, and this is mine,
And this, by right divine:
In short, 'twas all for public weal,
He swallow'd half a nation at a meal.

Again they beg Almighty Jove,
This cruel tyrant to remove.
With fierce resentment in his eyes,
The frowning Thunderer replies;
Those evils which yourselves create,
Rash fools! ye now repent too late;
Made wretched by the public voice,
Not through necessity, but choice! [curse,
Be gone!—Nor wrest from Heaven some heavier
Better bear this, this stork, than worse.

MORAL.

Oppress'd with happiness, and sick with ease,
Not Heaven itself our fickle minds can please.
Fondly we wish, cloy'd with celestial store,
The leaks and onions which we loath'd before:
Still roving, still desiring, never pleas'd,
With plenty starv'd, and ev'n with health diseas'd.
With partial eyes each present good we view,
Nor covet what is best, but what is new.
Ye powers above, who make mankind your care,
To bless the supplicant, reject his prayer!

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§ 429. *The Oyster.* Somerville.

—" In jus
" Acres procurrunt, magnum spectaculum utrer-
" que." Hor.

TWO comrades, as grave authors say,
(But in what chapter, page, or line,
Ye critics, if ye please, define)
Had found an oyster in their way.
Contest and foul debate arose,
Both view'd at once with greedy eyes,
Both challeng'd the delicious prize,
And high words soon improv'd to blows.
Actions on actions hence succeed,
Each hero's obstinately stout,
Green bags and parchments fly about,
Pleadings are drawn, and counsel fee'd.

The parson of the place, good man!
Whose kind and charitable heart
In human ills still bore a part,
Thrice shook his head, and thus began:
Neighbours and friends, refer to me,
This doughty matter in dispute:
I'll soon decide th' important suit,
And finish all without a fee.
Give me the oyster then—'tis well—
He opens it, and at one sup
Gulps the contested trifle up,
And smiling gives to each a shell.
Henceforth let foolish discord cease,
Your oyster's good as e'er was eat;
I thank you for my dainty treat,
God bless you both, and live in peace.

MORAL.

Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales,
From this learn common sense;
Nor thrust your neighbours into gaols,
For every slight offence.
Banish those vermin of debate,
That on your substance feed;
The knaves, who now are serv'd in plate,
Would starve, if fools agreed.

RURAL ELEGANCE.

§ 430. *An Ode to the Duchess of Somerset. Written* 1750. Shenstone.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
Amid the sprightly scenes of morn,
Will aught the Muse inspire!
Oh! Peace to yonder clamorous horn
That drowns the sacred lyre!

Ye rural thanes that o'er the mossy down
Some panting timorous hare pursue;
Does nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does she smooth her lawns for you?
For you does echo bid the rocks reply, [cry?
And urg'd by rude constraint resound the jovial
See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn
The wretched swain your sports survey;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey;
He sees his flock—no more in circles feed;
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curses loads the deed.

Nor yet, ye swains, conclude
That nature smiles for you alone;
Your bounded souls, and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the selfish boast disown:
Yours be the produce of the soil:
O may it still reward your toil!
Nor ever the defenceless train
Of clinging infants ask support in vain!
But though the various harvest gild your plains,
Does the mere landscape feast your eye?

Or the warm hope of distant gains
Far other cause of glee supply?
Is not the red-streak's future juice
The source of your delight profound,
Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,
Purpling a whole horizon round?
Athirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true:
But though, the pebbled shores among,
It mimic no unpleasing song,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd ye see the thickets bloom,
Unpleas'd the spring her flowery robe resume;
Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,
The dappled mead without a smile.
O let a rural conscious Muse,
For well she knows, your froward sense accuse:
Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
And span the massy trunk, before you cry, 'tis fair.

Nor yet ye learn'd, nor yet ye courtly train,
If haply from your haunts ye stray
To waste with us a summer's day,
Exclude the taste of every swain,
Nor our untutor'd sense disdain:
'Tis nature only gives exclusive right
To relish her supreme delight;
She, where she pleases, kind or coy,
Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenious mind,
By her auspicious aid refin'd;
Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,
Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
The mountain swells, the dale subsides;
Ev'n thriftless furze detains their wandering sight,
And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.

With what suspicious fearful care
The sordid wretch secures his claim,
If haply some luxurious heir
Should alienate the fields that wear his name!
What scruples lest some future birth
Should litigate a span of earth!
Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for prose,
The towering muse endures not to disclose;
Alas! her unrevers'd decree,
More comprehensive and more free,
Her lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
And be the solemn day enroll'd,
When, to confirm his lofty plea,
In nuptial sort, with bridal gold,
The grave Venetian weds the sea:
Each laughing Muse derides the vow;
Ev'n Adria scorns the mock embrace,
To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
Allotted, from his natal hour,
With all her myrtle shores in dower.
His breast to admiration prone
Enjoys the smile upon her face,
Enjoys triumphant every grace,
And finds her more his own.

Fatigu'd with form's oppressive laws,
When Somerset avoids the great;
When, cloy'd with merited applause,
She seeks the rural calm retreat;
Does she not praise each mossy cell,
And feel the truth my numbers tell?
When deafen'd by the loud acclaim,
Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
Could she not more delighted hear
Yon throstle chaunt the rising year?
Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame,
To crop the primrose of the plains?
Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,
Lost to the sons of power, unknown to half mankind?

Ah, can she covet there to see
The splendid slaves, the reptile race,
That oil the tongue and bow the knee,
That slight her merit, but adore her place?
Far happier, if aright I deem,
When from gay throngs, and gilded spires,
To where the lonely halcyons play,
Her philosophic step retires:
While, studious of the moral theme,
She, to some smooth sequester'd stream
Likens the swain's inglorious day;
Pleas'd from the flowery margin to survey,
How cool, serene, and clear, the current glides away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
Who slight the sweetly pensive mind!
On whose fair birth the Graces mild,
And every Muse prophetic smil'd,
Not that the poet's boasted fire
Should fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell,
Or on the music of his lyre
Each future age with rapture dwell;
Tho' vaunted sweets of praise remove,
Yet shall such bosoms claim a part
In all that glads the human heart;
Yet these the spirits, form'd to judge and prove
All nature's charms immense, and heaven's unbounded love.

And oh! the transport, most ally'd to song,
In some fair villa's peaceful bound,
To catch soft hints from Nature's tongue,
And bid Arcadia bloom around:
Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
Or smoothe below the verdant mead;
Whether we break the falling rill,
Or through meandering mazes lead;
Or in the horrid bramble's room
Bid careless groups of roses bloom;
Or let some shelter'd lake serene
Reflect flowers, woods and spires, and brighten all the scene.

O sweet disposal of the rural hour!
O beauties never known to cloy!
While worth and genius haunt the favour'd bower,
And every gentle breast partakes the joy!
While charity at eve surveys the swain,
Enabled by these toils to chear

A train

A train of helpleſs infants dear,
Speed whiſtling home acroſs the plain;
See vagrant luxury, her hand-maid grown,
For half her graceleſs deeds atone,
And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with her own.

Why brand theſe pleaſures with the name
Of ſoft, unſocial toils of indolence and ſhame?
Search but the garden, or the wood,
Let yon admir'd carnation own,
Not all was meant for raiment, or for food,
Not all for needful uſe alone;
There while the ſeeds of future bloſſoms dwell,
'Tis colour'd for the ſight, perfum'd to pleaſe the ſmell.

Why knows the nightingale to ſing?
Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
Why ſhines with paint the linnet's wing?
For ſuſtenance alone? For uſe?
For preſervation? Every ſphere
Shall bid fair pleaſure's rightful claim appear.
And ſure they ſeem, of human kind,
Some born to ſhun the ſolemn ſtrife;
Some for amuſive taſks deſign'd,
To ſoothe the certain ills of life;
Grace its lone vales with many a budding roſe,
New founts of bliſs diſcloſe,
Call forth refreſhing ſhades, and decorate repoſe.

From plains and woodlands; from the view
Of rural nature's blooming face,
Smit by the glare of rank and place,
To courts the ſons of fancy flew;
There long had art ordain'd a rival ſeat;
There had ſhe laviſh'd all her care
To form a ſcene more dazzling fair,
And call'd them from their green retreat
To ſhare her proud control;
Had given the robe with grace to flow,
Had taught exotic gems to glow;
And, emulous of nature's power,
Mimick'd the plume, the leaf, the flower;
Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
Moulded each ruſtic limb anew,
And warp'd the very ſoul.

A while her magic ſtrikes the novel eye,
A while the fairy forms delight;
And now aloof we ſeem to fly
On purple pinions through a purer ſky,
Where all is wond'rous, all is bright:
Now landed on ſome ſpangled ſhore
A while each dazzled maniac roves
By ſapphire lakes, through emerald groves.
Paternal acres pleaſe no more;
Adieu the ſimple, the ſincere delight—
Th' habitual ſcene of hill and dale,
The rural herds, the vernal gale,
The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
Be theirs alone who cultivate the ſoil,
And drink the cup of thirſt, and eat the bread of toil.

But ſoon the pageant fades away!
'Tis Nature only bears perpetual ſway.
We pierce the counterfeit delight,
Fatigued with ſplendor's irkſome beams.
Fancy again demands the ſight
Of native groves and wonted ſtreams,
Pants for the ſcenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,
Where truth maintains her court, and baniſhes diſguiſe.

Then hither oft, ye ſenators, retire,
With Nature here high converſe hold;
For who like Stamford her delights admire,
Like Stamford ſhall with ſcorn behold
Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold;
Beneath the Britiſh oak's majeſtic ſhade,
Shall ſee fair truth, immortal maid,
Friendſhip in artleſs guiſe array'd,
Honour and moral beauty ſhine
With more attractive charms, with radiance more divine.

Yes, here alone did higheſt heaven ordain
The laſting magazine of charms,
Whatever wins, whatever warms,
Whatever fancy ſeeks to ſhare
The great, the various, and the fair,
For ever ſhould remain!

Her impulſe nothing may reſtrain—
Or whence the joy 'mid columns, towers,
'Midſt all the city's artful trim,
To rear ſome breathleſs vapid flowers,
Or ſhrubs fuliginouſly grim:
From rooms of ſilken foliage vain,
To trace the dun far diſtant grove,
Where, ſmit with undiſſembled pain,
The wood-lark mourns her abſent love,
Borne to the duſty town from native air,
To mimic rural life, and ſoothe ſome vapour'd fair.

But how muſt faithleſs art prevail,
Should all who taſte our joys ſincere,
To virtue, truth, or ſcience dear,
Forego a court's alluring pale,
For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
For that rich luxury of thought they love!
Ah no! from theſe the public ſphere requires
Examples for its giddy bands:
From theſe impartial heaven demands
To ſpread the flame itſelf inſpires;
To ſift opinion's mingled maſs,
Impreſs a nation's taſte, and bid the ſterling paſs.

Happy, thrice happy they,
Whoſe graceful deeds have exemplary ſhone
Round the gay precincts of a throne,
With mild effective beams!
Who bands of fair ideas bring,
By ſolemn grot, or ſhady ſpring,
To join their pleaſing dreams!
Theirs is the rural bliſs without alloy,
They only that deſerve, enjoy.
What though nor fabled dryad haunt their grove,
Nor naiad near their fountain rove,
Yet all embody'd to the mental ſight,
A train of ſmiling virtues bright
Shall there the wiſe retreat allow,
Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wanderer's brow.

And though by faithless friends alarm'd,
Art have with Nature wag'd presumptuous war;
By Seymour's winning influence charm'd,
In whom their gifts united shine,
No longer shall their counsels jar,
'Tis her to meditate the peace;
Near Percy-lodge, with awe-struck mien,
The rebel seeks her lawful queen,
And havock and contention cease.
I see the rival powers combine,
And aid each others fair design;
Nature exalt the mound where Art shall build;
Art shape the gay alcove, while Nature paints the field.

Begin, ye songsters of the grove!
O warble forth your noblest lay;
Where Somerset vouchsafes to rove,
Ye leverets, freely sport and play.
—Peace to the strepent horn!
Let no harsh dissonance disturb the moon,
No sounds inelegant and rude
Her sacred solitudes profane!
Unless her candour not exclude
The lowly shepherd's votive strain,
Who tunes his reed amidst his rural chear,
Fearful, yet not averse, that Somerset should hear.

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§ 431. *The Bastard.* SAVAGE.

IN gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The Muse exulting, thus her lay began.
Blest be the Bastard's birth! through wondrous ways,
He shines eccentric like a comet's blaze!
He lives to build, not boast, a generous race:
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
His daring hope, no sire's example bounds;
His first-born lights no prejudice confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no flame;
He glories in a Bastard's glowing name.
Born to himself, by no possession led,
In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed;
Nor guides, nor rules, his sovereign choice control,
His body independent as his soul;
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoy'd no aim,
Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name:
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
His heart unbiass'd, and his mind his own.
O Mother, yet no Mother! 'tis to you,
My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.
You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause,
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral and divine,
Discharg'd my grasping soul; push'd me from shore,
And launch'd me into life without an oar.
What had I lost, if, conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to slight,
And coldly conscious of a husband's right,
You had faint drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life, by force your own!
Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire,
And unconcurring spirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull domestic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state;
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And slumbering in a seat, by chance my own.
Far nobler blessings wait the Bastard's lot;
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot!
Strong as necessity, he starts away,
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.
Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,
I sung: Gay fluttering hope, my fancy fir'd;
Inly secure, through conscious scorn of ill,
Nor taught by wisdom how to balance will,
Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose and to act were one;
Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
But now, expos'd, and shrinking from distress,
I fly to shelter, while the tempests press;
My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.
O memory! thou soul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our passions o'er again!
Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous smart to every blow?
Few are my joys: alas! how soon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not:
While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall;
Yet thou repeat'st, and multiply'st them all!
Is chance a guilt? that my disasterous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin!—Ah, plead no more!
What tho' no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er?
Had Heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provok'd—Or thou hadst died.
Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! through Pity's eye condemn'd to see.
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young, and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way!
He might have liv'd till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd,
Both happy, generous, candid, and belov'd;
He might have sav'd some worth, now doom'd to fall;
And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.
O fate of late repentance! always vain:
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest?—No Mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer:
No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth by virtues, or from vice restrain'd.
Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then skreen from future harm?
Am I return'd from death, to live in pain?
Or would Imperial Pity save in vain?

Distrust

Distrust it not—What blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
Mother, miscall'd, farewell—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear:
All I was wretched by to you I ow'd,
Alone from strangers every comfort flow'd!
Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doom'd before,
New-born, I may a nobler Mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great!
Majestic Mother of a kneeling state!
QUEEN of a people's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

§ 432. *On the Recovery of a Lady of Quality from the Small-Pox.* SAVAGE.

LONG a lov'd fair had bless'd her consort's sight
With amorous pride, and undisturb'd delight;
Till Death, grown envious with repugnant aim,
Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.
He summons each disease!—the noxious crew,
Writhing in dire distortions, strike his view!
From various plagues, which various natures know,
Forth rushes beauty's fear'd and fervent foe.
Fierce to the fair, the missile mischief flies,
The sanguine streams in raging ferments rise!
It drives, ignipotent, through every vein,
Hangs on the heart, and burns around the brain!
Now a chill damp the charmer's lustre dims!
Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor swims!
Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inspire,
Like setting stars, scarce shoot a glimmering fire.
Here stands her consort, sore with anguish prest,
Grief in his eye, and terror in his breast.
The Paphian Graces, smit with anxious care,
In silent sorrow weep the waining fair.
Eight suns, successive, roll their fire away,
And eight slow nights see their deep shades decay.
While these revolve, though mute each Muse appears,
Each speaking eye drops eloquence in tears.
On the ninth noon, great Phœbus, listening bends!
On the ninth noon, each voice in prayer ascends!—
Great God of light, of song, and physic's art,
Restore the languid fair, new soul impart!
Her beauty, wit, and virtue, claim thy care,
And thine own bounty's almost rival'd there.
Each paus'd. The God assents. Would Death advance?
Phœbus, unseen, arrests that threatening lance!
Down from his orb a vivid influence streams,
And quickening earth imbibes salubrious beams;
Each balmy plant encrease of virtue knows,
And art, inspir'd, with all her patron, glows.
The charmer's opening eye, kind hope, reveals,
Kind hope, her consort's breast enlivening feels.
Each grace revives, each Muse resumes the lyre,
Each beauty brightens with re-lumin'd fire.
As Health's auspicious powers gay life display,
Death, sullen at the sight, stalks slow away.

§ 433. *To a Mouse, on turning her up in her Nest with the Plough, November, 1785.* BURNS.

WEE, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a pannic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring *pattle!*

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' *fellow-mortal!*

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A *diamen-icker* in a *thrave*
'S a sma' request;
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss't!

Thy wee bit *housie*, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin;
An' naething, now, to big a new ane
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's wind, ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the field laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell;
Till crash! the cruel *coulter* past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *foresight* may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' *me!*
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forwar, tho' I canna *see*,
I *guess* an' *fear!*

§ 434. *To a Mountain Daisy, on turning one down with the Plough, in April, 1786.* IBID.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;

For

For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! its no thy nebor sweet
The bonie *Lark*, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods an' wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the *share* up-tears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of *prudent lore*,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering Worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

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§ 435. *An Epistle to Thomas Lambard, Esq.*
FENTON.

"Omnia me tua delectant; sed maximè, maxima
"cùm fides in amicitiâ, consilium, gravitas, con-
"stantia; tum lepos, humanitas, literæ."
CICERO, Ep. xxvii. Lib. xi.

SLOW though I am to wake the sleeping lyre,
Yet should the Muse some happy song inspire,
Fit for a friend to give, and worthy thee,
That favourite verse to Lambard I decree:
Such may the Muse inspire, and make it prov[e]
A pledge and monument of lasting love!
Meantime intent the fairest plan to find,
To form the manners, and improve the mind;
Me the fam'd wits of Rome and Athen[s]
By Orrery's indulgence wrapt in ease; [pleas[e]
Whom all the rival Muses strive to grace
With wreaths familiar to his letter'd race.
Now Truth's bright charms employ my seriou[s]
thought,
In flowing eloquence by Tully taught:
Then from the shades of Tusculum I rove,
And studious wander in the Grecian grove;
While wonder and delight the soul engage
To sound the depths of Plato's sacred page;
Where Science in attractive fable lies,
And, veil'd, the more invites her lover's eyes.
Transported thence, the flowery heights I gai[n]
Of Pindus, and admire the warbling train,
Whose wings the Muse in better ages prun'd,
And their sweet harps to moral airs attun'd.
As night is tedious while, in love betray'd,
The wakeful youth expects the faithless maid;
As weary'd hinds accuse the lingering sun,
And heirs impatient wish for twenty-one:
So dull to Horace * did the moments glide,
Till his free Muse her sprightly force employ'd
To combat vice, and follies to expose,
In easy numbers near ally'd to prose: [sing
Guilt blush'd and trembl'd when she heard hi[m]
He smil'd reproof, and tickled with his sting.
With such a graceful negligence exprest,
Wit, thus apply'd, will ever stand the test:
But he, who blindly led by whimsy strays,
And from gross images would merit praise,
When Nature sets the noblest stores in view,
Affects to polish copper in Peru:
So while the seas on barren sands are cast,
The saltness of their waves offends the taste:
But when to heaven exhal'd, in fruitful rain
In fragrant dews they fall, to cheer the swain,
Revive the fainting flowers, and swell the
meager grain.
Be this their care, who, studious of renown,
Toil up th' Aonian steep to reach the crown;
Suffice it me, that (having spent my prime,
In picking epithets, and yoking rhyme)
To steadier rule my thoughts I now compose,
And prize ideas clad in honest prose.
Old Dryden, emulous of Cæsar's praise,
Cover'd his baldness with immortal bays;
And Death perhaps, to spoil poetic sport,
Unkindly cut an Alexandrine short:
His ear had a more lasting itch than mine,
For the smooth cadence of a golden line.
Should lust of verse prevail, and urge the ma[n]
To run the trifling race the boy began,
Mellow'd with sixty winters, you might see
My circle end in second infancy.
I might ere long an aukward humour have,
To wear my bells and coral to the grave,
Or round my room alternate take a course,
Now mount my hobby, then the Muse's hors[e]
Let others wither gay, but I'd appear
With sage decorum in my easy chair;

* Epist. 1. Lib. 1.

Grave as Libanius, ſlumbering o'er the laws,
Whilſt gold and party-zeal decide the cauſe.
A nobler taſk our riper age affords,
Than ſcanning ſyllables, and weighing words.
To make his hours in even meaſures flow,
Nor think ſome fleet too faſt, and ſome too ſlow;
Still equal in himſelf, and free to taſte
The Now, without repining at the Paſt;
Nor the vain preſcience of the ſpleen t' employ,
To pall the flavour of a promis'd joy;
To live tenacious of the golden mean,
In all events of various fate ſerene;
With virtue ſteel'd, and ſteady to ſurvey
Age, death, diſeaſe, or want, without diſmay:
Theſe arts, my Lambard! uſeful in their end,
Make man to others and himſelf a friend.
Happieſt of mortals he, who, timely wiſe,
In the calm walks of truth his bloom enjoys;
With books and patrimonial plenty bleſt,
Health in his veins, and quiet in his breaſt!
Him no vain hope attracts, no fear appals,
Nor the gay ſervitude of courts enthrals,
Unknowing how to maſk concerted guile
With a falſe cringe, or undermining ſmile;
His manners pure, from affectation free,
And prudence ſhines through clear ſimplicity.
Though no rich labours of the Perſian loom,
Nor the nice ſculptor's art, adorn his room,
Sleep unprovok'd will ſoftly ſeal his eyes,
And innocence the want of down ſupplies;
Health tempers all his cups, and at his board
Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford:
Like the great Trojan, mantled in a cloud,
Himſelf unſeen he ſees the labouring croud,
Where all unduſtrious to their ruin run,
Swift to purſue what moſt they ought to ſhun.
Some, by the ſordid thirſt of gain control'd,
Starve in their ſtores, and cheat themſelves for gold,
Preſerve the precious bane with anxious care
In vagrant luſts to feed a laviſh heir:
Others devour Ambition's glittering bait,
To ſweat in purple, and repine in ſtate;
Devote their powers to every wild extreme
For the ſhort pageant of a pompous dream:
Nor can the mind to full perfection bring
The fruits it early promis'd in the ſpring,
But in a public ſphere thoſe virtues fade,
Which open'd fair, and flouriſh'd in the ſhade:
So while the Night her ebon ſceptre ſways,
Her fragrant blooms the Indian * plant diſplays;
But the full day the ſhort-liv'd beauties ſhun,
Elude our hopes and ſicken at the ſun.
Fantaſtic joys in diſtant views appear,
And tempt the man to make the raſh career.
Fame, Power, and Wealth, which glitter at the goal,
Allure his eye, and fire his eager ſoul;
For theſe are eaſe and innocence reſign'd,
For theſe he ſtrips; farewell the tranquil mind!
Headſtrong he urges on till vigour fails,
And gray experience (but too late!) prevails:
But, in his evening, view the hoary fool,
When the nerves ſlacken, and the ſpirits cool;
When joy and bluſhy youth forſakes his face,
Sicklied with age, and ſour with ſelf-diſgrace;
No flavour then the ſparkling cups retain,
Muſic is harſh, the Syren ſings in vain;
To him what healing balm can art apply,
Who lives diſeas'd with life, and dreads to die?
In that laſt ſcene, by Fate in ſables dreſt,
Thy power triumphant Virtue! is confeſt;
Thy veſtal flames diffuſe celeſtial light
Through Death's dark vale, and vanquiſh total night;
Lenient of anguiſh, o'er the breaſt prevail,
When the gay toys of flattering Fortune fail.
Such, happy Twiſden! (ever be thy name
Mourn'd by the Muſe, and fair in deathleſs fame!)
While the bright effluence of her glory ſhone,
Were thy laſt hours, and ſuch I wiſh my own:
So caſſia bruis'd exhales her rich perfumes,
And incenſe in a fragrant cloud conſumes.
Moſt ſpoil the boon that Nature's pleas'd t' impart,
By too much varniſh, or by want of art;
By ſolid ſcience all her gifts are grac'd,
Like gems new poliſh'd, and with gold enchas'd.
Votes to th' unletter'd 'ſquire the laws allow,
As Rome receiv'd dictators from the plough:
But arts, addreſs, and force of genius, join
To make a Hanmer in the ſenate ſhine.
Yet one preſiding power in every breaſt
Receives a ſtronger ſanction than the reſt;
And they who ſtudy and diſcern it well,
Act unreſtrain'd, without deſign excel,
But court contempt, and err without redreſs,
Miſſing the maſter-talent they poſſeſs.
Whiſton perhaps in Euclid may ſucceed,
But ſhall I truſt him to reform my creed?
In ſweet aſſemblage every blooming grace
Fix Love's bright throne in Teraminta's face,
With which her faultleſs ſhape and air agree,
But, wanting wit, ſhe ſtrives to repartee;
And, ever prone, her matchleſs form to wrong,
Leſt Envy ſhould be dumb, ſhe lends her tongue.
By long experience D—y may, no doubt,
Enſnare a gudgeon, or ſometimes a trout:
Yet Dryden once exclaim'd (in partial ſpite!)
He fiſh!—Becauſe the man attempts to write.
Oh, if the water-nymphs were kind to none
But thoſe the Muſes bathe in Helicon;
In what far diſtant age would Belgia raiſe
One happy wit to net the Britiſh ſeas!
Nature permits her various gifts to fall
On various climes, nor ſmiles alike on all:
The Latian vales eternal verdure wear,
And flowers ſpontaneous crown the ſmiling year;
But who manures a wild Norwegian hill,
To raiſe the jeſs'mine or the coy jonquil?
Who finds the peach among the ſavage ſloes,
Or in bleak Scythia ſeeks the bluſhing roſe?
Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields,
And there the vine her racy purple yields.
High on the cliffs the Britiſh oak aſcends,
Proud to ſurvey the ſeas her power defends;
Her ſovereign title to the flag ſhe proves,
Scornful of ſofter India's ſpicy groves.
Theſe inſtances, which true in fact we find,
Apply we to the culture of the mind.

* The pure-tree.

This soil, in early youth improv'd with care,
The seeds of gentle science best will bear;
That with more particles of flame inspir'd,
With glittering arms and thirst of fame is fir'd;
Nothing of greatness in a third will grow,
But, barren as it is, 'twill bear a beau.
If these from Nature's genial bent depart,
In life's dull farce to play a borrow'd part;
Should the sage dress, and flutter in the Mall,
Or leave his problems for a birth-night ball;
Should the rough homicide unsheath his pen,
And in heroics only murder men;
Should the soft fop forsake the lady's charms,
To face the foe with inoffensive arms;
Each would variety of acts afford,
Fit for some new Cervantes to record.
Whither, you cry, tends all this dry discourse?
To prove, like Hudibras, a man's no horse.
I look'd for sparkling lines, and something gay
To frisk my fancy with; but sooth, to say!
From her Apollo now the Muse elopes,
And trades in syllogisms more than tropes.
Faith, Sir, I see you nod, but can't forbear;
When a friend reads, in honour you must hear:
For all enthusiasts, when the fit is strong,
Indulge a volubility of tongue:
Their fury triumphs o'er the men of phlegm,
And, council-proof, will never baulk a theme.
So Burgess on his Tripod rav'd the more,
When round him half the saints began to snore.
To lead us safe through Error's thorny maze,
Reason exerts her pure ethereal rays;
But that bright daughter of eternal day
Holds in our mortal frame a dubious sway.
Though no lethargic fumes the brain invest,
And opiate all her active powers to rest;
Though on that magazine no fevers seize,
To calcine all her beauteous images:
Yet banish'd from the realms by right her own,
Passion, a blind usurper, mounts the throne:
Or, to know good preferring specious ill,
Reason becomes a cully to the will:
Thus man, perversely fond to roam astray,
Hoodwinks the guide assign'd to shew the way;
And in life's voyage like the pilot fares
Who breaks the compass, and contemns the stars,
To steer by meteors, which at random fly,
Preluding to a tempest in the sky.
Vain of his skill, and led by various views,
Each to his end a different path pursues;
And seldom is one wretch so humble known
To think his friend's a better than his own:
The boldest they, who least partake the light,
As game-cocks in the dark are train'd to fight.
Nor shame, nor ruin, can our pride abate,
But what became our choice we call our fate.
Villain, said Zeno to his pilfering slave,
What frugal Nature needs, I freely gave;
With thee my treasure I depos'd in trust,
What could provoke thee now to prove unjust?
Sir, blame the stars, felonious culprit cry'd:
We'll by the statute of the stars be try'd.
If their strong influence all our actions urge,
Some are foredoom'd to steal—and some to scourge:
The beadle must obey the Fates' decree,
As powerful Destiny prevail'd with thee.
This heathen logic seems to bear too hard
On me, and many harmless modern bard;
The critics hence may think themselves decreed
To jerk the wits, and rail at all they read;
Foes to the tribe from which they trace their clan,
As monkies draw their pedigrees from man;
To which (though by the breed our kind's disgrac'd)
We grant superior elegance of taste:
But in their own defence the wits observe,
That, by impulse from heaven, they write and starve;
Their patron-planet, with resistless power,
Irradiates every poet's natal hour;
Engendering in his head a solar heat,
For which the college has no sure receipt,
Else from their garrets would they soon withdraw
And leave the rats to revel in the straw.
Nothing so much intoxicates the brain
As flattery's smooth insinuating bane:
She on th' unguarded ear employs her art,
While vain self-love unlocks the yielding heart;
And Reason oft submits when both invade,
Without assaulted, and within betray'd.
When Flattery's magic mists suffuse the sight,
The don is active, and the boor polite;
Her mirror shews perfection through the whole,
And ne'er reflects a wrinkle or a mole;
Each character in gay confusion lies,
And all alike are virtuous, brave, and wise:
Nor fail her fulsome arts to sooth our pride,
Though praise to venom turns, if wrong apply'd.
Me thus she whispers while I write to you:
"Draw forth a banner'd host in fair review!
"Then every Muse invoke thy voice to raise
"Arms, and the man to sing in lofty lays;
"Whose active bloom heroic deeds employ,
"Such as the son of Thetis * sung at Troy;
"When his high-sounding lyre his valour rais'd
"To emulate the demi-gods he prais'd.
"Like him the Briton, warm at honour's call,
"At fam'd Blaragnia quell'd the bleeding Gaul;
"By France the genius of the fight confest,
"For which our patron saint adorns his breast."—
Is this my friend, who sits in full content,
Jovial, and joking with his men of Kent,
And never any scene of slaughter saw,
But those who fell by physic or the law?
Why is he for exploits in war renown'd,
Deck'd with a star, with bloody laurels crown'd?
O often prov'd, and ever found sincere!
Too honest is thy heart, thy sense too clear,
On these encomiums to vouchsafe a smile,
Which only can belong to great Argyll.
But most among the brethren of the bays,
The dear enchantress all her charms displays,
In the sly commerce of alternate praise.
If, for his father's sins condemn'd to write,
Some young half-feather'd poet takes a flight,
And to my touchstone brings a puny ode,
Which Swift, and Pope, and Prior would explode:
Though every stanza glitters thick with stars,
And goddesses descend in ivory cars:

* Iliad ix.

Is it for me to prove in every part
The piece irregular by laws of art?
His genius looks but aukward, yet his fate
May raise him to be premier bard of state;
I therefore bribe his suffrage to my fame,
Revere his judgment, and applaud his flame;
Then cry, in seeming transport, while I speak,
'Tis well for Pindar that he dealt in Greek!
He, conscious of desert, accepts the praise,
And courteous, with increase the debt repays:
Boileau 's a mushroom if compar'd to me,
And, Horace, I dispute the palm with thee!
Both ravish'd, sing Te Phœbum for success;
Rise swift, ye laurels! boy! bespeak the press.—
Thus on imaginary praise we feed;
Each writes till all refuse to print or read:
From the records of fame condemn'd to pass
To * Brisquet's calendar, a rubric ass.
  Few, wondrous few! are eagle-ey'd to find
A plain disease, or blemish in the mind:
Few can, though wisdom should their health insure,
Dispassionate and cool attend a cure.
In youth disus'd to obey the needful rein,
Well pleas'd a savage liberty to gain,
We sate the kind desire of every sense.
And lull one age in thoughtless indolence:
Yet all are Solons in their own conceit.
Though to supply the vacancy of wit,
Folly and Pride, impatient of control,
The sister-twins of Sloth, possess the soul.
By Kneller were the gay Pumilio drawn,
Like great Alcides, with a back of brawn;
I scarcely think his picture would have power
To make him fight the champions of the Tower:
Though lions there are tolerably tame,
And civil as the court from which they came.
But yet, without experience, sense, or arts,
Pumilio boasts sufficiency of parts:
Imagines he alone is amply fit
To guide the state, or give the stamp to wit:
Pride paints the mind with an heroic air,
Nor finds he a defect of vigour there.
  When Philomel of old essay'd to sing,
And in his rosy progress hail'd the spring,
Th' ærial songsters listening to the lays,
By silent ecstacy confest her praise.
At length, to rival her enchanting note,
The peacock strains the discord of his throat,
In hope his hideous shrieks would grateful prove,
But the nice audience hoot him through the grove.
Conscious of wanted worth, and just disdain,
Lowering his crest, he creeps to Juno's fane;
To his protectress there reveals the case;
And for a sweeter voice devoutly prays.
  Then thus reply'd the radiant goddess, known
By her fair rolling eyes and rattling tone:
  My favourite bird! of all the feather'd kind,
Each species had peculiar gifts assign'd:
The towering eagles to the realms of light
By their strong pounces claim a legal right;
The swan, contented with an humbler fate,
Low on the fishy river rows in state:
Gay starry plumes thy length of train bedeck,
And the green emerald twinkles on thy neck;
But the poor nightingale, in mean attire,
Is made chief warbler of the woodland choir.
These various bounties were dispos'd above,
And ratify'd th' unchanging will of Jove:
Discern thy talent, and his laws adore;
Be what thou wert design'd, nor aim at more.

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§ 436. *An* ODE.

To the Right Honourable Lord John Gower.
Written in the Spring, 1716. Fenton.

O'ER Winter's long inclement sway,
  At length the lusty spring prevails;
And, swift to meet the smiling May,
  Is wafted by the western gales.
Around him dance the rosy hours,
And damasking the ground with flowers,
  With ambient sweets perfume the morn:
With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,
A sudden youth the groves enjoy;
  Where Philomel laments forlorn.

By her awak'd, the woodland choir
  To hail the coming god prepares;
And tempts me to resume the lyre,
  Soft warbling to the vernal airs.
Yet once more, O ye Muses! deign
For me, the meanest of your train,
  Unblam'd t' approach your blest retreat:
Where Horace wantons at your spring,
And Pindar sweeps a bolder string;
  Whose notes th' Aonian hills repeat.

Or if invok'd, where Thames's fruitful tides,
  Slow through the vale in silver volumes play;
Now your own Phœbus o'er the month presides,
  Gives Love the night, and doubly gilds the day:
    Thither indulgent to my prayer,
    Ye bright harmonious nymph repair,
      To swell the notes I feebly raise:
    So with inspiring ardors warm'd,
    May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd,
      To listen to my lays.

Beneath the Pole, on hills of snow,
  Like Thracian Mars, th' undaunted Swede
To dint of sword defies the foe;
  In fight unknowing to recede:
From Volga's banks, th' imperious Czar
Leads forth his furry troops to war;
  Fond of the softer southern sky:
The Soldan galls th' Illyrian coast;
But soon th' miscreant moony host,
  Before the victor-cross shall fly.

But here, no clarion's shrilling note
  The Muse's green retreat can pierce;
The grove, from noisy camps remote,
  Is only vocal with my verse:
Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,
Let the soft hours that o'er me fly
  Drop freedom, health, and gay desires:
While the bright Seine, t' exalt the soul,
With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl;
  And wit and social mirth inspires.

* Brisquet, Jester to Francis I. of France, kept a calendar of fools.

Enamour'd

Enamour'd of the Seine, celestial fair,
(The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train)
Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his care,
Lash'd his swift tigers to the Celtic plain:
There, secret in her sapphire cell,
He with the Naïs wont to dwell;
Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove:
And where her mazy waters flow,
He gave the mantling vine, to grow
A trophy to his love.

Shall man from nature's sanction stray,
With blind opinion for his guide;
And, rebel to her rightful sway,
Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd?
Fool! Time no change of motion knows;
With equal speed the torrent flows,
To sweep fame, power, and wealth away:
The past is all by death possess'd;
And frugal fate, that guards the rest,
By giving, bids him live, to-day.

O Gower! through all that destin'd space,
What breath the powers allot to me,
Shall sing the virtues of thy race,
United, and complete in thee.
O flower of antient English faith!
Pursue th' unbeaten patriot-path,
In which confirm'd thy father shone:
The light his fair example gives,
Already from thy dawn receives
A lustre equal to its own.

Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns rear'd,
Nor envy rusts, nor rolling years consume;
Loud Pæans echoing round the roof are heard,
And clouds of incense all the void perfume.
There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,
With Falkland seated near his side,
Fix'd by the muse, the temple grace:
Prophetic of thy happier fame,
She, to receive thy radiant name,
Selects a whiter space.

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§ 437. *An Essay upon unnatural Flights in Poetry.* LANSDOWNE.

As when some image of a charming face,
In living paint, an artist tries to trace,
He carefully consults each beauteous line,
Adjusting to his object his design;
We praise the piece, and give the painter fame,
But as the bright resemblance speaks the dame.
Poets are limners of another kind,
To copy out ideas in the mind;
Words are the paint by which their thoughts are shown,
And Nature is their object to be drawn;
The written picture we applaud or blame,
But as the just proportions are the same.
Who, driven with ungovernable fire,
Or, void of art, beyond these bounds aspire,
Gigantic forms and monstrous births alone
Produce, which Nature shock'd disdains to own.
By true reflection I would see my face,
Why brings the fool a magnifying glass?
" But poetry in fiction takes delight,
" And mounting in bold figures out of sight,
" Leaves truth behind in her audacious flight:
" Fables and metaphors, that always lie,
" And rash hyperboles that soar so high,
" And every ornament of verse must die."
Mistake me not: no figures I exclude,
And but forbid intemperance, not food.
Who would with care some happy fiction frame,
So mimics truth, it looks the very same;
Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in Nature's scorn,
But meant to grace, illustrate, and adorn:
Important truths still let your fables hold,
And moral mysteries with art unfold;
Ladies and beaux to please, is all the task,
But the sharp critic will instruction ask.
As veils transparent cover, but not hide,
Such metaphors appear, when right apply'd;
When through the phrase we plainly see the sense,
Truth with such obvious meanings will dispense.
The reader what in reason 's due, believes,
Nor can we call that false which not deceives:
Hyperboles so daring and so bold,
Disdaining bounds, are yet by rules controul'd;
Above the clouds, but yet within our sight,
They mount with Truth, and make a towering flight,
Presenting things impossible to view,
They wander through incredible to true:
Falsehoods thus mix'd, like metals, are refin'd,
And truth, like silver, leaves the dross behind.
Thus Poetry has ample space to soar,
Nor needs forbidden legions to explore:
Such vaunts as his who can with patience read,
Who thus describes his hero when he 's dead?
" In heat of action slain, yet scorns to fall,
" But still maintains the war, and fights at—All."
The noisy culverin, o'ercharg'd, lets fly,
And bursts, unaiming, in the rended sky;
Such frantic frights are like a madman's dream,
And Nature suffers in the wild extreme.
The captive canibal, opprest with chains,
Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, disdains;
Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
He bids defiance to the gaping crowd,
And spent at last, and speechless as he lies,
With fiery glances mocks their rage, and dies.
This is the utmost stretch that Nature can,
And all beyond is fulsome, false, and vain.
The Roman wit, who impiously divides
His hero and his gods to different sides,
I would condemn, but that, in spite of sense,
Th' admiring world still stands in his defence:
The gods permitting traitors to succeed,
Become not parties in an impious deed;
And, by the tyrant's murder, we may find,
That Cato and the gods were of a mind.
Thus forcing truth with such preposterous praise,
Our characters we lessen, when we'd raise;
Like castles built by magic art in air,
That vanish at approach, such thoughts appear;
But rais'd on truth by some judicious hand,
As on a rock they shall for ages stand.
Our king return'd, and banish'd peace restor'd,
The muse ran mad to see her exil'd lord;

On

On the crack'd stage the Bedlam heroes roar'd,
And scarce could speak one reasonable word:
Dryden himself, to please a frantic age,
Was forc'd to let his judgment stoop to rage;
To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
Comply'd to custom, but not err'd through choice.
Deem then the people's, not the writer's sin,
Almansor's rage, and rants of Maximin;
That fury spent in each elaborate piece,
He vies for fame with ancient Rome and Greece.
Roscommon first, then Mulgrave rose, like light,
To clear our darkness, and to guide our flight;
With steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,
They gave us patterns, and they set us bounds.
The Stagyrite and Horace laid aside,
Inform'd by them, we need no foreign guide:
Who seek from poetry a lasting name,
May from their lessons learn the road to fame;
But let the bold adventurer be sure,
That every line the test of truth endure:
On this foundation may the fabric rise
Firm and unshaken, till it touch the skies.
From pulpits banish'd, from the court, from love,
Abandon'd truth seeks shelter in the grove:
Cherish, ye muses, the forsaken fair,
And take into your train this beauteous wanderer.

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§ 438. *To Mr. Spence, prefix'd to the Essay on Pope's Odyssey.* PITT.

'TIS done—Restor'd by thy immortal pen,
The critic's noble name revives again:
Once more that great, that injur'd name we see
Shine forth alike in Addison and thee.
Like curs, our critics haunt the poet's feast,
And feed on scraps refus'd by every guest;
From the old Thrasian* dog they learn'd the way
To snarl in want, and grumble o'er their prey.
As though they grudg'd themselves the joys they feel,
Vex'd to be charm'd, and pleas'd against their will.
Such their inverted taste, that we expect
For faults their thanks, for beauties their neglect;
So the fell snake rejects the fragrant flowers,
In every poison of the field devours.
Like bold Longinus of immortal fame,
You read your poet with a poet's flame;
With his, your generous raptures still aspire;
The critic kindles when the bard's on fire.
But when some lame, some limping line demands
The friendly succour of your healing hands;
The feather of your pen drops balm around,
And plays, and tickles, while it cures the wound.
While Pope's immortal labour we survey,
We stand all dazzled with excess of day,
Blind with the glorious blaze;—to vulgar sight
'Twas one bright mass of undistinguish'd light;
But, like the towering eagle, you alone
Discern'd the spots and splendors of the sun.
To point out faults, yet never to offend;
To play the critic, yet preserve the friend;
A life well spent, that never lost a day;
An easy spirit, innocently gay;
A strict integrity, devoid of art;
The sweetest manners, and sincerest heart;
A soul, where depth of sense and fancy meet;
A judgment brighten'd by the beams of wit,
Were ever yours;—be what you were before,
Be still yourself; the world can ask no more.

---

§ 439. *On Freedom. Written at an Inn.*

TO thee, fair Freedom! I retire
From flattery, cards and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher,
Than the low cot, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champagne;
Such Freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from falshood's specious grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate;
And chuse my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lacqueys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Who'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been;
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

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§ 440. *The pious Sailor. An Ode.*

THE man whose heart from vice is clear,
Whose deeds are honest, true, sincere,
Whom God and Virtue guide;
With cautious circumspection wise,
The dang'rous wrecks of life defies,
And scorns the mighty tide.

He hears the storms of fortune rise,
In adverse combat 'midst the skies,
But hears without dismay;
His pilot, God, the vessel guides,
And o'er the steady helm presides,
And points the destin'd way.

In vain the Syrens tune the song,
With treach'rous music's luring tongue,
He still maintains his road;
In vain they glance their beck'ning guiles,
Destructive charms and wanton wiles,
His soul is fix'd——on God.

At length he kens the promis'd land,
And hails aloud the wish'd-for strand,
With heav'nly joy possest;
And 'midst the plenty of his store,
(His labours past, his toil no more)
Enjoys the port of rest.

* Zoilus, so called by the ancients.

§ 441. *The Poet and Spider.*

ARTIST, who underneath my table
  Thy curious texture has display'd;
Who, if we may believe the fable,
  Was once a blooming beauteous maid.

Insidious, restless, watchful spider,
  Fear no officious damsel's broom;
Extend thy artful fabric wider,
  And spread thy banners round my room.

Swept from the rich man's costly stanchion,
  Thou'rt welcome to my dirty roof;
Here, thou may'st find a peaceful mansion,
  Here, undisturb'd, attend thy woof.

Whilst I thy wondrous fabric stare at,
  And think on helpless poet's fate;
Like thee, confin'd to lonely garret;
  And widely banish'd rooms of state.

And as, from out the tortur'd body,
  Thou draw'st thy slender strings, with pain;
So, th' poet labours like a noddy,
  To spin materials from his brain.

He, for some flatt'ring, tawdry creature,
  That spreads her chains before his eye;
And that's a conquest little better,
  Than thine o'er captive butterfly.

Thus far 'tis plain we both agree,
  Perhaps our deaths may better shew it;
'Tis ten to one but penury
  Ends both the Spider and the Poet.

§ 442. *The Enquiry. Written in the last Century.*

AMONGST the myrtles as I walk'd,
  Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd:
' Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
' Where may I find my shepherdess?'
" Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not
  " this?
" In every thing that's good, she is:
" In yonder tulip go and seek,
" There, thou may'st find her lip, her cheek;
" In yond enamell'd pancy by,
" There thou shalt have her curious eye;
" In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
" There weave the streamers of her blood;
" In brightest lillies that there stand,
" The emblems of her whiter hand;
" In yonder rising hill there smell
" Such sweets as in her bosom dwell.
' 'Tis true, (said he) and thereupon
' I went to pluck them one by one;
' To make of parts an union;
' But on a sudden all was gone.'
With that I stopt: said Love, " These be,
" Fond man, resemblances of thee;
" And as these flowers, thy joys shall die,
" E'en in the twinkling of an eye;
" And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
" Like these short sweets that knit together."

§ 443. *Sonnet.* SHAKESPEAR.

ON a day, (alack the day!)
  Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air.
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen 'gan passage find,
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow;—
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack! my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet;
Do not call it sin in me
That I am forsworn for thee;
Tho' for whom ev'n Jove would swear
Juno but an Æthiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

§ 444. *Dirge.* IBID.

FEAR no more the heat o' th' sun,
  Nor the furious winter's rages:
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
  Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
  Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat,
  To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
  Nor th' all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear no slander, censure rash,
  Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

§ 445. *Cupid and Campaspe.* JOHN LILLY.

CUPID and my Campaspe play'd
  At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
Loses them too: then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how)
With these the chrystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind doth rise.
  O Love! has she done thus to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me!

§ 446. *Sonnet.* DANIEL.

LOOK, Delia, how w' esteem the half-blown
  rose,
  The image of thy blush and summer's honour;
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
  That full of beauty time bestows upon her.

No

No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to decline;
She then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the fair;
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine.

No April can revive thy wither'd flowers,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now:
Swift speedy Time, feather'd with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain,
But love now whilst thou may'st be lov'd again.

§ 447. *Sonnet.* Daniel.

I ONCE may see when years shall wreck my wrong,
When golden hairs shall change to silver wire;
And those bright rays that kindle all this fire,
Shall fail in force, their working not so strong.

Then beauty (now the burthen of my song)
Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
Must yield up all to tyrant Time's desire;
Then fade those flowers that deck'd her pride so long.

When if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,
Which then presents her winter-wither'd hue,
Go you, my verse, go tell her what she was;
For what she was, she best shall find in you.
Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass,
But (Phœnix like) shall make her live anew.

§ 448. *Sonnet.* Ibid.

BEAUTY, sweet love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green,
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth shew,
And straight 'tis gone as it had never been.

Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish,
Short is the glory of the blushing rose:
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.

When thou, surcharg'd with burthen of thy years,
Shall bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
And when in beauty's lease, expir'd, appears
The date of age, the calends of our death—
But ah! no more—this must not be foretold,
For women grieve to think they must be old.

§ 449. *Sonnet.* Ibid.

I MUST not grieve my love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight whereon her youth might [smile,
Flowers have time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.

And sport (sweet maid) in season of these years,
And learn to gather flowers before they wither;
And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.

Lighten forth smiles to cheer the clouded air,
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise;
Pity and smiles do best become the fair,
Pity and smiles must only yield the praise.

Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

§ 450. *Sonnet.* Sir John Harrington.

WHENCE comes my love, Oh heart, disclose!
'Twas from cheeks that shame the rose;
From eyes that spoil the diamond's blaze.
Whence comes my woe, as freely own,
Ah me! 'twas from a heart of stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind:
The eye doth tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say 'tis Cupid's fire.
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Syth nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus my love so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek,
Yet not a heart to save my pain?
O Venus! take thy gifts again.
Make nought so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

§ 451. *A Pastoral of Phillis and Corydon.* N. Breton.

ON a hill there grows a flower,
Fair befal the dainty sweet!
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heavenly muses meet.

In that bow'r there is a chair,
Fringed all about with gold,
Where doth sit the fairest fair
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis, fair and bright,
She that is the shepherd's joy,
She that Venus did despite,
And did blind her little boy.

Who would not this face admire?
Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more?

O fair eyes, yet let me see
One good look, and I am gone:
Look on me, for I am he,
Thy poor silly Corydon.

Thou that art the shepherd's queen,
Look upon thy silly swain;
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

§ 452. *Samela.* R. Green.

LIKE to Diana in her summer-weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest die,
Goes fair Samela.
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When, wash'd by Arethusa, faint they lie,
Is fair Samela.
As fair Aurora in her morning gray,
Deck'd with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela;
Live lovely Thetis on a calmed day,
When as her brightness Neptune's fancies move,
Shines fair Samela.

Her treſſes gold, her eyes like glaſſy ſtreams,
Her teeth are pearl, breaſts ivory
Of fair Samela;
Her cheeks like roſe and lily yield forth gleams,
Her brows' bright arches fram'd of ebony;
Thus fair Samela.

Paſſeth fair Venus in her brighteſt hue,
And Juno in the ſhew of majeſty;
For ſhe's Samela;
Pallas in wit: all three, if well you view
For beauty, wit, and matchleſs dignity,
Yield to Samela.

§ 453. *The paſſionate Shepherd.* C. MARLOW.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we ſit upon the rocks,
And ſee the ſhepherds feed their flocks;
By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls
Melodious birds ſing madrigals.
There will I make thee beds of roſes,
With a thouſand fragrant poſies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the fineſt wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the pureſt gold;
A belt of ſtraw and ivy buds,
With coral claſps and amber ſtuds:
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.
The ſhepherd ſwains ſhall dance and ſing,
For thy delight, each May morning:
If theſe delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

§ 454. *A Fragment from England's Parnaſſus.* IBID.

I WALKED along a ſtream for pureneſs rare,
Brighter than ſunſhine, for it did acquaint
The dulleſt ſight with all the glorious prey,
That in the pebble-paved channel lay.

No moulten chryſtal, but a richer mine,
E'en Nature's rareſt alchemy ran there,
Diamonds reſolv'd, and ſubſtance more divine,
Through whoſe bright gliding current might appear
A thouſand naked nymphs, whoſe ivory ſhine,
Enamelling the banks, made them more dear
Than ever was that glorious palace-gate,
Where the day-ſhining ſun in triumph ſate.

Upon this brim, the eglantine and roſe,
The tamariſk, olive, and the almond tree,
As kind companions in one union grows,
Folding their twind'ring arms, as oft we ſee
Turtle-taught lovers, either other cloſe,
Lending to dulneſs feeling ſympathy.

And as a coſtly vallance o'er a bed,
So did their garland tops the brook o'erſpread.

Their leaves, that differ'd both in ſhape and ſhow,
Though all were green, yet difference ſuch in green,
Like to the checker'd bent of Iris' bow,
Prided the running main, as it had been——

§ 455. *Verſes found in his Bible.* SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

EVEN ſuch is time; which takes in truſt
Our youth, our joys, and all we have!
And pays us nought but age and duſt,
Which, in the dark and ſilent grave,
When we have wander'd all our ways,
Shuts up the ſtory of our days.
And from which grave, and earth, and duſt,
The Lord ſhall raiſe me up, I truſt.

§ 456. *Imitation of Marlow.* IBID.

COME live with me, and be my dear,
And we will revel all the year,
In plains and groves, on hills and dales,
Where fragrant air breeds ſweeteſt gales.

There ſhall you have the beauteous pine,
The cedar and the ſpreading vine,
And all the woods to be a ſkreen,
Leſt Phœbus kiſs my ſummer's green.

The ſeat at your diſport ſhall be,
Over ſome river, in a tree,
Where ſilver ſands, and pebbles, ſing
Eternal ditties with the ſpring.

There ſhall you ſee the nymphs at play,
And how the ſatyrs ſpend the day;
The fiſhes gliding on the ſands,
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds with heavenly-tuned throats,
Poſſeſs wood's echo with ſweet notes;
Which to your ſenſes will impart
A muſic to inflame the heart.

Upon the bare and leafleſs oak,
The ring-dove's wooings will provoke
A colder blood than you poſſeſs,
To play with me, and do no leſs.

In bowers of laurel, trimly dight,
We will outwear the ſilent night,
While Flora buſy is to ſpread
Her richeſt treaſure on our bed.

Ten thouſand glow-worms ſhall attend,
And all their ſparkling lights ſhall ſpend,
All to adorn and beautify
Your lodging with more majeſty.

Then in mine arms will I incloſe
Lily's fair mixture with the roſe;
Whoſe nice perfections in love's play
Shall tune me to the higheſt key.

Thus, as we paſs the welcome night
In ſportful pleaſures and delight,
The nimble fairies on the grounds
Shall dance and ſing melodious ſounds.

If

If these may serve for to entice
Your presence to love's paradise,
Then come with me, and be my dear,
And we will straight begin the year.

§ 457. *A contented Mind.*
JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

I WEIGH not fortune's frown or smile,
I joy not much in earthly joys;
I seek not state, I reck not stile,
I am not fond of fancy's toys;
I rest so pleas'd with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack,
I tremble not at noise of war,
I swoon not at the noise of wrack,
I shrink not at a blazing star;
I fear not loss, I hope not gain;
I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased,
I see some Tantals starv'd in store:
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased,
I see e'en Midas gape for more.
I neither want, nor yet abound:
Enough's a feast; content is crown'd.

I feign not friendship where I hate,
I fawn not on the great in show,
I prize, I praise a mean estate,
Neither too lofty nor too low;
This, this is all my choice, my cheer,
A mind content, a conscience clear.

§ 458. GEORGE WITHER.

LORDLY gallants, tell me this:
Though my safe content you weigh not,
In your greatness what one bliss
Have you gain'd, that I enjoy not?
You have honours, you have wealth,
I have peace, and I have health;
All the day I merry make,
And at night no care I take.

Bound to none my fortunes be;
This or that man's fall I fear not;
Him I love that loveth me;
For the rest a pin I care not.
You are sad when others chafe,
And grow merry as they laugh;
I, that hate it, and am free,
Laugh and weep as pleaseth me.

§ 459. *The sweet Neglect.* BEN JOHNSON.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd;
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Tho' art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art
That strike mine eye, but not mine heart.

§ 460. *Extract of a Speech of Caelia, in the Tragedy of Croesus, by* WILLIAM ALEXANDER, *of Menstrie, Earl of Sterlin.*

FIERCE tyrant, Death, that in thy wrath didst take
One half of me, and left a half behind!
Take this to thee, or give me t' other back,
Be altogether cruel, or all kind.

For whilst I live, thou canst not wholly die—
O! even in spite of death, yet still my choice!
Oft, with imagination's love-quick eye
I think I see thee, and I hear thy voice.

And to content my languishing desire,
Each thing, to ease my mind, some help [affords:
I fancy whiles thy form—and then a-fire,
In every sound I apprehend thy words.

Then, with such thoughts my memory to wound,
I call to mind thy looks, thy words, thy grace—
Where thou didst haunt, I yet adore the ground!
And where thou stept—O sacred seems that place!

My solitary walks, my widow'd bed,
My dreary sighs, my sheets oft bath'd with
These can record the life that I have led [tears,
Since first sad news breath'd death into my ears!

I live but with despair my sprite to dash;
Thee first I lov'd, with thee all love I leave;
For my chaste flames extinguish'd in thy ash,
Can kindle now no more but in the grave!

§ 461. *The Abstract of Melancholy, prefixed to the Anatomy of Melancholy.*
WILLIAM BURTON.

WHEN I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, and void of care,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I go walking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprise;
Whether I tarry still, or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act, and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook-side, or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, and unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,
In a dark grove, or irksome den,
With discontents and furies, then

A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so sour as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine,
Here now, then there, the world is mine;
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine.
All other joys to this are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Ghosts, goblins, fiends, my phantasie
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men, and apes,
Doleful outcries, fearful sights,
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so damn'd as melancholy.

Methinks I court, methinks I kiss,
Methinks I now embrace my miss;
O blessed days, O sweet content,
In paradise my time is spent!
Such thought may still my fancy move,
So may I ever be in love!
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I recount love's many frights,
My sighs and tears, my waking nights,
My jealous fits; O mine hard fate
I now repent, but 'tis too late.
No torment is so bad as love,
So bitter to my soul can prove.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so harsh as melancholy.

Friends and companions, get you gone:
'Tis my desire to be alone.
Ne'er well, but when my thoughts and I
Do domineer in privacy.
No gem, no treasure like to this,
'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss.
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

'Tis my sole plague to be alone,
I am a beast, a monster grown,
I will no light nor company,
I find it now my misery.
The scene is turn'd, my joys are gone,
Fear, discontent, and sorrows come.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so fierce as melancholy.

I'll not change life with any king,
I ravish'd am! can the world bring
More joy, than still to laugh and smile,
In pleasant toys time to beguile?
Do not, O do not trouble me,
So sweet content I feel and see.
All my joys to this are folly,
None so divine as melancholy.

I'll change my state with any wretch
Thou canst from jail or dunghill fetch,
My pain's past cure; another hell;
I cannot in this torment dwell;
Now, desperate, I hate my life:
Lend me a halter, or a knife.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so damn'd as melancholy.

---

§ 462. Carew.

Ask me why I send you here,
This firstling of the winter year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose, all bepearl'd with dew;
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears.

Ask me why this flow'r doth shew
So yellow, green, and sickly too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending, yet it doth not break;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

---

§ 463. *Of Sylvia.* Edmund Waller.

Our sighs are heard; just Heav'n declares
The sense it has of lovers' cares.
She that so far the rest outshin'd,
Sylvia, the fair, while she was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandsome now.
So when the sky makes us endure
A storm, itself becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from Flavia's self her name;
Lest she, provoking Heav'n, should prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thousand such as I,
Their grief untold, should pine and die,
Then her bright morning, overcast
With sullen clouds, should be defac'd.

---

§ 464. *To* CASTARA.
Of true Delight. Habington.

Why doth the ear so tempt the voice
That cunningly divides the air?
Why doth the palate buy the choice
Delights o' th' sea to enrich her fare?

As soon as I my ear obey,
The echo's lost ev'n with the breath;
And when the sewer takes away,
I'm left with no more taste than death.

Be curious in pursuit of eyes,
To procreate new loves with thine;
Satiety makes sense despise
What superstition thought divine.

Quick fancy how it mocks delight!
As we conceive things are not such;
The glow-worm is as warm as bright,
Till the deceitful flame we touch.

The rose yields her sweet blandishment,
Lost in the folds of lovers' wreaths:
The violet enchants the scent,
When early in the spring she breathes.

But

But winter comes, and makes each flow'r
 Shrink from the pillow where it grows;
Or an intruding cold hath pow'r
 To scorn the perfume of the rose.

Our senses, like false glasses, show
 Smooth beauty, where brows wrinkled are,
And make the cozen'd fancy glow;
 Chaste virtue's only true and fair.

---

§ 465. *To Castara.* Ibid.

GIVE me a heart, where no impure
 Disorder'd passions rage;
Which jealousy doth not obscure,
 Nor vanity t' expence engage:
Nor woo'd to madness by quaint oaths,
Or the fine rhetoric of cloaths,
 Which not the softness of the age
To vice or folly doth incline:
Give me that heart, Castara, for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart, where no new look
 Provokes new appetite;
With no fresh charm of beauty took,
 Or wanton stratagem of wit;
Not idly wandering here and there,
Led by an amorous eye or ear,
 Aiming each beauteous mark to hit;
Which virtue doth to one confine:
Take thou that heart, Castara, for 'tis mine.

---

§ 466. *Sonnet.*

WHEN love, with unconfined wings,
 Hovers within my gates;
And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
 And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
 With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
 Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
 Know no such liberty.

When linnet like confined, I
 With shriller note shall sing,
The mercy, sweetness, majesty
 And glories of my king:
When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged winds that curl the flood
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
 Enjoy such liberty.

§ 467. *Sonnet.* Sir Henry Wotton.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
 Which poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
 You common people of the skies,
 What are you when the sun doth rise?

Ye violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own,
 What are you when the rose is blown?

Ye curious chanters of the wood,
 That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
 By your weak accents, what's your praise
 When Philomel her voice doth raise?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
 In sweetness of her looks, and mind;
By virtues first, then choice, a queen,
 Tell me, if she was not design'd
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

---

§ 468. *Stanzas from the Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, 1672.* Ibid.

HEART-tearing cares, and quivering fears,
 Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strain'd Sardonic smiles are glosing still,
And grief is forc'd to laugh against her will;
 Where mirth's but mummery,
 And sorrows only real be!

Fly from our country pastimes! fly,
Sad troop of human misery!
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azured heav'n, that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty.
 Peace and a secure mind,
 Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers.
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blust'ring care could never tempest make,
 Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
 Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic mask, nor dance,
But of our kids, that frisk and prance;
Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one another,
Which done, both bleating run each to his mother;
And wounds are never found,
Save what the plough-share gives the ground.

Go! let the diving Negro seek
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek,
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;

And gold ne'er here appears
Save what yellow Ceres bears.

Bleſt ſilent groves! O may ye be
For ever mirth's beſt nurſery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents [mountains,
Upon theſe downs, theſe meads, theſe rocks, theſe
And peace ſtill ſlumber by theſe purling foun-
Which we may every year [tains!
Find, when we come a-fiſhing here.

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§ 469. *Tears at the Grave of Sir Albertus Morton, who was buried at Southampton; wept by* Sir H. Wotton.

SILENCE, in truth, would ſpeak my ſorrow beſt,
For deepeſt wounds can leaſt their feelings tell.
Yet, let me borrow from mine own unreſt
But time to bid him, whom I lov'd, farewel.

Oh my unhappy lines! you that before [cries,
Have ſerved my youth to vent ſome wanton
And now congeal'd with grief, can ſcarce implore
Strength to accent! Here my Albertus lies!

This is the ſable ſtone, this is the cave [brace.
And womb of earth that doth his corpſe em-
While others ſing his praiſe, let me engrave
Theſe bleeding numbers to adorn the place.

Here will I paint the character of woe,
Here will I pay my tribute to the dead;
And here my faithful tears in ſhowers ſhall flow,
To humanize the flints whereon I tread:

Where though I mourn my matchleſs loſs alone,
And none between my weakneſs judge and me;
Yet e'en theſe penſive walls allow my moan,
Whoſe doleful echoes to my plaints agree.

But is he gone? and dwell I rhyming here
As if ſome muſe would liſten to my lay,
When all diſtun'd ſit waiting for their dear,
And bathe the banks where he was wont to play?

Dwell thou in endleſs light, diſcharged ſoul,
Freed now from Nature's and from Fortune's truſt,
While on this fluent globe my glaſs ſhall roll,
And run the reſt of my remaining duſt.

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§ 470. *Upon the Death of Sir A.* Morton's *Wife.*

HE firſt deceaſed; ſhe for a little tried
To live without him, lik'd it not, and died.

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§ 471. *The Wiſh.* Cowley.

WELL, then; I now do plainly ſee
This buſy world and I ſhall ne'er agree.
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the ſooneſt cloy;
And they, methinks, deſerve my pity,
Who for it can endure the ſtings,
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings,
Of that great hive, the city.

Ah! yet, ere I deſcend to the grave,
May I a ſmall houſe and a large garden have;
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wiſe, and both delightful too!
And (ſince love ne'er from me will flee)
A miſtreſs, moderately fair,
And good, as guardian angels are;
Only belov'd, and loving me!

How happy here ſhould I
And one dear ſhe, live, and embracing die?
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deſerts ſolitude.

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§ 472. *Contentation. Addreſſed to Iſaac Walton.* Charles Cotton.

O SENSELESS man, that murmurs ſtill
For happineſs, and does not know,
Even though he might enjoy his will,
What he would have to make him ſo.

Is it true happineſs, to be
By undiſcerning fortune plac'd
In the moſt eminent degree,
Where few arrive, and none ſtand faſt?

Titles and wealth are fortune's toils,
Wherewith the vain themſelves enſnare;
The great are proud of borrow'd ſpoils,
The miſer's plenty breeds his care.

Nor is he happy who is trim,
Trick'd up in favours of the fair;
Mirrors, with every breath made dim,
Birds, caught in ev'ry wanton ſnare.

'Tis contentation that alone
Can make us happy here below,
And, when this little life is gone,
Will lift us up to heaven too.

A very little ſatisfies
An honeſt and a grateful heart;
And who would more than will ſuffice,
Does covet more than is his part.

That man is happy in his ſhare,
Who is warm clad, and cleanly fed;
Whoſe neceſſaries bound his care,
And honeſt labour makes his bed.

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§ 473. *Laura ſleeping.*
ODE. Ibid.

WINDS, whiſper gently while ſhe ſleeps,
And fan her with your cooling wings,
Whilſt ſhe her drops of beauty weeps,
From pure, and yet-unrivall'd ſprings.

Glide over beauty's field, her face,
To kiſs her lip and cheek be bold,
But with a calm and ſtealing pace,
Neither too rude, nor yet too cold.

Play in her beams, and criſp her hair,
With ſuch a gale as wings ſoft love;
And with ſo ſweet, ſo rich an air,
As breathes from the Arabian grove.

A breath as huſh'd as lovers' ſigh,
Or that unfolds the morning's door;
Sweet, as the winds that gently fly
To ſweep the ſpring's enamell'd floor.

§ 474.

§ 474. *Laura weeping.*
ODE. IBID.

CHASTE, lovely Laura, 'gan disclose,
Drooping with sorrow from her bed;
As with ungentle show'rs the rose,
O'ercharg'd with wet declines her head.

With a dejected look and pace,
Neglectingly she 'gan appear:
When meeting with her tell-tale glass,
She saw the face of sorrow there.

Sweet sorrow dress'd in such a look,
As love would trick to catch desire;
A shaded leaf in beauty's book,
Character'd with clandestine fire.

Then a full shower of pearly dew,
Upon her snowy breast 'gan fall,
As in due homage to bestrew,
Or mourn her beauty's funeral.

Spare, Laura, spare those beauty's twins,
Do not our world of beauty drown,
Thy tears are balm for others' sins,
Thou know'st not any of thine own.

§ 475. SIR RICHARD FANSHAW.

THOU blushing rose, within whose virgin leaves
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes.
Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon;
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee?
Thou'rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.
If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives, [bane;
Know then, the thing that swells thee is thy
For the same beauty doth in bloody leaves
The sentence of thy early death contain,
Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flow'r,
If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn,
And many *Herods* lie in wait each hour,
To murder thee as soon as thou art born.
Nay, force thy bud to blow, their tyrant breath
Anticipating life to hasten death.

§ 476. *Life.* G. HERBERT.

I MADE a posy, while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But time did beckon to the flow'rs, and they
By noon, most cunningly, did steal away,
And wither in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part,
Time's gentle admonition;
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sug'ring the suspicion.

Farewel, dear flow'rs! sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for smell and ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow straight, without complaints or grief,
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

§ 477. *Answer to "the Lover's Melancholy."*
D. STROAD.

RETURN, my joys! and hither bring
A tongue not made to speak, but sing;
A jolly spleen, an inward feast,
A causeless laugh without a jest;
A face which gladness doth anoint,
An arm for joy, flung out of joint;
A spriteful gait that leaves no print,
And makes a feather of a flint;
A heart that's lighter than the air,
An eye still dancing in its sphere:
Strong mirth which nothing shall controul,
A body nimbler than a soul;
Free wand'ring thoughts, not tied to muse,
Which, thinking all things, nothing chuse,
Which, ere we see them come, are gone;
These life itself doth feed upon:
Then take no care, but only to be jolly,
To be more wretched than we must, is folly.

§ 478. *Ode.* LORD SURREY.

THE soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale;
The nightingale, with feathers new, she sings,
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
Summer is come: for every spray now springs.
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings,
The fishes float, with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small;
The busy bee, her honey now she mings,
Winter is gone, that was the flower's bale;
And thus I see, among these pleasant things,
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

§ 479. *Written at Nice, August 1743. By the Right Hon. Henry Fox, late Lord Holland.*

O! Where are all the winds? O! who will seize
And bear me gasping to some northern breeze?
Or westward to yon Pyrenæans go
Lay me where lies the yet unmelted snow.
O! my soul's panting wish in mid-day dreams!
O! native soil! O! verdure, woods, and streams,
Where are ye? And thou! lovely Redlynch! where
Thy grassy prospects, and thy vernal air?
O! send thy spacious waters to my aid,
Lend me thy lofty elm's protecting shade;
Henceforth within thy limits let me live
O! England! injured climate! I forgive
Thy spleen-inflicting mists, thy gloomy days,
I'll think thy clouds but intercept such rays
As now rage here, before whose hostile blaze
The waters shrink, withers herb, fruit, and grain,
And the blood throbs in the distemper'd vein.
So shall I pleased behold thy low'ring skies,
Contented see thy thickest fogs arise,
For e'en to thy November's arms, to shun
This painful heat, with transport would I run.

§ 480. *On the Birth of Twins.*

O SPRUNG of virtuous, and of gentle race!
Sweet buds of infancy, whose secret roots
Together spread their intermingled shoots,
Though now ye branch dissever'd from th' embrace!

As now the bloom unfolding on the face
With fond presage my friendly muse salutes,
So may your minds too blossom; may the fruits
Of wise and good your riper season grace!

O brothers, whom, as yet unborn ye lay,
Nature united! may no treacherous wiles
Of foes divide you, no domestic strife.
Strive only, which shall best with love repay
Her love who fondly gazing on your smiles,
Forgets in joy the pangs that gave you life.

§ 481. *To the B. Family of Bristol.*

PEACE to this roof! Nor can the wish be vain,
Where choice approves, whom nature bade be dear;
Where filial duty builds on love her fear,
And pow'r paternal on the will his reign.

Peace to the bosoms of this virgin train!
When love from Mary's lute laments, no tear
Tell ever, that ye know those pangs severe;
No sigh breathe discord on your mingled strain.

Live happy you. I (such thro' imperious law
Of strong necessity) for that repose,
Which here my pray'rs divide, in vain must pine;
For in th' unsocial cloyster doom'd to draw
My lingering days, while yet this bosom glows
With youthful ardour, how can peace be mine?

§ 482. *For an Inscription on a Stone over the remains of a favourite Dog.*

STRANGER, whoe'er thou art, or friend or foe;
Whether with joy familiar, or with woe,
If chance shall guide thee to this flow'ry mead,
Or choice direct thee, or thy fancy lead,
Where lies entomb'd within this narrow space,
A faithful being of the canine race;
With cautious feet press lightly on the ground;
Nor with rude hands disturb the humble mound,
Expressly rais'd at a fond master's will,
Secure, to guard his fav'rite's bones from ill.

Yet spare thy tears, the heaving sigh restrain,
Nor give thy nature one short moment's pain.
Tributes like these to him can ne'er be due;
To kindred beings these alone we owe.
Search but throughout the social ties of life,
Or friend, or father, sister, child, or wife,
Will ever call thy tender sorrows forth,
To heal despair, and soothe afflicted worth.

Docile he was, and gentle, kind and true;
What merits greater in thy sphere hast thou?
Unerring instinct thus his nature mov'd;
Made him by man caress'd, by man belov'd.
Then hence away—and let thy actions tend,
Impell'd by reason, to the self-same end.
Onward to truth direct a stedfast eye;
Befriended, then, like him thou'lt live, like him lamented die.

October 17th, 1785. J. T.

§ 483. *The praise of Potatoes. A Burlesque, by* E. F.

HAIL, rare potatoes! hot or cold, all hail!
O quickly come mine appetite's delight!
Whether in oven's fiery concave clos'd,
By baker's art delicious thou'rt embrown'd,
While rills of purple gravy from the pores
Of mighty beef improve the luscious fair.
Whether the dame of culinary skill
Have rudely scalp'd thee o'er, and to the rage
Of warring elements consign thee deep,
Beneath the cope of air-excluding lid
In humid durance plung'd. Or when with steaks
Of marbled vein, from rump of stall-fed steer
Disparted late—slic'd in the shallow pan
I view thee kindly strew'd, how joys my heart!
How flash with eager glance my longing eyes!
Or in the tedious eve, when nipping frost
Reigns potent, 'mid the smould'ring embers roast
(From subterranean store selected) those
Of amplest size rotund, of native coat
Yet unbereft—and if my homely board
Penurious, add but few salubrious grains
Of humble salt, I bless the cheap repast!—
But chiefly come at noon-tide hunger's call,
When from th' ebullient pot your mealy tribe,
With happiest art concoct, profusely pours;
And be the mass with butter's plenteous aid
To rich consistence wrought: nor oh! withhold
The pepper's pungent pow'r, of grateful glow
Beneficent! lest my insatiate claim
Ventose and wat'ry, cause the twinging gripe
Of cholic pang abdominal!——And here
Need I relate how when for thee I slight
Thy rival roots and poignant sauces rare
Crown'd with exotic name, my humble choice,
Mock'd with rude insult, wakes the latent spark
Of witling's fire—a feeble, glow-worm ray
That beams, not burns! Nor feels my injur'd taste
(Taste undeprav'd by fashion's varying art)
Alone the shaft, but person, fortune, fame,
All, all, invidious scann'd, with sneer malign
And scoff sarcastic.—In *the pudding's* praise
Let others rant loquacious—I despise
The doughy morsel for my fav'rite food.
Give me but this, ye Gods! scornful I pass
Each celebrated shop——(*Williams*, or *Birch*,
Or he of Belgic fame—idol supreme
Of city saint in city-hall ador'd!—
By mortals *Hoffman* hight)—where brittle puffs
Multangular—with custards, cakes, and creams,
And lucid jellies nodding o'er the brim
Of crystal vase, in pastry pomp combine
To lure the sense. These, these, unmov'd I pass,
While fond I antedate potatoes' charms,
"Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind."

§ 484. *To* E. M. *Esq.* *Bath, Sept.* 22, 1784.

WHILST you illumine Shakespear's page,
And dare the future critic's rage,
Or on the past refine,
Here many an eve I pensive sit,
No B——e pours out a stream of wit,
No B——ll joys o'er wine.

At Baia's spring, of Roman fame,
I quaff the pure æthereal flame,
To fire my languid blood:
Life's gladsome days, alas! are o'er,
For health's phlogiston now no more
Pervades the stagnant flood.

Studious at times, I strive to scan
Hope's airy dream—the end of man,
In systems wise or odd;
With Hume, I fate and death defy,
Or visionary phantoms spy
With Plato and Monbodd.

By metaphysic whims distress'd,
Still sceptic thoughts disturb my breast,
And reason's out of tune:—
One serious truth let none impeach,
'Tis all philosophy can teach—
That man's an air balloon.

He rides the sport of every blast,
Now on the wave, or desert cast,
And by the eddy borne:
Can boasted reason steer him right,
Or e'er restrain his rapid flight,
By passion's whirlwind torn?

His mounting spirit, buoyant air,
But wafts him 'midst dark clouds of care,
And life's tempestuous trouble;
Even though he shine, in splendid dyes,
And sport awhile in fortune's skies,
Soon bursts the empty bubble.

While thro' this pathless waste we stray,
Are there no flowers to cheer the way?
And must we still repine?
No;—Heaven, in pity to our woes,
The gentle-soothing balm bestows
Of music, love, and wine.

Then bid your Delia awake the lyre,
Attuned to love and soft desire,
And scorn ambition's strife;
Around let brilliant fancy play,
To colour with her magic ray
The dreary gloom of life.

Let beauty speed her fondest kiss,
The prelude to more perfect bliss,
And sweet sensations dart;
While wine and frolic mirth inspire
The ardent wish, the amorous fire,
And thrill the raptur'd heart.

But man has social dues to pay;
Reason and science claim their sway,
And truths sublime dispense:
For pleasure's charms we feebly taste,
If idly every hour we waste,
The abject slaves of sense.

In vain the speculative mind
Would metaphysic regions find—
Such dark researches spare;
The soul etherial notions tire,
As her frail case can scarce respire
In too refin'd an air.

To sophists leave their puzzling skill;
The voice of reason whispers still,
To bless, is to be blest;
Illum'd by virtue's vivid ray,
Enjoy the present fleeting day,
And trust to Heaven the rest.

§ 485.

SO when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier white;
In comes the dyer, of cærulean hue,
And beats the barber and the collier blue;
Next come the brickdust-man, with rouge bespread,
And beats the barber, collier, dyer—red;
The rallying collier whirls his empty sack,
Knocks down the brickdust-man, and beats him black:
White, blue, red, black, in motley clouds are tost,
While in the dust they raise, the combatants are lost.

§ 486. *Extempore by Lord Lyttelton to Lady Brown.*

WHEN I was young and debonnaire,
The *brownest* nymph to me was *fair*;
But now I'm old, and wiser grown,
The *fairest* nymph to me is *brown*.

§ 487. *Sonnet. On Echo and Silence. By George Brydges, Esq.*

IN eddying course, when leaves began to fly,
And Autumn in her lap the treasure strew,
As mid wild scenes I chanc'd the muse to woo,
Thro' glens untrod, and woods that frown'd on high,
Two sleeping nymphs, with wonder mute I spy:
And lo! she's gone—in robe of dark green hue,
'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew;
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky,
In shade affrighted, Silence melts away;
Not so, her sister. Hark! For onward still,
With far-heard step she takes her hasty way,
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill.
Ah! may the merry maid, in mockful play,
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

§ 488. *Epigram.*

CURIO, 'tis said, a Comedy has writ,
Replete throughout with novelty and wit.
If it has wit,—to *both* will I agree;
For *Wit*, from Curio, must be *Novelty*.

§ 489.

§ 489. *To a young Lady, with a Rose-bud.*
By Theophilus Swift, *Esq.*

SWEET bud, to Myra's bosom go,
And live beneath her eye;
There in the sun of beauty blow,
Or taste of heaven, and die.

Sweet earnest of the blooming year,
Whose dawning beauties speak
The budding blush of summer near,
The summer on her cheek.

Best emblem of the maid I love,
Resembling beauty's morn,
To Myra's bosom haste, and prove
One rose without a thorn.

§ 490.

The following lines are the substance of a conversation between the Hon. Henry Erskine *and a certain Northern Duchess* *, *not more distinguished by her beauty than her wit and happy talents at repartee, in which also it is well known the honourable gentleman is peculiarly eminent. The thought was almost instantly turned into rhyme by the author of the Cave of Morar.*

WHY don't your Grace, said Erskine, still reside
With us, in George's-square, our joy and pride?
Won't you return? No, no, reply'd her Grace,
I do not like it—'tis a vile dull place.
That is, quoth he, as if the Sun should say,
" A vile dark morning this—I will not rise
" to-day."
Sept. 16, 1786.

§ 491. *To a Lady, with the print of Venus attired by the Graces.*
By the Hon. G—N—R.

THAT far superior is thy state,
Even envy must agree;
On thee a thousand Graces wait,
On Venus only three.

§ 492. *The Frontispiece to the second edition of Dr. Johnson's letters is an admirable rebuke to the venal pen of Madame Piozzi. It is, we understand, the production of a well-known and ingenious Satyrist. He has introduced the Ghost of the Doctor, who addresses the Lady in the following epigrammatic lines:*

WHEN Streatham spreads its plenteous board,
I open'd learning's valued hoard,
And as I feasted, pros'd;
Good things I said, *good things* I eat,
I gave you knowledge for your meat,
And thought th' account was clos'd.

If obligations still I ow'd,
You *sold* each item to the crowd,
I suffer'd by the tale.
For God's sake, Madam! let me rest,
Nor longer vex your quondam guest,
I'll pay you for your *ale* †.

§ 493. *On a Bed.*

IN bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may shew
Of human bliss to human woe.

§ 494. *The following Impromptu by the Hon.* Thomas Erskine, *was occasioned by his being much indisposed one evening at Lady Payne's, who very kindly made him retire, and lye down; he soon returned with the following lines in his hand, which he presented to her Ladyship.*

'TIS true I am ill, but I need not complain,
For he never knew *pleasure*, who never knew *Payne*.

§ 495. *On an Orator who had his speech in his hat, but could not make it out.*

HIS conscious hat well-lin'd with borrow'd prose,
The lubber chief in sulky mien arose;
Elate with pride his long-pent silence broke,
And could he but have *read*, he might have *spoke*.

§ 496. *Original Epigram.*

DO you, said Fanny, t'other day,
In earnest love me as you say?
Or are those tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls beside?
Dear, cruel girl, cried I, forbear;
For by those eyes—those lips—I swear—
—She stopp'd me as the oath I took,
And cried, You've sworn, now kiss the book.

§ 497. *Absence—To Cynthia.* Peter Pindar.

HERE, Cynthia, let thy beauty beam,
Too long yon vallies have been blest;
Too long yon fountain's happy stream
Hath borne thine image on its breast.

Oh, haste to these deserted bowers!
And him whose sighs have pierc'd thy grove,
To tell what sorrows load the hours,
Whilst others strive to gain thy love.

Sweet wand'rer, listen to my prayer,
Return, and banish ev'ry sigh;
Oh, haste! if aught I boast be fair,
And hold a charm for Cynthia's eye.

In vain I ask—my sighs are vain,
Th' admiring swains withhold the *maid*,
Whose smiles are sunshine to their plain,
Whose absence forms a midnight shade.

* Duchess of Gordon.

† Posterity should know, that Mrs. Piozzi was in the *brewing* line.

§ 498. *In Imitation of Spenser—Written at Santa Cruz, in the Island of Teneriffe, and sent to* Donna Antonietta De R——, *a Spanish young Lady; written at her Villa on that Island.* Peter Pindar.

Behold in those lorn shades a damsel dwell—
I ween the fairest amongst all the fair;
Awhile doth Virtue bid her sky farewell,
To live with Sylvia, passing all compare:
Eke Innocence doth leave her bower above,
To join her gentle sister of the grove.

Yet what availeth, beauteous maid, thy mien,
To mortals driven from thy dark retreat?
Ah, what thy sparkling eyn of peerless sheen,
Sith lovers are forbidden from thy seat!
Soothly the balms of Araby the blest
Are nought, if unenjoy'd their fragrance [stream!
What is fair Luna from her silv'ry vest,
If ne'er she sheweth to the world her beam?
Then break like Luna from her cloud of night,
And glad us, lovely virgin, with thy light.
For thee, the poet heaveth sighs how deep!
Yet, yet unheard, they mingle with the wind——
Ah, virgin! well my artless lays may weep,
Sith Spenser hapless plain'd for Rosalind:
Spenser, whose sweet song far surpasseth mine—
As Rosalinda's beauties yield to thine.
Yet trust me, fair one, I will verse indite,
And *thou*, the subject soft, to bring me praise;
Tho' love be cruel, yet for laud I'll write,
And immortality must crown my lays:
For sith thy charms so much delighten Fame,
She'll suffer nought to die that holds thy name.

§ 499. *Lines to the Memory of Mrs. Tickell.*

Replete with every charm to win the heart,
To soothe life's sorrows, or its joys impart,
Soft—timid—elegant—her beauteous mien
Bespoke the feeling—gentle mind within.
Torn from her husband's fond adoring arms,
From friends who weep her matchless worth and charms,
By pale disease, which on her beauties prey'd,
Her roses blighted, and her form decay'd;
They—like the graces of her virtuous mind—
Were not for weak mortality design'd!
Thus the sweet tub'rose, in the thorny shade,
Whose flowrets wither, and whose honours fade,
Till fost'ring dews and sunshine's cheering ray
Again call forth its beauties into day—
Thus, 'midst the agonizing tears of woe,
Truth whispers from the grave—*Thus shalt thou blow!*
There is a coming morn shall bid thee rise,
And in the bloom of virtue grace yon skies,
Where truth and piety shall live sublime,
And worth shall find its own congenial clime.
Then mourn not that the Saint, thus undismay'd,
Died—at that dread command—she e'er obey'd.

§ 500. *To Sleep.*

First round my brows a poppy wreath I'll bind,
Gather'd, while moisten'd with the falling dew,
With ivy tendrils round their stems entwin'd—
Then, to the god of sleep, my song pursue.

Hail, balmy sleep! thou offspring of the night!
Alone of thee the muse delights to sing;
Bend hitherwards thy gentle airy flight!
And o'er me drop thy dark extended wing.

Thy sacred influence to my soul impart,
And on my couch, oh, "Partial Sleep! descend;
'Tis thou alone can'st sooth my grief-worn heart,
"Nature's best nurse," and Sorrow's gentlest friend.

Spread wide thine arms, and fold me to thy breast;
There I can taste the blessings of repose:
Then, with my sorrows, shall I sink to rest,
And calm oblivion mitigate my woes.

§ 501. *The superannuated Horse to his Master*, who had sentenced him to die at the end of the Summer, on account of his being unable, from extreme old age, to live through the Winter.*

And must thou fix my doom, sweet master, say,
And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray,
A little longer hobble round thy door.

For much it glads me to behold this place,
And house within this hospitable shed;
It glads me *more* to see my master's face,
And linger near the spot where I was bred.

For, ah! to think of what we both enjoy'd
In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor,
When from the jocund morn to eve employ'd,
My gracious master on this back I bore.

Thrice told ten years have danc'd on down along,
Since first these way-worn limbs to thee I gave,
Sweet-smiling years! when both of us were young,
The kindest master, and the happiest slave.

Ah, years sweet smiling! now for ever flown!
Ten years, thrice told, alas, are but a day!
Yet, as together we are aged grown,
Together let us wear our age away.

For still, the times behind are dear to thought,
And rapture mark'd each minute as it flew;
To the light heart all-changing seasons brought
Pains that were soft, or pleasures that were new.

* The Rev. Mr. Potter, at Scarning in Norfolk, to whom the public is indebted for the admirable Translations of Æschylus and Euripides.

Ah!

Ah! call to mind, how oft near Scarning's stream,
My steps were bent to yonder muse-trod grove,
There, she who lov'd thee was the tender theme,
And I the chosen messenger of love.

On the gale's pinion, with a lover's care,
E'en with the speed of thought did I not go—
Explore the cottage of thy absent fair,
And eas'd thy sick'ning bosom of its woe?

And when that doubting heart still felt alarms,
Throbbing alternate with its hope and fear,
Did I not bear thee safely to her arms,
Assure thy faith, and dry up ev'ry tear?

And, ah! forget not when the fever's power
Rag'd sore, how swift I sought the zephyr's wing,
To cool thy pulses in the fragrant bower,
And bathe thy temples in the clearest spring.

Friend to thy love, and health, and not a foe
E'en to the muse who led thee on to fame;
Yes, e'en thy lyre to me some charms may owe,
And fancy kindles into brighter flame.

And hast thou fix'd my doom, sweet master, say—
And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live I pray,
A little longer hobble round thy door.

Nor could'st thou bear to see thy servant bleed,
Tho' weeping pity has decreed his fate;
Yet, ah! in vain, thy heart for life shall plead,
If Nature has denied a longer date.

Alas! I feel 'tis Nature dooms my death,
Ah me! I feel '*tis* Pity gives the blow—
Yet ere it falls, ah, *Nature!* take my breath,
And my kind master shall no sorrow know.

Ere the last morn of my allotted life,
A softer fate shall end me old and poor,
May timely save me from th' uplifted knife,
And gently stretch me at my master's door.

§ 502. *The Three Vernons. By the Hon.* Horace Walpole, *of Strawberry-Hill.*

HENRIETTA's serious charms
Awe the breast her beauty warms;
See she blushes, love presumes;
See she frowns! he drops his plumes.
Dancing lighter o'er the ocean,
Was not Cytheræa's motion:
She speaks, and art repines to see
The triumph of simplicity.

Lips that smile a thousand meanings,
Humid with Hyblean gleanings;
Eyes that glitter into wit,
Wanton mirth with fancy smit;
Arch naivete that gaily wanders
In each dimpling cheek's meanders;
Shedding roses, shifting graces
In a face that's thousand faces;
Sweet assemblage, all combine
In pretty playful Caroline.

Sober as the matron's air,
Humble as the cloyster'd fair,
Patient till new springs disclose
The bud of promis'd beauty's rose,
Waving praises, perfum'd breath,
Ensures it young Elizabeth.

Lovely three, whose future reign
Shall sing some younger, sweeter swain.
For me suffice in Ampthill groves,
Cradle of graces and of loves,
I first announc'd, in artless page,
The glories of a rising age;
And promis'd, where my Anna shone,
Three Ossorys as bright as one.

SONGS, BALLADS, &c. &c.

§ 1. *Harpalus and Phillida.*

PHILLIDA was a fair maid,
As fresh as any flower;
Whom Harpalus the herdsman pray'd
To be her paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,
Were herdsmen both yfere;*
And Phillida could twist and spin,
And thereto sing full clear.

But Phillida was all too coy
For Harpalus to win,
For Corin was her only joy,
Who forst † her not a pin.

How often would she flowers twine,
How often garlands make
Of cowslips and of columbine?
And all for Corin's sake.

But Corin he had hawks to lure,
And forsed more the field;
Of lover's law he took no cure,
For once he was beguiled.

Harpalus prevailed nought,
His labour all was lost;
For he was farthest from her thought,
And yet he lov'd her most.

Therefore wax'd he both pale and lean,
And dry as clot of clay;
His flesh it was consumed clean,
His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave,
His hair hung all unkempt ‡;
A man fit even for the grave,
Whom spiteful love had spent.

* *Together.* † *Loved.* ‡ *Uncombed.*

His

His eyes were red, and all sore-watch'd‖,
His face besprent § with tears;
It seem'd unhap had him long hatch'd,
In midst of his despairs.

His clothes were black, and also bare,
As one forlorn was he;
Upon his head always he ware
A wreath of willow tree.

His beasts he kept upon the hill,
And he sate in the dale;
And thus with sighs and sorrows shrill,
He 'gan to tell his tale:

" O Harpalus! (this would he say)
" Unhappiest under sun!
" The cause of thine unhappy day
" By love was first begun.

" For thou went'st first by suit to seek
" A tiger to make tame;
" That sets not by thy love a leek;
" But makes thy grief her game.

" As easy it were to convert
" The frost into the flame,
" As for to turn a froward heart,
" Whom thou so fane would'st frame.

" Corin he liveth careless,
" He leaps among the leaves;
" He eats the fruits of thy redress*,
" Thou reaps, he takes the sheaves.

" My beasts, awhile your food refrain.
" And hark your herdsman's sound,
" Whom spiteful love, alas! hath slain,
" Through girt † with many a wound.

" O happy be ye, beastes wild,
" Who here your pasture takes;
" I see that ye be not beguil'd,
" Of these your faithful makes‡.

" The hart he feedeth by the hind,
" The buck hard by the doe,
" The turtle-dove is not unkind
" To him that loves her so.

" But, welaway! that Nature wrought
" Thee, Phillida, so fair;
" For I may say that I have bought
" Thy beauty all too dear!

" What reason is that cruelty
" With beauty should have part?
" Or else that such great tyranny
" Should dwell in woman's heart?

" O Cupid! grant this my request,
" And do not stop thine ears,
" That she may feel within her breast
" The pains of my despairs:

" Of Corin that is careless
" That she may crave her fee,
" As I have done in great distress
" That lov'd her faithfully.

" But since that I shall die her slave,
" Her slave and eke her thrall,
" Write you, my friends, upon my grave
" This chance that is befall:

" Here lieth unhappy Harpalus,
" By cruel love now slain,
" Whom Phillida unjustly thus
" Hath murder'd with disdain!"

§ 2. *Gammer Gurton's Needle. Drinking Song.*

I CANNOT eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure, I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Tho' I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a cold,
I stuff my skin, so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I nought desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapp'd, and thoroughly lapp'd,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek:
Then doth she troul to me the bowl,
Even as a malkworm should,
And saith, " Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old."
Back and side, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them justily troul'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side, &c.

§ 3. *Song.* SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

" WHO is it that this dark night,
Underneath my window plaineth?"
It is one, who from thy sight,
Being (ah!) exil'd, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.

" Why, alas! and are you he?
Are not these fancies changed?"
Dear, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
Let my change to ruin be.

" What if you new beauties see?
Will not they stir new affection?"
I will think they pictures be
(Image-like of saint perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

‖ *Overwatched, or tired with watching.* § *Besprinkled.* * *Labour.* † *Pierced through.* ‡ *Mates.*

" Peace!

"Peace! I think that ſome give ear.
Come, no more, leſt I get anger."
Bliſs! I will my bliſs forbear,
Fearing, ſweet, you to endanger;
But my ſoul ſhall harbour there.

"Well, begone; begone, I ſay,
Leſt that Argus' eyes perceive you."
O! unjuſt is Fortune's ſway,
Which can make me thus to leave you,
And from louts to run away!

§ 4. *The mad Maid's Song.*
ROBERT HERRICK.

GOOD-morrow to the day ſo fair;
Good-morrow, Sir, to you;
Good-morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.

Good-morrow to this primroſe too;
Good-morrow to each maid,
That will with flow'rs the tomb beſtrew
Wherein my love is laid.

I'll ſeek him there! I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth ſhake him;
But I will go, or ſend a kiſs
By you, Sir, to awake him.

Pray, hurt him not; though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him;
And who with green turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's ſoft and tender—pray, take heed—
With bands of cowſlips bind him;
And bring him home—but 'tis decreed
That I ſhall never find him.

§ 5. *Song.* SIR JOHN DENHAM.

MORPHEUS, the humble god that dwells
In cottages and ſmoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs, and beds of down,
And, though he fears no prince's frown,
Flees from the circle of a crown.

Come, I ſay, thou pow'rful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipp'd in in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples ſhake,
Leſt he ſhould ſleep, and never wake.

Nature, alas! why art thou ſo
Obliged to thy greateſt foe?
Sleep, that is thy beſt repaſt,
Yet of death it bears a taſte,
And both are the ſame thing at laſt.

§ 6. *Song.* SEDLEY.

NOT, Celia, that I juſter am,
Or better than the reſt;
For I would change each hour, like them,
Were not my heart at reſt.

But I am ty'd to very thee
By ev'ry thought I have:
Thy face I only care to ſee,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is ador'd,
In thy dear ſelf I find;
For the whole ſex can but afford
The handſome and the kind.

Why then ſhould I ſeek farther ſtore,
And ſtill make love anew!
When change itſelf can give no more,
'Tis eaſy to be true.

§ 7. *Song.* LORD BRISTOL.

SEE, O ſee!
How every tree,
Every bower,
Every flower,
A new life gives to others' joys;
Whilſt that I
Grief-ſtricken lie,
Nor can meet
With any ſweet
But what faſter mine deſtroys.
What are all the ſenſes' pleaſures,
When the mind hath loſt all meaſures?

Hear, O hear!
How ſweet and clear
The nightingale,
And waters fall,
In concert join for others' ears;
Whilſt to me,
For harmony,
Every air
Echoes deſpair,
And every drop provokes a tear.
What are all the ſenſes' pleaſures,
When the mind hath loſt all meaſures?

§ 8. *Phillida flouts me.*

OH! what a pain is love;
How ſhall I bear it?
She will unconſtant prove,
I greatly fear it:
She ſo torments my mind,
That my ſtrength faileth,
And wavers with the wind,
As a ſhip that ſaileth;
Pleaſe her the beſt I may,
She looks another way;
Alack and well-a-day!
Phillida flouts me!

All the fair yeſterday
She did paſs by me;
She look'd another way,
And would not ſpy me;
I woo'd her for to dine,
But could not get her.
WILL had her to the wine;
He might entreat her.
With DANIEL ſhe did dance,
On me ſhe look'd aſkance,
Oh! thrice unhappy chance!
Phillida flouts me!

Fair maid! be not ſo coy,
Do not diſdain me;

I am my mother's joy,
Sweet! entertain me!
She'll give me, when she dies,
All that is fitting;
Her poultry, and her bees,
And her geese sitting;
A pair of mattrass beds,
And a bagful of shreds;
And yet for all this goods
Phillida flouts me!

She hath a clout of mine,
Wrought with good *Coventry*,
Which she keeps for a sign
Of my fidelity.
But i' faith, if she flinch,
She shall not wear it;
To Tibb, my t'other wench,
I mean to bear it.
And yet it grieves my heart
So soon from her to part!
Death strikes me with his dart!
Phillida flouts me!

Thou shalt eat curds and cream
All the year lasting;
And drink the crystal stream,
Pleasant in tasting:
Wigge and whey, while thou burst,
And ramble-berry,
Pye-lid and pastry crust,
Pears, plums, and cherry;
Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of a weaven skin;
Yet all not worth a pin!
Phillida flouts me!

Fair maidens, have a care,
And in time take me;
I can have those as fair,
If you forsake me.
For Doll the dairy-maid
Laugh'd on me lately,
And wanton Winifred
Favours me greatly.
One throws milk on my clothes,
T'other plays with my nose;
What wanton signs are those?
Phillida flouts me!

I cannot work and sleep
All at a season;
Love wounds my heart so deep,
Without all reason.
I'gin to pine away,
With grief and sorrow,
Like to a fatted beast
Penn'd in a meadow.
I shall be dead, I fear,
Within this thousand year,
And all for very fear!
Phillida flouts me!

§ 9. *Song in the new Comedy of the Heiress. Written by General Burgoyne.*

For tenderness fram'd in life's earliest day,
A parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way:
The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
And e'er words were my own, I spoke in a sigh.
The nightingale plunder'd, the mate-widow'd dove,
The warbl'd complaint from the suff'ring grove,
To youth, as it ripen'd, gave sentiment new;
The object still changing, the sympathy true.
Soft embers of passion still rest in the glow!
A warmth of more pain may this breast never know!
Or if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
May the spark drop from reason that wakens the flame!

§ 10. *Song.*

Tho' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,
And folly in thought-drowning revels delight;
Such worship, alas! hath no charms for the soul,
When softer devotions the senses invite.

To the arrow of fate, or the canker of care,
His potions oblivious a balm may bestow:
But, to fancy that feeds on the charms of the fair,
The death of reflection's the birth of all woe.

What soul that's possest of a dream so divine,
With riot would bid the sweet vision begone?
For the tear that bedews sensibility's shrine,
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

The tender excess that enamours the heart,
To few is imparted, to millions deny'd;
'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
And fools jest at that, for which sages have dy'd.

Each change and excess hath through life been my doom,
And well can I speak of its joy and its strife;
The bottle affords us a glimpse through the gleam,
But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.

Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight,
The magic illusions that ravish the soul!
Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
And drop from my myrtle one leaf in my bowl.

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er jolly God, from thy banquet remove,
But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the vine,
That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweeten'd by love.

§ 11. *Song.*

Think not, my love, when secret grief
Preys on my sadden'd heart,
Think not I wish a mean relief,
Or wou'd from sorrow part.

Dearly I prize those sighs sincere
That my true fondness prove,
Nor could I bear to check the tear
That flows from hapless love.

Alas!

Alas! tho' doom'd to hope in vain
The joys that love requite;
Yet will I cherish all its pain,
With sad, but dear delight.

This treasur'd grief, this lov'd despair,
My lot for ever be—
But, dearest! may the pangs I bear
Be never known by thee!

§ 12. *Song.* PETER PINDAR.

HOW bright were the blushes of morn,
How sweet was the song of the grove,
Ere Cynthia thus left me forlorn,
And frowning forbade me to love.

My streams I was wont to adore—
My flocks bleated music around;
And, shepherds, I lov'd them the more,
Because she was pleas'd with the sound.

Dear Cynthia! ah, who could behold
A damsel with beauty so blest,
Nor wish in his arms to unfold
Such charms as were never possest!

Oh attend, thou fair cause of my woes!
Oh, refuse not to hear me complain!
Thy smile hath undone my repose,
And that only can bless me again.

§ 13. *Song.* IBID.

HOW long shall hapless Colin mourn
The cold regard of Delia's eye?
The heart whose only guilt is love,
Can Delia's softness doom to die?

Sweet is thy name to Colin's ears!
Thy beauties, ah! divinely bright—
In one short hour by Delia's side,
I pass whole ages of delight.

Yet though I lov'd thee more than life,
Not to displease a cruel maid,
My tongue forbore its fondest tale,
And murmur'd in the distant shade.

What happier shepherd has thy smile,
A bliss for which I hourly pine?
Some swain, perhaps, whose fertile vale,
Whose fleecy flocks are more than mine.

Few are the vales that Colin boasts,
And few the flocks those vales ehat rove;
I court not Delia's heart with wealth,
A nobler bribe I offer——love.

Yet should the virgin yield her hand,
And, thoughtless, wed for wealth alone—
The act may make *my* bosom bleed,
But surely cannot bless *her own*.

§ 14. *Song.* *Lord* LYTTELTON.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle Love
A stranger to that mind;
Which pity and esteem can move;
Which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest,
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe,
We ev'ry bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

§ 15. *Song.* WALLER.

GO, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time, and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In desarts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she,
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

§ 16. *Song.* *L'Amour timide.* MOORE.

IF in that breast, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure,
The cause—I must not—dare not tell.

That grief that on my quiet preys—
That rends my heart——that checks my tongue——
I fear will last me all my days,
But feel it will not last me long.

§ 17. *Song.* *Earl of* DORSET*.

TO all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, &c.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind:

* Written at sea, the first Dutch war, 1665, the night before an engagement.

Our

Our tears we'll ſend a ſpeedier way,
The tide ſhall bring them twice a day.
With a fa, &c.

The king with wonder and ſurprize,
Will ſwear the ſeas grow bold;
Becauſe the tides will higher riſe,
Than e'er they did of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall-ſtairs.
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our ſad and diſmal ſtory;
The Dutch would ſcorn ſo weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what reſiſtance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worſt,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curſe,
No ſorrow we ſhall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
With a fa, &c.

To paſs our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or elſe at ſerious ombre play;
But why ſhould we in vain
Each other's ruin thus purſue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempeſtuous grow,
And caſt our hopes away;
Whilſt you, regardleſs of our woe,
Sit careleſs at a play:
Perhaps permit ſome happier man
To kiſs your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note;
As if it ſigh'd with each man's care
For being ſo remote:
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all thoſe tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

In juſtice you cannot refuſe
To think of our diſtreſs;
When we for hopes of honour loſe
Our certain happineſs:
All thoſe deſigns are but to prove
Ourſelves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewiſe all our fears;
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears:
Let's hear of no inconſtancy,
We have too much of that at ſea.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

---

§ 18. *Song.* *Lord* LANSDOWNE.

WHY, cruel creature, why ſo bent
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent;
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glittering fops in courts be great,
For pay let armies move:
Beauty ſhould have no other bait,
But gentle vows and love.

If on thoſe endleſs charms you lay
The value that's their due,
Kings are themſelves too poor to pay,
A thouſand worlds too few.

But if a paſſion without vice,
Without diſguiſe or art,
Ah, Celia! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

---

§ 19. *Song.* *Sir* CAR SCROOPE.

ONE night, when all the village ſlept,
Myrtillo's ſad deſpair
The wretched ſhepherd waking kept,
To tell the woods his care:

Begone (ſaid he) fond thoughts, begone!
Eyes, give your ſorrows o'er!
Why ſhould you waſte your tears for one
Who thinks on you no more?

Yet, oh! ye birds, ye flocks, ye pow'rs
That dwell within this grove,
Can tell how many tender hours
We here have paſt in love!

Yon ſtars above (my cruel foes!)
Have heard how ſhe has ſworn,
A thouſand times, that like to thoſe
Her flame ſhould ever burn!

But ſince ſhe's loſt—oh! let me have
My wiſh, and quickly die;
In this cold bank I'll make a grave,
And there for ever lie;

Sad nightingales the watch ſhall keep,
And kindly here complain.
Then down the ſhepherd lay to ſleep,
But never roſe again.

---

§ 20. *A Paſtoral Elegy.*

AH, Damon, dear ſhepherd, adieu!
By love and firſt nature allied,
Together in fondneſs we grew;
Ah, would we together had died!
For thy faith, which reſembled my own,
For thy ſoul, which was ſpotleſs and true,
For the joys we together have known,
Ah, Damon, dear ſhepherd, adieu!
What bliſs can hereafter be mine?
Whomever engaging, I ſee,
To his friendſhip I ne'er can incline,
For fear I ſhould mourn him like thee.
Though the Muſes ſhould crown me with art,
Though honour and fortune ſhould join:
Since thou art denied to my heart,
What bliſs can hereafter be mine?

Ah, Damon, dear ſhepherd, farewell!
Thy grave with ſad oſiers I'll bind:
Though no more in one cottage we dwell,
I can keep thee for ever in mind:

Each morning I'll visit alone
His ashes who lov'd me so well,
And murmur each eve o'er his stone,
"Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, farewell!"

§ 21. *Song.* Moore.

HARK! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb!
Come, Lucy, it cries, come away;
The grave of thy Colin has room,
To rest thee beside his cold clay.
I come, my dear shepherd, I come;
Ye friends and companions, adieu!
I haste to my Colin's dark home,
To die on his bosom so true.

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When Lucy, sad Lucy arose;
And forth to the green-turf she sprung,
Where Colin's pale ashes repose.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all around.

How long, my lov'd Colin, she cried,
How long must thy Lucy complain?
How long shall the grave my love hide?
How long ere it join us again?
For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
With thee o'er the world would she fly,
For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
For thee would she lie down and die.

Alas! what avails it how dear
Thy Lucy was once to her swain?
Her face like the lily so fair,
And eyes that gave light to the plain!
The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
That face and those eyes charm no more,
And Lucy, forgot and alone,
To death shall her Colin deplore.

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
And mourn'd to the echoes around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder shook dreadful the ground.
I hear the kind call, and obey;
Oh, Colin, receive me! she cried:
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-stone, and died.

§ 22. *Song.* Gay.

'TWAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days:
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Views tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and di'monds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature
Hath nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes these rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied;
Then, like a lily, drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died.

§ 23. *Song.*

HARD by the hall, our master's house,
Where Mersey flows to meet the main;
Where woods, and winds, and waves dispose
A lover to complain;

With arms across, along the strand
Poor Lycon walk'd, and hung his head,
Viewing the footsteps in the sand
Which a bright nymph had made.

The tide, says he, will soon erase
The marks so lightly here imprest;
But time or tide will ne'er deface
Her image in my breast.

Am I some savage beast of prey,
Am I some horrid monster grown,
That thus she flies so swift away,
Or meets me with a frown?

That bosom soft, that lily skin,
(Trust not the fairest outside show)
Contains a marble heart within,
A rock hid under snow.

Ah me! the flints and pebbles wound
Her tender feet, from whence there fell
Those crimson drops which stain the ground,
And beautify each shell.

Ah fair one! moderate thy flight,
I will no more in vain pursue,
But take my leave for a long night;
Adieu! lov'd maid, adieu!

With that, he took a running leap,
He took a lover's leap indeed,

And plung'd into the sounding deep,
  Where hungry fishes feed.

The melancholy hern stalks by;
  Around the squalling sea-gulls yell;
Aloft the croaking ravens fly,
  And toll his funeral bell.

The waters roll above his head,
  The billows toss it o'er and o'er;
His ivory bones lie scattered,
  And whiten all the shore.

---

§ 24. Song. *Jemmy Dawson* *. SHENSTONE.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
  Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
  Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
  Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
  And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
  A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
  And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
  Of gentle blood the damsel came:
And faultless was her beauteous form,
  And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
  That led the favour'd youth astray;
The day the rebel clans appear'd,
  O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
  And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
  Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
  When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
  So pale, or yet so chill, appear.

With faultering voice she weeping said,
  Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart!
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
  For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
  And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
O George! without a prayer for thee
  My orisons should never close.

The gracious prince that gave him life
  Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
  Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

But tho', dear youth, thou should'st be dragg'd
  To yonder ignominious tree;
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
  To share thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning coach was call'd,
  The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Though borne in her triumphal car,
  She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
  The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
  With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
  Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
  Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
  Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
  On which her love-sick head repos'd:

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
  She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its king forget,
  'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
  She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas mouldered into dust,
  Now, now, she cried, I follow thee.

My death, my death, alone can shew
  The pure and lasting love I bore:
Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
  And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
  The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
  And, sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Though justice ever must prevail,
  The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
  So sad, so tender, and so true.

---

§ 25. *Song. A Morning Piece; or a Hymn for the Hay-makers.* SMART.

BRISK chaunticleer his matins had begun,
  And broke the silence of the night;
And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,
  And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous light; [run.
Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms

Strong Labour got up with his pipe in his mouth,
  And stoutly strode over the dale;
He lent new perfume to the breath of the south;
  On his back hung his wallet and flail.

* Captain James Dawson, the amiable and unfortunate subject of these beautiful stanzas, was one of the eight officers belonging to the Manchester Regiment of volunteers, in the service of the Young Chevalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-common, in 1746. And this ballad, written about the time, is founded on a remarkable circumstance which actually happened at his execution. Just before his death, he wrote a song on his own misfortunes, which is supposed to be still extant.

Behind him came Health from her cottage of
thatch,
Where never physician had lifted the latch.

First of the village Colin was awake,
And thus he sung, reclining on his rake:

Now the rural Graces three
Dance beneath yon maple-tree;
First the vestal Virtue, known
By her adamantine zone;
Next to her, in rosy pride,
Sweet Society, the bride;
Last Honesty, full seemly drest
In her cleanly homespun vest.

The abbey bells, in wak'ning rounds,
The warning peal have given;
And pious Gratitude resounds
Her morning hymn to Heav'n.
All Nature wakes; the birds unlock their throats,
And mock the shepherd's rustic notes.
All alive o'er the lawn,
Full glad of the dawn,
The little lambkins play,
Sylvia and Sol arise, and all is day.

Come, my mates, let us work,
And all hands to the fork,
While the sun shines, our haycocks to make;
So fine is the day,
And so fragrant the hay,
That the meadow 's as blithe as the wake.

Our voices let 's raise,
In Phœbus's praise,
Inspir'd by so glorious a theme,
Our musical words
Shall be join'd by the birds,
And we'll dance to the tune of the stream.

---

§ 26. *Song.* Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'ythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Pr'ythee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her;
The devil take her.

---

§ 27. *Song. Humphrey Gubbin's Courtship.*

A Courting I went to my love,
Who is sweeter than roses in May;
And when I came to her, by Jove,
The devil a word could I say.
I walk'd with her into the garden,
There fully intending to woo her;
But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,
If of love I said any thing to her.

I clasp'd her hand close to my breast,
While my heart was as light as a feather;
Yet nothing I said, I protest,
But—Madam, 'tis very fine weather.
To an arbour I did her attend,
She ask'd me to come and sit by her;
I crept to the furthermost end,
For I was afraid to come nigh her.

I ask'd her which way was the wind,
For I thought in some talk we must enter:
Why, Sir, (she answer'd, and grinn'd)
Have you just sent your wits for a venture?
Then I follow'd her into the house,
There I vow'd I my passion would try;
But there I was still as a mouse:—
Oh! what a dull booby was I!

---

§ 28. *Song. The Despairing Lover.* WALSH.

DISTRACTED with care,
For Phyllis the fair;
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get;
But a neck, when once broken,
Can never be set:

And that he could die
Whenever he would;
But, that he could live
But as long as he could:
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcern'd
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

---

§ 29. *Song.*

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen,
and hall,
No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate:
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented

Contented he work'd, and he thought himſelf happy,
If at night he could purchaſe a jug of brown nappy:
How he'd laugh then, and whiſtle, and ſing too moſt ſweet!
Saying, Juſt to a hair I have made both ends meet:
Derry down, down, &c.

But love, the diſturber of high and of low,
That ſhoots at the peaſant as well as the beau;
He ſhot the poor cobler quite thorough the heart;
I wiſh he had hit ſome more ignoble part:
Derry down, down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damſel continually lay;
Her eyes ſhone ſo bright when ſhe roſe ev'ry day,
That ſhe ſhot the poor cobler quite over the way:
Derry down, down, &c.

He ſung her love-ſongs as he ſat at his work,
But ſhe was as hard as a Jew or a Turk;
Whenever he ſpake, ſhe would flounce and would fleer,
Which put the poor cobler quite into deſpair:
Derry down, down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himſelf was reſolv'd;
He pierc'd through his body inſtead of the ſole,
So the cobler he died, and the bell it did toll:
Derry down, down, &c.

And now, in good will, I adviſe as a friend,
All coblers take warning by this cobler's end:
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by what's paſt,
That love brings us all to an end at the laſt:
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

§ 30. *Song.* Moore.

WHEN Damon languiſh'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The moments of delight how ſweet;
But ah! how ſwift they flew!
The ſunny hill, the flowery vale,
The garden, and the grove,
Have echoed to his ardent tale,
And vows of endleſs love.

The conqueſt gain'd, he left his prize,
He left her to complain;
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And meaſure time by pain.
But Heaven will take the mourner's part,
In pity to deſpair;
And the laſt ſigh that rends the heart,
Shall waft the ſpirit there.

§ 31. *Song. The Laſs of the Hill.* *Miſs* Mary Jones.

ON the brow of a hill a young ſhepherdeſs dwelt,
Who no pangs of ambition or love had e'er felt;
For a few ſober maxims ſtill ran in her head,
That 'twas better to earn, ere ſhe eat her brown bread;
That to riſe with the lark was conducive to health,
And, to folks in a cottage, contentment was wealth.

Now young Roger, who liv'd in the valley below,
Who at church and at market was reckon'd a beau,
Had many times tried o'er her heart to prevail,
And would reſt on his pitchfork to tell her his tale:
With his winning behaviour he melted her heart;
But, quite artleſs herſelf, ſhe ſuſpected no art.

He had ſigh'd, and proteſted, had kneel'd, and implor'd,
And could lye with the grandeur and air of a lord:
Then her eyes he commended in language well dreſt,
And enlarg'd on the torments that troubled his breaſt;
Till his ſighs and his tears had ſo wrought on her mind,
That in downright compaſſion to love ſhe inclin'd.

But as ſoon as he'd melted the ice of her breaſt,
All the flames of his love in a moment decreas'd,
And at noon he goes flaunting all over the vale,
Where he boaſts of his conqueſts to Suſan and Nell:
Though he ſees her but ſeldom, he's always in haſte,
And if ever he mentions her, makes her his jeſt.

All the day ſhe goes ſighing, and hanging her head,
And her thoughts are ſo peſter'd, ſhe ſcarce earns her bread;
The whole village cry ſhame, when a milking ſhe goes,
That ſo little affection is ſhewn to the cows:
But ſhe heeds not their railing, e'en let them rail on,
And a fig for the cows, now her ſweetheart is gone.

Now beware, ye young virgins of Britain's gay iſle,
How ye yield up your hearts to a look or a ſmile:
For Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,
And you'll find a falſe Roger in every vale,
Who to court you, and tempt you, will try all his ſkill;
But remember The laſs on the brow of the hill.

§ 32. *Song.* Barton Booth, *Eſq.*

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damaſk roſe,
Soft as the down of turtle dove,
Gentle as the air when Zephyr blows,
Refreſhing as deſcending rains
To ſun-burnt climes and thirſty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the ſun;
Conſtant as gliding waters roll,
Whoſe ſwelling tides obey the moon;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love ſhall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid purſues;
Sweet Philomel, in ſhady bowers
Of verdant ſpring, her note renews;

All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
And vary as the seasons rise;
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer th' approach of autumn flies:
No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble towers, and gates of brass,
In his rude march he levels low:
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel dart,
The gentle godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding heart,
To mingle with the bless'd above;
Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the soul,
Twin-born, from heaven together came:
Love will the universe controul,
When dying seasons lose their name;
Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
When time and death shall be no more.

§ 33. *Song.* PARNELL.

MY days have been so wond'rous free,
The little birds that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream?
Or ask the sighing gales, if e'er
I lent a sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught;
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

An eager hope within my breast
Does every doubt controul;
And lovely Nancy stands confest
The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
Ye swains that haunt the grove,
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young unpractis'd heart
To make her ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress!
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

§ 34. *Song. May-Eve; or, Kate of Aberdeen.* CUNNINGHAM.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steels softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep,
('Tis where you've seldom been)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight Fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love.
For see, the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark! the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

§ 35. *Song.* JOHNSON.

NOT the soft sighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the crystal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, though all unite,
Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
Not all Peru's unbounded store;
Not all the power, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets claim;
Nor knowledge, which the learn'd approve,
To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet Nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
Nor seek I Nature's charms in vain;
In lovely Stella all combine,
And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

§ 36. *Delia. A Pastoral.* CUNNINGHAM.

THE gentle swan, with graceful pride,
Her glassy plumage laves,
And sailing down the silver tide,
Divides the whispering waves:

The

The silver tide, that wandering flows,
Sweet to the bird must be!
But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree sung,
And still the pendant nest she view'd
That held her callow young:
Dear to the mother's fluttering heart
The genial brood must be;
But not so dear (the thousandth part)
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround
Were natives of the dale;
Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before their sweets grew pale!
My vital bloom would thus be froze,
If luckless torn from thee!
For what the root is to the rose,
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
So white the beauteous pair!
The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
They're like her bosom fair!
When, in their chaste connubial love,
My secret wish she'll see;
Such mutual bliss as turtles prove,
May Delia share with me!

---

§ 37. *Song.* Akenside.

The shape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair!
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, and ivory arm,
Shall ne'er my wishes win:
Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

But ah! where both their charms unite,
How perfect is the view,
With every image of delight,
With graces ever new!

Of power to charm the greatest woe,
The wildest rage controul;
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
And rapture thro' the soul.

Their power but faintly to express
All language must despair;
But go, behold Arpasia's face,
And read it perfect there.

§ 38. *Song. On young Olinda.*

When innocence and beauty meet,
To add to lovely female grace,
Ah, how beyond expression sweet
Is every feature of the face!

By virtue ripen'd from the bud,
The flower angelic odours breeds;
The fragrant charms of being good
Makes gaudy vice to smell like weeds.

Oh sacred Virtue! tune my voice
With thy inspiring harmony;
Then I shall sing of rapt'rous joys,
Which fill my soul with love of thee.

To lasting brightness be refin'd,
When this vain shadow flies away;
Th' eternal beauties of the mind
Will last when all things else decay.

---

§ 39. *Song. From the Lapland Tongue.* Steel.

Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray
Invites my fair to rural play,
Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

Oh! were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough,
Aloft in air that quivering plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my sleeping maid?
Fast by the roots enrag'd I'd tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

Oh! could I ride on clouds and skies,
Or on the raven's pinions rise!
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way!

My bliss too long my bride denies,
Apace the wasting summer flies:
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Not storms or night shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
Oh! Love has fetters stronger far:
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel Love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast;
When thoughts torment, the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
Away to Orra, haste away!

---

§ 40. *Song. The Midsummer Wish.* Croxall.

Waft me, some soft and cooling breeze,
To Windsor's shady kind retreat;
Where sylvan scenes, wide-spreading trees,
Repel the dog-star's raging heat.

Where tufted grass, and mossy beds,
Afford a rural calm repose;
Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by,
Along the smiling valley plays;

His glassy surface cheers the eye,
And through the flow'ry meadow strays.

His fertile banks with herbage green,
His vales with golden plenty swell;
Where'er his purer streams are seen,
The gods of health and pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave,
With naked arm once more divide;
In thee my glowing bosom lave,
And stem thy gently-rolling tide.

Lay me, with damask roses crown'd,
Beneath some osier's dusky shade;
Where water-lilies deck the ground,
Where bubbling springs refresh the glade.

§ 41. *Song.* *Miss* WHATELEY.

COME, dear Pastora, come away!
And hail the chearful spring;
Now fragrant blossoms crown the May,
And woods with love-notes ring:
Now Phœbus to the West descends,
And sheds a fainter ray;
And as our rural labour ends,
We bless the closing day.

In yonder artless maple bower,
With blooming woodbines twin'd,
Let us enjoy the evening hour,
On earth's soft lap reclin'd:
Or where yon poplar's verdant boughs
The crystal current shade;
O deign, fair nymph, to hear the vows
My faithful heart has made!

Within this breast no soft deceit,
No artful flattery bides:
But truth, scarce known among the great,
O'er every thought presides:
On pride's false glare I look with scorn,
And all its glittering train;
Be mine the pleasures which adorn
This ever-peaceful plain.

Come then, my fair, and with thy love
Each rising care subdue;
Thy presence can each grief remove,
And every joy renew;
The lily fades, the rose grows faint,
Their transient bloom is vain;
But lasting truth and virtue paint
Pastora of the plain.

§ 42. *Song.*

COME, dear Amanda, quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly;
Behold, the wintry storms are gone,
A gentle radiance glads the sky.
The birds awake, the flowers appear,
Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee;
'Tis joy and music all we hear!
'Tis love and beauty all we see!

Come let us mark the gradual spring,
How peep the buds, the blossom blows,
Till Philomel begins to sing,
And perfect May to spread the rose.
Let us secure the short delight,
And wisely crop the blooming day;
For soon, too soon, it will be night,
Arise, my love, and come away.

§ 43. *Song.* *From the Lapland Tongue.*
STEEL.

HASTE, my rein-deer! and let us nimbly go
Our amorous journey through this dreary waste:
Haste, my rein-deer! still, still thou art too slow,
Impetuous love demands the lightning's haste.

Around us far the rushy moors are spread;
Soon will the sun withdraw his cheerful ray,
Darkling and tir'd we shall the marshes tread,
No lay unsung to cheat the tedious way.

The watery length of these unjoyous moors
Does all the flowery meadows pride excel;
Through these I fly to her my soul adores;
Ye flowery meadows, empty pride, farewel.

Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
My breast is tortur'd with impatient fires;
Fly, my rein-deer, fly swifter than the wind,
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

Our pleasing toil will then be soon o'erpaid,
And thou in wonder lost, shalt view my fair,
Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
Her artless charms, her bloom, her sprightly air.

§ 44. *Song.* *Arno's Vale.*
Earl of MIDDLESEX*.

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,
Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
How blythe the nymphs, the swains how gay!
Content inspir'd each rural lay.
The birds in livelier concert sung,
The grapes in thicker clusters hung;
All look'd as joy could never fail,
Among the sweets of Arno's vale.

But since the good Palemon died,
The chief of shepherds, and their pride,
Now Arno's sons must all give place
To northern men, an iron race.
The taste of pleasure now is o'er;
Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;
The muses droop, the Goths prevail;
Adieu the sweets of Arno's vale!

§ 45. *Song.* *Summer.*
THOMAS BREREWOOD, *Esq.*

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees,

* Charles Sackville, afterwards Duke of Dorset. It was written at Florence in 1737, on the death of John Gaston, the last Duke of Tuscany of the house of Medici; and addressed to Signora Muscovita, a singer, a favourite of the author's.

With

With my fair-one as blooming as May,
Undisturb'd by all found but the sighs of the breeze,
Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the sun, less intense, to the westward inclines,
For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
And see the rays dance, as inverted he shines,
On the face of some river or lake.

Where my fairest and I on its verge as we pass,
(For 'tis she that must still be my theme)
Our shadows may view on the watery glass,
While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to low, and the lambkins to bleat,
When she sings me some amorous strain;
All be silent and hush'd, unless Echo repeat
The kind words and sweet sounds back again!

And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
Let the moon's silver beams through the leaves give us light,
Just direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
As thus gently and slowly we move;
And let no single thought be express'd in our talk,
But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
And secure from ambition's alarms;
Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
And each morning shall rise with new charms.

§ 46. *Song.* Moore.

How bless'd has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me.

To try her sweet temper, sometimes am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green;
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with compliance and smiles.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year through;
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too-credulous fair;
In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

§ 47. *Song.* Fitzgerald.

The charms which blooming beauty shows
From faces heav'nly fair,
We to the lily and the rose,
With semblance apt, compare.

With semblance apt, for ah! how soon,
How soon they all decay!
The lily droops, the rose is gone,
And beauty fades away.

But when bright virtue shines confess'd,
With sweet discretion join'd;
When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
And wisdom guides the mind:

When charms like these, dear maid, conspire
Thy person to approve,
They kindle generous chaste desire,
And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate
These graces shall endure;
Still, like the passion they create,
Eternal, constant, pure.

§ 48. *Song.*

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Could thou sip and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

§ 49. *Song.*

Had Neptune, when first he took charge of the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't, and instead of his brine,
Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain!
No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking;
The fishes ne'er drown that are always a drinking.

The hot thirsty sun then would drive with more haste,
Secure in the evening of such a repast;
And when he'd got tipsy would have taken his nap,
With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine;
What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How

How happy us mortals, when bleſs'd with ſuch rain,
To fill all our veſſels, and fill them again!
Nay even the beggar, that has ne'er a diſh,
Might jump into the river, and drink like a fiſh.

What mirth and contentment in every one's brow,
Hob as great as a prince dancing after the plough!
The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
Although they but ſip, would eternally ſing.

The ſtars, who I think don't to drinking incline,
Would friſk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;
And, merrily twinkling, would ſoon let us know
That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the caſe, what had we then enjoy'd,
Our ſpirits ſtill riſing, our fancy ne'er cloy'd!
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
To ſlip, like a fool, ſuch a fortunate hour!

§ 50. *Song.* Shenstone.

ADIEU, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine;
And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Diſcern him ſtruggling in the bowl.

Not yet is hope ſo wholly flown,
Not yet is thought ſo tedious grown,
But limpid ſtream and ſhady tree
Retain, as yet, ſome ſweets for me.

And ſee, through yonder ſilent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove:
With pride her footſteps I purſue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.
The ſole confuſion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inſpire:
I ſcorn the madneſs you approve,
And value reaſon next to love.

§ 51. *Song.*

MY mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliſs,
That God or Nature hath aſſign'd:
Though much I want that moſt would have,
Yet ſtill my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my ſtay;
I ſeek no more than may ſuffice:
I preſs to bear no haughty ſway;
Look what I lack my mind ſupplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I ſee how plenty ſurfeits oft,
And haſty climbers ſooneſt fall;
I ſee that ſuch as ſit aloft
Miſhap doth threaten moſt of all:
Theſe get with toil, and keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy ſtore,
No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to ſalve a ſore,
No ſhape to win a lover's eye;
To none of theſe I yield as thrall,
For why, my mind deſpiſeth all.

Some have too much, yet ſtill they crave;
I little have, yet ſeek no more:
They are but poor, though much they have;
And I am rich with little ſtore:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loſs,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toſs:
I brook that is another's bane;
I fear no foe, nor fawn no friend;
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect eaſe;
My conſcience clear, my chief defence;
I never ſeek by bribes to pleaſe,
Nor by deſert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did ſo as well as I.

I take no joy in earthly bliſs;
I weigh not Crœſus' wealth a ſtraw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I fear not Fortune's fatal law:
My mind is ſuch as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wiſh but what I have at will;
I wander not to ſeek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
In greateſt ſtorms I ſit on ſhore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what muſt be loſt again.

I kiſs not where I wiſh to kill;
I feign not love where moſt I hate;
I break no ſleep to win my will;
I wait not at the mighty's gate;
I ſcorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like ne loath;
Extremes are counted worſt of all;
The golden mean betwixt them both
Doth ſureſt ſit, and fears no fall;
This is my choice; for why, I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

§ 52. *Song.* *Counteſs of* Winchelsea.

WOULD we attain the happieſt ſtate
That is deſign'd us here;
No joy a rapture muſt create,
No grief beget deſpair.

No injury fierce anger raiſe,
No honour tempt to pride;
No vain deſires of empty praiſe
Muſt in the ſoul abide.

No charms of youth or beauty move
The conſtant ſettled breaſt:
Who leaves a paſſage free to love,
Shall let in all the reſt.

In ſuch a heart ſoft peace will live,
Where none of theſe abound;

The

The greatest blessing Heaven does give,
  Or can on earth be found.

§ 53. *Song.* Bedingfield.

To hug yourself in perfect ease,
  What would you wish for more than these?
A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
Well shaded from the summer's heat.

A little parlour-stove, to hold
A constant fire from winter's cold,
Where you may sit, and think, and sing,
Far off from court, God bless the king!

Safe from the harpies of the law,
From party-rage, and great man's paw;
Have choice few friends of your own taste;
A wife agreeable and chaste.

An open, but yet cautious mind,
Where guilty cares no entrance find;
Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite,
To break the sabbath of the night.

Plain equipage, and temp'rate meals,
Few taylors', and no doctors' bills;
Content to take, as Heaven shall please,
A longer or a shorter lease.

§ 54. *Song.* *Mrs.* Pilkington.

I envy not the proud their wealth,
  Their equipage and state:
Give me but innocence and health,
  I ask not to be great.

I in this sweet retirement find
  A joy unknown to kings,
For sceptres to a virtuous mind
  Seem vain and empty things.

Great Cincinnatus at his plough
  With brighter lustre shone,
Than guilty Cæsar e'er could shew,
  Though seated on a throne.

Tumultuous days, and restless nights,
  Ambition ever knows,
A stranger to the calm delights
  Of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
  Keep me, ye powers divine!
And pleas'd, when ye demand my life,
  May I that life resign!

§ 55. *Song.* *The Character of a happy Life.* Sir Henry Wotton.

How happy is he born and taught,
  That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
  And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
  Whose soul is still prepar'd for death;
Untied unto the world by care
  Of public fame, or private breath!

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
  Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
  Nor rules of state, but rules of good!

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
  Whose conscience is his strong retreat
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
  Nor ruin make oppressors great!

Who God doth late and early pray,
  More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
  With a religious book or friend!

This man is freed from servile hands,
  Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
  And having nothing, yet hath all.

§ 56. *Song.* Hildebrand Jacob, *Esq.*

I envy not the mighty great,
  Those powerful rulers of the state,
Who settle nations as they please,
And govern at th' expence of ease.

Far happier the shepherd's swain,
Who daily drudges on the plain,
And nightly in some humble shed
On rushy pillows lays his head.

No curs'd ambition breaks his rest,
No factious wars divide his breast;
His flock, his pipe, and artless fair,
Are all his hope, and all his care.

§ 57. *Song.*

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
  Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
  Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
  By reason my life let me square;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
  And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
  I'll justly and gratefully prize;
Whilst sweet meditation, and chearful content,
  Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
  Unenvied I'll challenge my part;
For every fair object my eyes can survey
  Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
  The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
  Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

§ 58. *Song.* Dr. Darlton *.

NOR on beds of fading flowers,
Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
Nor with swains in syren bowers,
Will true pleasure long reside.

On awful Virtue's hill sublime
Enthron'd sits th' immortal fair;
Who wins her height must patient climb,
The steps are peril, toil, and care.

So from the first did Jove ordain
Eternal bliss for transient pain.

§ 59. *Song. A moral Thought.* Dr. Hawkesworth.

THRO' groves sequester'd, dark, and still,
Low vales, and mossy cells among,
In silent paths the careless rill,
Which languid murmurs, steals along.

Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
And lingering leaves its native plain;
Then pours impetuous down the steep,
And mingles with the boundless main.

O let my years thus devious glide,
Through silent scenes obscurely calm;
Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
Nor honours sanguinary palm.

When labour tires, and pleasure palls,
Still let the stream untroubled be,
As down the steep of age it falls,
And mingles with eternity.

§ 60. *Song.*

FROM the court to the cottage convey me away,
For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call gay:
Where pride without measure,
And pomp without pleasure,
Make life in a circle of hurry decay.

Far remote and retir'd from the noise of the town,
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain russet gown;
My friends shall be few,
But well chosen and true,
And sweet recreation our evening shall crown.

With a rural repast, a rich banquet for me,
On a mossy green turf, near some shady old tree;
The river's clear brink
Shall afford me my drink,
And Temp'rance my friendly physician shall be.

Ever calm and serene, with contentment still blest,
Not too giddy with joy, or with sorrow deprest,
I'll neither invoke
Or repine at death's stroke,
But retire from the world as I would to my rest.

§ 61. *Song. The Blind Boy.* Colley Cibber †.

O SAY what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

§ 62. *Song.* Robert Dodsley ‡.

HOW happy a state does the miller possess,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less;
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau;
A clown in this dress may be honester far
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like meal.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs without scruple from other men's sacks;
In this of right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this he would mimic the tools of the state;
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing:
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

§ 63. *Song. The Old Man's Wish.* Dr. Pope.

IF I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate: In a country town

* In the Masque of Comus—It seems to be imitated from a passage in the 17th book of Tasso's Jerusalem. † Written for, and set by, the late celebrated Mr. Stanley, organist of St. Andrew's, Holborn. ‡ In the entertainment of The Miller of Mansfield.

May

May I have a warm houſe, with a ſtone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate!
May I govern my paſſion with an abſolute ſway,
And grow wiſer and better as my ſtrength wears away,
Without gout or ſtone, by a gentle decay!

Near a ſhady grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at diſtance, whereon I may look;
With a ſpacious plain, without hedge or ſtile,
And an eaſy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace, and Petrarch, and two or three more
Of the beſt wits that reign'd in the ages before;
With roaſt mutton, rather than ven'ſon or teal,
And clean though coarſe linen at every meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, with ſtout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar;
With *Monte Fiaſcone* or Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my laſt day,
And when I am dead may the better ſort ſay,
In the morning when ſober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and [has] left not behind him his fellow:
For he govern'd his paſſion with an abſolute ſway,
And grew wiſer and better as his ſtrength wore away,
Without gout or ſtone, by a gentle decay.

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§ 64. *Song. Time's Alteration.*

When this old cap was new,
'Tis ſince two hundred year,
No malice then we knew,
But all things plenty were:
All friendſhip now decays,
(Believe me this is true)
Which was not in thoſe days
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land
Were much delighted then
To have at their command
A crew of luſty men,
Which by their coats were known
Of tawny, red, or blue,
With creſts on their ſleeves ſhown,
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath baniſh'd all,
Unto our land's reproach,
When he whoſe means are ſmall
Maintains both horſe and coach;
Inſtead of an hundred men,
The coach allows but two;
This was not thought on then,
When this old cap was new.

Good hoſpitality
Was cheriſh'd then of many;
Now poor men ſtarve and die,
And are not help'd by any;
For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few;
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Wherever you travell'd then,
You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country grey,
That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you:
No puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies, in thoſe days,
In civil habit went;
Broad-cloth was then worth praiſe,
And gave the beſt content:
French faſhions then were ſcorn'd,
Fond fangles then none knew,
Then modeſty women adorn'd,
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold,
At Chriſtmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and ſmall:
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden
When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to every man
Were fill'd with wine and beer,
No pewter pot, nor can,
In thoſe days did appear:
Good cheer in a nobleman's houſe
Was counted a ſeemly ſhew:
We wanted no brawn nor ſouſe,
When this old cap was new.

We took not ſuch delight
In cups of ſilver fine:
None under degree of a knight
In plate drank beer or wine:
Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for a ſhew,
Which was a rare thing then
When this old cap was new.

Then bribery was unborn,
No ſimony men did uſe;
Chriſtians did uſury ſcorn,
Deviſ'd among the Jews:
The lawyers to be fee'd
At that time hardly knew,
For man with man agreed,
When this old cap was new.

No captain then carous'd,
Nor ſpent poor ſoldier's pay,
They were not ſo abus'd
As they are at this day;

Of

Of seven days they make eight,
To keep them from their due;
Poor soldiers had their right,
When this old cap was new:

Which made them forward still,
To go, although not prest;
And going with good will,
Their fortunes were the best.
Our English then in fight,
Did foreign foes subdue,
And forc'd them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,
And send him long to live;
Lord, mischief on them bring,
That will not their alms give;
But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due:
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

§ 65. *Song. The Vicar of Bray.*

IN good king Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-church man I was,
And so I got preferment:
To teach my flock I never miss'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damn'd are those that do resist,
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When Royal James obtain'd the crown,
And popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration:
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a tory:
Occasional conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation;
And thought the church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, sir;
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a whig, sir;
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's defender;
And almost every day abjur'd
The pope and the pretender.
And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious House of Hanover,
And Protestant succession;
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession:
For in my faith and loyalty,
I never more will faulter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

§ 66. *Song. The Storm.* G. A. Stevens.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer!
List, ye landsmen, all to me!
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea;
From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies!

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By topsail-sheets, and haulyards stand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The topsail-sheets now let go;
Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces,
Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
Fresh enjoyments wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms;
Round us roars the tempest louder;
Think what fears our minds enthral;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls!

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear,
Hands up, each preventure brace set,
Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash,
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky,
Different deaths at once surround us,
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces:
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well—the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to them there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us:
Both chain pumps are choak'd below.—
Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
To the pump come every hand, boys,
See! our mizen-mast is gone.
The leak we 've found, it cannot pour fast,
We 've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up, and rig a jury foremast,
She rights, she rights, boys, we 're off shore.

Now once more on joys we 're thinking,
Since kind Heav'n has sav'd our lives;
Come, the can, boys! lets be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to our lips a brimmer join;
Where's the tempest now, who feels it?
None—the danger's drown'd in wine.

---

§ 67. Song. *Neptune's raging Fury; or, the Gallant Seaman's Sufferings.*

YOU gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah, little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas;
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly shew
[All] the cares, and the fears,
When the stormy winds do blow.

All you that will be seamen,
Must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the seas
You must not think to start;
Nor once to be faint-hearted,
In hail, rain, [blow] or snow,
Nor to think for to shrink
When the stormy winds do blow.

The bitter storms and tempests
Poor seamen do endure,
Both day and night, with many a fright,
We seldom rest secure;
Our sleep it is disturbed
With visions strange to know,
And with dreams, on the streams,
When the stormy winds do blow.

In claps of roaring thunder,
Which darkness doth enforce,
We often find our ship to stray
Beyond our wanted course:
Which causeth great distractions,
And sinks our hearts full low;
'Tis in vain to complain,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
Our ship is tost in waves,
And every man expecting
The sea to be their graves;
Then up aloft she mounteth,
And down again so low,
'Tis with waves, O with waves,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then down again we fall to prayer
With all our might and thought,
When refuge all doth fail us,
'Tis that must bear us out;
To God we call for succour,
For he it is, we know,
That must aid us, and save us,
When the stormy winds do blow.

The lawyer and the usurer,
That sit in gowns of fur,
In closets warm can take no harm,
Abroad they need not stir;
When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
And beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure
When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandise,
And jewels of great price,
To serve our English gallantry,
With many a rare device;
To please the English gallantry,
Our pains we freely show,
For we toil, and [we] moil,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to the Indies
To fetch home spices rare,
Sometimes again to France and Spain,
For wines beyond compare;
Whilst gallants are carousing
In taverns on a row,
Then we sweep o'er the deep,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
And greatest fears are past,
'In' weather fair, and temperate air,
We straight lie down to rest;
But when the billows tumble,
And waves do furious grow,
Then we rouse, up we rouse,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
When England is at wars
With any foreign nations,
We fear not wounds nor scars;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel in the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
 But true Englishmen bred,
We'll play our parts, like valiant hearts,
 And never fly for dread;
We'll ply our business nimbly,
 Where'er we come or go,
With our mates to the Straits,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
 And never be dismay'd,
Whilst we have bold 'adventurers',
 We ne'er shall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us,
 To fetch them wealth, I know;
Then be bold, work for gold,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
 With wages for our pains,
The tapster and the vintner
 Will help to share our gains;
We call for liquor roundly,
 And pay before we go;
Then we'll roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow.

---

§ 68. *Song.* GOLDSMITH.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
 Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
 Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

---

§ 69. *Song.* IBID.

O Memory! thou fond deceiver,
 Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
 And turning all the past to pain.

Thou, like the world, th' opprest oppressing,
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
 In thee must ever find a foe.

---

§ 70. *Song.*

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
 Chloe seems inclin'd to rest;
Fill her soul with fond desire,
 Softest notes will soothe her breast:
Pleasing dreams assist in love;
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lies,
 (Nature's verdant velvet bed)
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
 Forming pillows for her head,
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
 And indulging whispers sound.

§ 71. *The same parodied.*

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,
 Lay the mutton down to roast,
Dress it quickly, I desire,
 In the dripping put a toast,
That I hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lie,
 Oh! the charming white and red!
Finer meat ne'er met my eye,
 On the sweetest grass it fed:
Let the jack go swiftly round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,
 Let the knives be sharp and clean:
Pickles get, and sallad both,
 Let them each be fresh and green:
With small beer, good ale, and wine.
O ye gods! how I shall dine!

---

§ 72. *Song.* SHAKESPEARE.

UNDER the green-wood tree,
 Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
  Here shall he see
  No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i'the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
  Here shall he see
  No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

---

§ 73. *A Dirge.* D'URFEY.

SLEEP, sleep, poor youth, sleep, sleep, in peace,
 Reliev'd from love, and mortal care,
Whilst we, that pine in life's disease,
 Uncertain blest less happy are.

Couch'd in the dark and silent grave,
 No ills of fate thou now canst fear;
In vain would tyrant power enslave,
 Or scornful beauty be severe.

Wars that do fatal storms disperse,
 Far from thy happy mansion keep;
Earthquakes that shake the universe,
 Can't rock thee into sounder sleep.

With all the charms of peace possest,
 Secure from life's tormentor, pain,
Sleep, and indulge thyself with rest,
 Nor dream thou e'er shalt rise again.

CHORUS.

Past is the fear of future doubt,
 The sun is from the dial gone,
The sands are sunk, the glass is out,
 The folly of the farce is done.

§ 74. *Song.* Garrick.

THOU soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare would dream;
The fairies by moon-light dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain.
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow,
Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow!
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread,
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head.

§ 75. *Song. The Fairies.*

COME follow, follow me,
Ye Fairy elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the green;
Come follow Mab your queen:
Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest;
Unheard and unespied,
Through key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul,
With platter, dish or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs;
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the houshold maid,
And duly she is paid:
Every night, before we go,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye or wheat,
The diet that we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn-cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's eas'ly chew'd;
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wond'rous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly we do pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

§ 76. *Song. The Thief and Cordelier.*

WHO has e'er been at Paris must needs know the *Grève*,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge had begun:
There the squire of the pad, and the knight of the post,
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no more cross'd.
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known;
And the king, and the law, and the thief has his own;
But my hearers cry out, what a deuce dost thou ail?
Put off the reflections, and give us thy tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to black a bad cause,
A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear;
And who to assist but a brave Cordelier!
Derry down, &c.

The 'squire, whose good grace was to open the scene;
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should begin:
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart;
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son? says the priest;
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd:
O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For 't was not I that murder'd, but that I was taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pho! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies;
Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis:
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
You have only to die; let the church do the rest.
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:

Courage, friend! to-day is your period of ſorrow,
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow! our hero reply'd in a fright;
He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-night.
Tell your beads, quoth the prieſt, and be fairly truſs'd up;
For you ſurely to-night ſhall in paradiſe ſup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the ſquire, howe'er ſumptuous the treat,
Parbleu! I ſhall have little ſtomach to eat:
I ſhould therefore eſteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be ſo kind as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty muſt ſuit:
The feaſt I propos'd to you, I cannot taſte;
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a faſt.
Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he ſaid,
Diſpatch me, I pr'ythee, this troubleſome blade:
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the gold for which other men die.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

---

§ 77. *Song. Admiral Hoſier's Ghoſt.* Glover.

——was written by the ingenious author of Leonidas, on the taking of Porto-Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22, 1739.—The caſe of Hoſier, which is here ſo pathetically repreſented, was briefly this: In April, 1726, that commander was ſent with a ſtrong fleet into the Spaniſh Weſt-Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country, or, ſhould they preſume to come out, to ſeize and carry them into England: he accordingly arrived at the Baſtimentos near Porto-Bello; but being reſtricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay inactive on that ſtation until he became the jeſt of the Spaniards: he afterwards removed to Carthagena, and continued cruizing in theſe ſeas, till the far greater part of his men periſhed deplorably by the diſeaſes of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, ſeeing his beſt officers and men thus daily ſwept away, his ſhips expoſed to inevitable deſtruction, and himſelf made the ſport of the enemy, is ſaid to have died of a broken heart.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently-ſwelling flood,
At midnight, with ſtreamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There, while Vernon ſate all glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat,
And his crews, with ſhouts victorious,
Drank ſucceſs to England's fleet,

On a ſudden, ſhrilly ſounding,
Hideous yells and ſhrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A ſad troop of ghoſts appear'd;
All in dreary hammocks ſhrouded,
Which for winding-ſheets they wore,
And, with looks by ſorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hoſtile ſhore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan luſtre,
When the ſhade of Hoſier brave
His pale bands was ſeen to muſter,
Riſing from their watry grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,
Where the Burford rear'd her ſail,
With three thouſand ghoſts beſide him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh! heed our fatal ſtory;
I am Hoſier's injur'd ghoſt;
You who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was loſt:
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on my undoing,
You will mix your joys with tears.

See theſe mournful ſpectres ſweeping
Ghaſtly o'er this hated wave,
Whoſe wan cheeks are ſtain'd with weeping;
Theſe were Engliſh captains brave:
Mark thoſe numbers, pale and horrid,
Who were once my ſailors bold;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his diſmal tale is told.

I, by twenty ſail attended,
Did this Spaniſh town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my orders—not to fight:
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had caſt them with diſdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For reſiſtance I could fear none,
But with twenty ſhips had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Haſt atchiev'd with ſix alone.
Then the Baſtimentos never
Had our foul diſhonour ſeen,
Nor the ſeas the ſad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain diſmaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for diſobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom:
To have fall'n, my country crying,
"He has play'd an Engliſh part,"
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy ſucceſsful arms we hail:
But remember our ſad ſtory,
And let Hoſier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languiſh,
Think what thouſands fell in vain,
Waſted with diſeaſe and anguiſh,
Not in glorious battle ſlain.

Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,

Though

Through the hoary foam aſcending,
  Here I feed my conſtant woe:
Here the Baſtimentos viewing,
  We recall our ſhameful doom,
And, our plaintive cries renewing,
  Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er theſe waves, for ever mourning,
  Shall we roam, depriv'd of reſt,
If, to Britain's ſhores returning,
  You neglect my juſt requeſt:
After this proud foe ſubduing,
  When your patriot friends you ſee,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
  And for England—ſham'd in me.

---

§ 78. *Song. Captain Death**.

THE muſe and the hero together are fir'd,
  The ſame noble views have their boſoms inſpir'd;
As freedom they love, and for glory contend,
The muſe o'er the hero ſtill mourns as a friend:
And here let the muſe her poor tribute bequeath
To one Britiſh hero,—'tis brave captain Death!

His ſhip was the Terrible,—dreadful to ſee!
His crew was as brave, and as gallant as he;
Two hundred or more was their good complement,
And ſure braver fellows to ſea never went:
Each man was determin'd to ſpend his laſt breath
In fighting for Britain, and brave captain Death.

A prize they had taken diminiſh'd their force,
And ſoon the good prize-ſhip was loſt in her courſe:
The French privateer † and the Terrible met:—
The battle begun,—all with horror beſet!
No heart was diſmay'd,—each as bold as Macbeth;— [tain Death.
They fought for Old England, and brave cap-

Fire, thunder, balls, bullets, were ſeen, heard and felt;
A ſight that the heart of Bellona would melt!
The ſhrouds were all torn, and the decks fill'd with blood, [flood:—
And ſcores of dead bodies were thrown in the
The flood from the days of old Noah and Seth,
Ne'er ſaw ſuch a man as our brave captain Death.

At laſt the dread bullet came wing'd with his fate! [mate;—
Our brave captain dropp'd,—and ſoon after his
Each officer fell, and a carnage was ſeen,
That ſoon dy'd the waves to a crimſon from green:
And Neptune roſe up, and he took off his wreath,
And gave it a Triton to crown captain Death.

Thus fell the ſtrong Terrible, bravely and bold;
But ſixteen ſurvivors the tale can unfold;
The French were the victors,—though much to their coſt,— [loſt.
For many brave French were with Engliſhmen
And thus ſays Old Time, From good queen Elizabeth,
I ne'er ſaw the fellow of brave captain Death.

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§ 79. *Song. The Sea Fight in XCII* ‡.

THURSDAY in the morn, the ides of May,
  Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
Brave Ruſſel did diſcern, by dawn of day,
  The lofty ſails of France advancing now:
All hands aloft, aloft, let Engliſh valour ſhine,
Let fly a culverin, the ſignal for the line;
  Let every hand ſupply his gun;
      Follow me,
      And you'll ſee
  That the battle will be ſoon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
  To meet the gallant Ruſſel in combat on the
He led a noble train of heroes bold, [deep;
  To ſink the Engliſh admiral and his fleet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aſpire,
The bloody fight's begun, the ſea itſelf on fire;
  And mighty Fate ſtood looking on;
      Whilſt a flood,
      All of blood,
  Fill'd the ſcuppers of the Royal Sun.

Sulphur, ſmoke, and fire, diſturbing the air,
  With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic ſhore;
Their regulated bands ſtood trembling near,
  To ſee their lofty ſtreamers now no more.
At ſix o'clock the Red the ſmiling victors led,
To give a ſecond blow, the fatal overthrow;
  Now death and horror equal reign;
      Now they cry,
      Run or die!
  Britiſh colours ride the vanquiſh'd main!
See they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and ſands! [fate;
  One danger they graſp at to ſhun the greater

* Written, as it is ſaid, by one of his ſurviving crew. † Called the Vengeance.

‡ The great naval victory, intended to be celebrated by this excellent old ſong, was determined, after a running action of ſeveral days, off cape La Hogue, on the coaſt of Normandy, the 22d of May, 1692, in favour of the Engliſh and Dutch combined fleets, conſiſting of 99 ſail of the line, under the command of admiral Ruſſel, afterwards earl of Orford, over a French ſquadron of about half that number, commanded by the chevalier Tourville, whoſe ſhip, *Le Soleil Royal*, carried upwards of a hundred guns, and was eſteemed the fineſt veſſel in Europe. This laſt fleet was fitted out for the purpoſe of reſtoring King James the Second to his dominions; and that prince, together with the duke of Berwick, and ſeveral great officers, both of his own court, and of the court of France, and even Tourville himſelf, beheld the final deſtruction of the French ſhips from an eminence on the ſhore. It is now certain that Ruſſel had engaged to favour the ſcheme of his old maſter's reſtoration, on condition that the French took care to avoid him; but Tourville's impetuoſity and raſhneſs rendered the whole meaſure abortive: And the diſtreſſed and ill-fated monarch retired, in a fit of deſpondency, to mourn his misfortunes, and recover his peace of mind, amid the ſolitary gloom of La Trappe.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARA

In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate;
For evermore adieu, thou Royal dazzling Sun,
From thy untimely end thy master's fate's begun:
Enough, thou mighty god of war!
Now we sing,
Bless the king,
Let us drink to every English tar.

§ 80. *Song. Peggy**. GARRICK.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
To hills and dales my passion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
That burns for thee, my Peggy:
Yet guittar bards the lyre shall hit,
Or say what subject is more fit,
Than to record the sparkling wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy.

The sun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy:
And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
She's not so beauteous as undrest
Appears my lovely Peggy.

When Zephyr on the vi'let blows,
Or breathes upon the damask rose,
He does not half the sweets disclose
As does my lovely Peggy.
I stole a kiss the other day,
And, trust me, nought but truth I say,
The fragrance of the blooming May
Is not so sweet as Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And p[illegible] on the oaten reed,
To please my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All's happy when she's in my sight;
But when she's gone, it's endless night—
All's dark without my Peggy!

While bees from flower to flower shall rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or stately swans the rivers love,
So long shall I love Peggy:
And when death with his pointed dart
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be when I depart,
"Adieu, my lovely Peggy!"

§ 81. *Song. The Miller's Wedding.* IBID.

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to sport and to play;
Let the tabor strike up, and the village be gay,
No day thro' the year shall more chearful be seen;
For Ralph of the mill marries Sue of the green;

CHORUS.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
And while the wind blows,
And while the mill goes,
Who'll be so happy, so happy as we!

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a bride,
Be marry'd to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd;
My body is stout, and my heart is as sound,
And my love, like my courage, will never give ground.
CHORUS.—I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of fashion the best jointures wed,
And prudently take the best bidders to bed;
Such signing and sealing's no part of our bliss,
We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.
CHORUS.—I love Sue, &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your beaux,
Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine [cloaths,
In nothing he'll follow the folks of high life,
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.
CHORUS.—I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but lies still,
Our joys shall continue, and ever be new,
And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.
CHORUS.—I love Sue, &c.

§ 82. *Song in the Winter's Tale.* IBID.

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear;
In your holiday-suits, with your lasses appear:
The happiest of folk are the guiltless and free,
And who are so guiltless, so happy as we?

We harbour no passions, by luxury taught;
We practise no arts, with hypocrisy fraught;
What we think in our hearts, you may read in our eyes;
For knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city-dames led,
But we as the children of Nature are bred:
By her hand alone we are painted and dress'd;
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the breast.

That giant, ambition, we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
Content and sweet chearfulness open our door,
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed, are the passions we feel;
So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

§ 83. *Song.* IBID.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once bless'd is a lover no more;
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

* This song was written in compliment to Mrs. Woffington.

The

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh;
But roses and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guittar,
Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at command:
Exert with your husband the same happy skill;
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind;
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests im-[prove,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

§ 84. *Song in Harlequin's Invasion.* GARRICK.

TO arms! ye brave mortals, to arms!
The road to renown lies before you!
The name of King Shakespeare has charms
To rouse ye to actions of glory.

Away! ye brave mortals, away!
'Tis Nature calls on you to save her;
What man but would Nature obey,
And fight for her Shakespeare for ever?

§ 85. *Song. In the same.* IBID.

THRICE happy the nation that Shakespeare has charm'd!
More happy the bosom his genius has warm'd!
Ye children of nature, of fashion, and whim!
He painted you all, all join to praise him.
Chorus. Come away! come away!
His Genius calls—you must obey!

From highest to lowest, from old to the young,
All states and conditions by him have been sung,
All passions and humours were rais'd by his pen;
He could soar with the eagle, and sing with the wren.
Chorus. Come away, &c.

To praise him, ye Fairies and Genii repair,
He knew where ye haunted, in earth or in air:
No phantom so subtle could glide from his view,
The wings of his fancy were swifter than you.
Chorus. Come away! come away!
His Genius calls—you must obey.

§ 86. *Song in the Country Girl.* IBID.

TELL not me of the roses and lillies,
Which tinge the fair cheek of your Phillis;
Tell not me of the dimples and eyes,
For which silly Corydon dies:
Let all whining lovers go hang;
My heart would you hit,
Tip your arrow with wit,
And it comes to my heart with a twang, twang,
And it comes to my heart with a twang.

I am a rock to the handsome and pretty,
Can only be touch'd by the witty;
And beauty will ogle in vain:
The way to my heart's thro' my brain.
Let all whining lovers go hang.
We wits, you must know,
Have two strings to our bow,
To return them their darts with a twang, twang,
To return them their darts with a twang.

§ 87. *Air in Cymon.* IBID.

YOU gave me, last week, a young linnet,
Shut up in a fine golden cage;
Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,
Oh how it did flutter and rage!
Then he mop'd and he pin'd
That his wings were confin'd,
Till I open'd the door of his den;
Then so merry was he;
And, because he was free,
He came to his cage back again.

§ 88. *Air in Cymon.* IBID.

YET awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me,
Fold me in thy downy arms;
Let not care awake to grieve me,
Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,
Quitting young the parent's nest,
Find each bird a bird of prey;
Sorrow knows not where to rest!

§ 89. *Shakespeare's Mulberry-Tree.* IBID.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, O my sweet Shakespeare, was planted [by thee;
As a relic I kiss it, and bow at the shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine!
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree,
Bend to thee,
Blest Mulberry;
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampart and high,
Who spread round their branches, whose heads sweep the sky,
Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here
To root out the natives at prices so dear,
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast;
But of fir we make ships, we have thousands [that fight,
While one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

Let Venus delight in gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers;
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flowers, and fairest of fruit.
All shall yield to the Mulberry tree, &c. &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church;
But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
And he gives the best physic for body and mind.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c

The fame of the Patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories resign,
Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and vine.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c

The genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree that he planted, by making his own,
Has laurel, and bays, and the vine all in one.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

Then each take a relic of this hallow'd tree;
From folly and fashion a charm let it be:
Fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour the country, do honour to him.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree,
Bend to thee,
Blest Mulberry;
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal shall be.

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§ 90. *Song. The Friar of Orders Gray.*

"Dispersed through Shakespeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little tale.

"One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher."

IT was a friar of orders gray,
Walk'd forth to tell his beads,
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar!
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see.

And how should I know your true love
From many another one?
O by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O Lady, he's dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloisters long
He languish'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

Here bore him bare-fac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
And art thou dead and gone!
And didst thou die for love of me!
Break cruel heart of stone!

O weep not, lady, weep not so;
Some ghostly comfort seek;
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

And now, alas! for thy sad loss,
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain:
For, violets pluck'd, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.

O say not so, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not so;
For since my true love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he never come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose,
The comeliest youth was he:—
But he is dead, and laid in his grave,
Alas! and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer-trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee, say not so;
My love he had the truest heart:
O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much lov'd youth,
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewel home! for ever more
A pilgrim I will be.

But first upon my true love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,
That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady; rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall:
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
Thy own true-love appears.

Here forc'd by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought:
And here, amidst these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet pass'd away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.

Now farewel grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto thy heart;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part.

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§ 91. *Song. Black-eyed Susan.* GAY.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board,
O where shall I my true love find?
Tell me ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew!

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
The cord glides quickly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear:
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
They'll tell thee, sailors when away
At every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white;
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet free from harms,
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gives the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay on board:
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head;
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

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§ 92. *Song.* ROWE.

AS, on a summer's day,
In the greenwood shade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

And as she pass'd by,
With a scornful glance of her eye,
What a shame, quoth she,
For a swain must it be,
Like a lazy loon for to lie!

And dost thou nothing heed
What Pan our god has decreed,
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away
To the sweetest shepherd's reed?

There's not a single swain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears
Now busily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull swain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.

Alas! my love, I cried,
What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beside?

To me thou art more gay,
In this homely russet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so sheen,
Or the brightest queen of May.

What tho' my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
And a shepherd all thy own.

§ 93. *Song.* Prior.

ALEXIS ſhunn'd his fellow ſwains,
Their rural ſports and jocund ſtrains:
Heaven ſhield us all from Cupid's bow!
He loſt his crook, he left his flocks,
And wandering thro' the lonely rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs woe.

The nymphs and ſhepherds round him came,
His grief ſome pity, others blame,
The fatal cauſe all kindly ſeek;
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
He ſigh'd, but could not ſpeak.

Clarinda came among the reſt,
And ſhe too kind concern expreſt,
And aſk'd the reaſon of his woe;
She aſk'd, but with an air and mien
That made it eaſily foreſeen
She fear'd too much to know.

The ſhepherd rais'd his mournful head,
And will you pardon me, he ſaid,
While I the cruel truth reveal;
Which nothing from my breaſt ſhould tear,
Which never ſhould offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain,
You are the cauſe of all my care:
Your eyes ten thouſand dangers dart,
Ten thouſand torments vex my heart,
I love, and I deſpair.

Too much, Alexis, have I heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;
And yet I pardon you, ſhe cried;
But you ſhall promiſe ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or ſpeak your pain:
He bow'd, obey'd—and died.

§ 94. *Song.*

ONE morning very early, one morning in the ſpring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did ſing;
Her chains ſhe rattled on her hands, while ſweetly thus ſung ſhe,
I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

Oh cruel were his parents, who ſent my love to ſea,
And cruel, cruel was the ſhip that bore my love from me,
Yet I love his parents, ſince they're his, altho' they've ruin'd me;
And I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

O ſhould it pleaſe the pitying powers to call me to the ſky,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge, around my love to fly;
To guard him from all dangers how happy ſhould I be!
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

I'll make a ſtrawy garland, I'll make it wondrous fine,
With roſes, lilies, daiſies, I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll preſent it to my love when he returns from ſea,
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

Oh if I were a little bird to build upon his breaſt,
Or if I were a nightingale to ſing my love to reſt!
To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward ſhould be;
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

Oh if I were an eagle, to ſoar into the ſky,
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love might ſpy;
But ah! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er ſhall ſee.
Yet I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

§ 95. *Song.*

THE ſun was ſunk beneath the hill,
The weſtern clouds were lin'd with gold,
Clear was the ſky, the wind was ſtill,
The flocks were penn'd within the fold;
When in the ſilence of the grove
Poor Damon thus deſpair'd of love.

Who ſeeks to pluck the fragrant roſe
From the hard rock or oozy beach,
Who from each weed that barren grows,
Expects the grape or downy peach,
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

No herds have I, no fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No paſtures green, or gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain;
Then all in vain my ſighs muſt prove,
Whoſe whole eſtate, alas! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since womens' hearts are bought and ſold!
They aſk no vows of ſacred truth,
Whene'er they ſigh, they ſigh for gold;
Gold can the frowns of ſcorn remove;
But I am ſcorn'd—who have but love.

To buy the gems of India's coaſt,
What wealth, what riches would ſuffice?
Yet India's ſhore ſhould never boaſt
The luſtre of thy rival eyes;
For there the world too cheap muſt prove;
Can I then buy—who have but love?

Then, Mary, ſince nor gems nor ore
Can with thy brighter ſelf compare,
Be juſt, as fair, and value more
Than gems or ore, a heart ſincere:
Let treaſure meaner beauties move;
Who pays thy worth muſt pay in love.

§ 96. *Song.*

WHAT beauties does Flora diſcloſe!
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon Tweed!
But Mary's, ſtill brighter than thoſe,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daiſy nor ſweet bluſhing roſe,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' thoſe,
Such beauty and pleaſure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh,

The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her can compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed:
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

---

§ 97. *Song. Nancy of the Vale.* SHENSTONE.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
With every pleasing ray,
And flocks, reviving, felt no more
The sultry heat of day;

When from a hazel's artless bower
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

Let fops with fickle falsehood range
The paths of wanton love,
Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden every grove:

But endless blessings crown the day
I saw fair Esham's dale;
And every blessing find its way
To Nancy of the vale.

'Twas from Avona's bank, the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams;
And every shining grace display'd
The Naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
That float on Avon's tide;
Bright as the water-lily sprung
And glittering near its side.

Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom,
Her eye all mild to view;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,
So taper, strait, and fair;
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
How charming sweet they were!

Far in the winding vale retir'd
This peerless bud I found,
And shaddowing rocks and woods conspire
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet!
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wandering feet!

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline:
Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,
As I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
Has won my right good will;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair;
To her alone I give my youth,
And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I these charms forego,
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow.

---

§ 98. *Song. To the Memory of W. Shenstone, Esq.* CUNNINGHAM.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
And see our lov'd Corydon laid:
Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain:
In sooth he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd, in his elegant strain,
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd the thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell.
Ye lambkins, that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat, and your master bemoan;
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(Our hedges so vocal before)
Since he that should welcome the spring,
Can greet the gay season no more.

His Phyllis was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng;
They listen'd and envy'd his lays,
But which of them equall'd his song?
Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

---

§ 99. *Song.* LYTTLETON.

THE heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me:
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is still the same;
And heal each idle anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene
When shortly we shall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind
Shall false and groundless prove,
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;

All I of Venus ask is this,
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
To die, and think you mine.

§ 100. *Song.* LYTTLETON.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear;
No other wit but her's approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spreads for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

§ 101. *Song.* SOAME JENYNS.

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But for heaven's sake let it suffice
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost power to try,
Nor further urge your sway;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that her love for you?

Say, would you use that very power
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of spotless fame?

Resolve not then to do an ill
Because perhaps you may,
But rather use your utmost skill
To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard;
Defend, and not pursue,
Since 'tis a task for me too hard
To strive with love and you.

§ 102. *Song.* *The Power of Music.* LISLE.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions [below,
Which men are forbidden to see,
He tun'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,
To set his Eurydice free.

All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far,—but how vast their surprize,
When they heard that he came for his wife!

To find out a punishment due to his fault,
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;
But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,
—So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding found place in his heart,
And, pleas'd with his playing so well,
He took her again in reward of his art,
Such power had music in hell!

§ 103. *Song.* ROWE.

TO the brook and the willow, that heard him complain,
Ah willow! willow!
Poor Colin went weeping, and told them his pain.
Sweet stream, he cry'd, sadly I'll teach thee to flow,
And the waters shall rise to the brink with my [woe.
All restless and painful my Celia now lies,
And counts the sad moments of time as it flies:
To the nymph, my heart's love, ye soft slumbers repair,
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her [your care;
Let me be left restless, mine eyes never close,
So the sleep that I lose give my dear one repose.
Sweet stream! if you chance by her pillow to creep,
Perhaps your soft murmurs may lull her to sleep.
But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,
And the loss of my charmer the fates have decreed,
Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one believe,
Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give;
One fate to thy Colin and thee shall betide,
And soon lay thy shepherd down by thy cold side.
Then glide, gentle brook, and to lose thyself haste,
Bear this to my willow; this verse is my last.
Ah willow! willow! Ah willow! willow!

§ 104. *Song.*

DEAR Cloe, while thus beyond measure
You treat me with doubts and disdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
And hoard up an old age of pain:
Your maxim, that love is still founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You will find to be very ill-grounded
When once you its dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn
  Your kindness will vastly improve;
Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
  Fruition's the sunshine of love:
And though the bright beams of your eyes
  Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
And darkness obscure all the skies,
  We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
  You oft have regarded with wonder;
He is dropsical, she is sore-ey'd,
  Yet they're ever uneasy asunder;
Together they totter about,
  And sit in the sun at the door,
And at night, when old Darby's pot's out,
  His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty or wit they possess,
  Their several failings to smother,
Then what are the charms, can you guess,
  That make them so fond of each other?
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
  The endearments that love did bestow,
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
  The best of all blessings below.

These traces for ever will last,
  Which sickness nor time can remove;
For when youth and beauty are past,
  And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship insensibly grows,
  By reviews of such raptures as these,
And the current of fondness still flows,
  Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

§ 105. *Song.* Gilbert Cooper.

AWAY, let nought to love displeasing,
  My Winifreda, move thy fear,
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
  Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
  With pompous titles grace our blood,
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
  And to be noble, we'll be good.

What tho' from fortune's lavish bounty
  No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
  And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
  Sufficient for our wishes give,
For we will live a life of reason,
  And that's the only life to live.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
  Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,
And all the great ones much shall wonder
  How they admire such little folk.

Thro' youth and age, in love excelling,
  We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
  And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
  Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
  To hear 'em lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy time, transported,
  Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
  And I'll go wooing in my boys.

§ 106. *Song.* Percy.

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
  Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
  The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
  No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
  Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
  Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
  Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! canst thou love so true,
  Thro' perils keen with me to go,
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
  To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befal,
  Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recal
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
  Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
  And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
  Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
  Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

§ 107. *Song.* Mallet.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
  Invite the tuneful birds to sing:
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the shades of Endermay.

  For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear:
At *this*, thy living bloom must fade;
As *that* will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;
The feather'd songsters love no more;

And

And when *they* droop, and we decay,
Adieu the shades of Endermay!

---

§ 108. *The Spanish Lady's Love.*

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
How she woo'd an English man?
Garments gay, as rich as may be,
Deck'd with jewels had she on:
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
Both by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie;
Cupid's bands did tie them faster,
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set all ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
O, then said this lady gay, full woe is me!
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

Gallant captain, shew some pity
To a lady in distress;
Leave me not within this city,
For to die in heaviness:
Thou hast set, this present day, my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

"How shouldst thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee;
Serpents lie where flowers grow."
All the harm I wish on thee, most courteous knight,
God grant upon my head the same may fully light.

Blessed be the time and season,
That thou came on Spanish ground;
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each one,
Then to your country bear away that is your own.

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair flowers you have plenty,
Spain doth yield you wond'rous store."—
Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,
But Englishmen throughout the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
Thou alone enjoy'st my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
The wife of every Englishman is counted bless'd.

"It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
I will quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page will follow thee, where'er thou go.

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place."
My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,
And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that lies unknown.

"On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from wat'ry eyes."
Well, in troth I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

"Courteous lady, leave this folly,
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I, in England, have already
A sweet woman to my wife;
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her!
And of my suit I'll make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which love and true affection did first commence.

Commend me to that gallant lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold,
With these bracelets, for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels, in like sort, take thou with thee;
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defy;
In a nunnery I will shroud me,
Far from any company:
But, ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
Farewell to my heart's content!
Count no Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my mind was bent:
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee!
"The like fall unto thy share, most fair lady."

---

§ 109. *Ballad. The Children in the Wood: or, The Norfolk Gentleman's last Will and Testament.*

NOW ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light:
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore

Sore ſick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have;
His wife by him as ſick did lie,
And both poſſeſs'd one grave.
No love between theſe two was loſt,
Each was to other kind;
In love they liv'd, in love they died,
And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not paſſing three years old:
The other a girl, more young than he,
And made in beauty's mould.
The father left his little ſon,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age ſhould come,
Three hundred pounds a year;

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controul'd:
But if the children chance to die
Ere they to age ſhould come,
Their uncle ſhould poſſeſs their wealth,
For ſo the will did run.

Now, brother, ſaid the dying man,
Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends elſe I have here:
To God and you I do commend
My children night and day;
But little while, be ſure, we have
Within this world to ſtay.

You muſt be father and mother both,
And uncle, all in one;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone.
With that beſpake their mother dear,
O brother kind, quoth ſhe,
You are the man muſt bring our babes
To wealth or miſery.

And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwiſe you ſeem to deal,
God will your deeds regard.
With lips as cold as any ſtone,
She kiſs'd her children ſmall:
God bleſs you both, my children dear!
With that the tears did fall.

Theſe ſpeeches then their brother ſpoke
To this ſick couple there:
The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet ſiſter, do not fear;
God never proſper me nor mine,
Nor aught elſe that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave.

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them home unto his houſe,
And much of them he makes.

He had not kept theſe pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did deviſe
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they ſhould take the children young,
And ſlay them in a wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children ſend,
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went theſe pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They ſhould on cock-horſe ride.
They prate and prattle pleaſantly,
As they rode on the way,
To thoſe that ſhould their butchers be,
And work their lives decay.

So that the pretty ſpeech they had
Made murderers' hearts relent;
And they that undertook the deed
Full ſore they did repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Becauſe the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell to ſtrife;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life:
And he that was of mildeſt mood
Did ſlay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
While babes did quake for fear.

He took the children by the hand,
When tears ſtood in their eye,
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not cry:
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain:
Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
When I do come again.

Theſe pretty babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they ſaw the man
Approaching from the town:
Their pretty lips, with black-berries,
Were all beſmear'd and dy'd,
And when they ſaw the darkſome night,
They ſat them down, and cried.

Thus wandered theſe two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief:
No burial theſe pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breaſt, painfully,
Did cover them with leaves.

And

And now the heavy wrath of God
  Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
  His conscience felt an hell:
His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
  His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
  And nothing with him stay'd.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,
  Two of his sons did die;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
  To extreme misery:
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land,
  Ere seven years came about:
And now at length this wicked act
  Did by this means come out.

The fellow that did take in hand
  These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
  As was God's blessed will;
Who did confess the very truth,
  The which is here express'd;
Their uncle died, while he, for debt,
  In prison long did rest.

All you that be executors made,
  And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
  And infants mild and meek,
Take you example by this thing,
  And yield to each his right,
Lest God, with such like misery,
  Your wicked minds requite.

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§ 110. *Ballad. The Hunting in Chevy-Chase.*

GOD prosper long our noble king,
  Our lives and safeties all;
A woeful hunting once there did
  In Chevy-chase befall:

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
  Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
  The hunting of that day.

The stout earl of Northumberland
  A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
  Three summer's days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-chase
  To kill and bear away.
These tidings to earl Douglas came,
  In Scotland where he lay;

Who sent earl Percy present word
  He would prevent his sport:
The English earl, not fearing this,
  Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
  All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
  To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
  To chase the fallow deer:
On Monday they began to hunt,
  When day-light did appear;

And, long before high noon, they had
  A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then, having din'd, the drovers went
  To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
  Well able to endure;
Their backsides all, with special care,
  That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
  The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
  An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
  To view the slaughter'd deer;
Quoth he, earl Douglas promised
  This day to meet me here:

If that I thought he would not come,
  No longer would I stay.
With that a brave young gentleman
  Thus to the earl did say:

Lo! yonder doth earl Douglas come,
  His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
  All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tividale,
  Fast by the river Tweed.
Then cease your sport, earl Percy said,
  And take your bows with speed:

And now with me, my countrymen,
  Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
  In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horseback come,
  But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter, man for man,
  With him to break a spear.

Earl Douglas, on a milk-white steed,
  Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
  Whose armour shone like gold:

Show me, said he, whose men you be,
  That hunt so boldly here;
That, without my consent, do chase
  And kill my fallow-deer!

The man that first did answer make,
  Was noble Percy, he;
Who said, We list not to declare,
  Nor show whose men we be:

Yet will we spend our dearest blood,
  Thy chiefest harts to slay.
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
  And thus in rage did say:

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
  One of us two shall die:

I know

I know thee well, an earl thou art,
Lord Percy, ſo am I.

But truſt me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of theſe our harmleſs men,
For they have done no ill:

Let thou and I the battle try,
And ſet our men aſide.
Accurs'd be he, lord Percy ſaid,
By whom this is denied.

Then ſtepp'd a gallant ſquire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who ſaid, I would not have it told
To Henry, our king, for ſhame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I ſtood looking on:
You be two earls, ſaid Witherington,
And I a 'ſquire alone;

I'll do the beſt that do I may,
While I have ſtrength to ſtand;
While I have power to wield my ſword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our Engliſh archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the firſt flight of arrows ſent,
Full threeſcore Scots they ſlew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent,
A captain mov'd with mickle pride,
The ſpears to ſhivers ſent.

They clos'd full faſt on every ſide,
No ſlackneſs there was found:
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gaſping on the ground.

O Chriſt! it was a grief to ſee,
And likewiſe for to hear
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And ſcatter'd here and there.

At laſt theſe two ſtout earls did meet,
Like captains of great might;
Like lions mov'd, they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did ſweat,
With ſwords of temper'd ſteel;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, lord Percy, Douglas ſaid,
In faith I will thee bring
Where thou ſhalt high advanced be
By James our Scottiſh king:

Thy ranſom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the moſt courageous knight
That ever I did ſee.

No, Douglas, quoth earl Percy, then
Thy proffer I do ſcorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born.

With that there came an arrow keen,
Out of an Engliſh bow,
Which ſtruck earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never ſpoke more words than theſe,
Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Percy ſees my fall.

Then leaving life, earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand,
And ſaid, Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had loſt my land.

O Chriſt! my very heart doth bleed,
With ſorrow for thy ſake;
For ſure, a more renowned knight
Miſchance did never take.

A knight amongſt the Scots there was,
Which ſaw earl Douglas die,
Who ſtraight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the earl Percy:

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd;
Who, with a ſpear moſt bright,
Well mounted on a gallant ſteed,
Ran fiercely through the fight,

And paſs'd the Engliſh archers all,
Without all dread or fear;
And through earl Percy's body then
He thruſt his hateful ſpear;

With ſuch a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The ſpear went through the other ſide,
A large cloth yard, and more.

So thus did both theſe nobles die,
Whoſe courage none could ſtain.
An Engliſh archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was ſlain:

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a truſty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he:

Againſt Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right the ſhaft he ſet,
The grey gooſe-wing that was thereon
In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did laſt from break of day
Till ſetting of the ſun;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle ſcarce was done.

With the earl Percy there was ſlain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliffe, and ſir John,
Sir James that bold baron:

And, with ſir George, and good ſir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good ſir Ralph Raby there was ſlain,
Whoſe prowels did ſurmount.

For

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery;
Sir Charles Currel, that from the field
One foot would never fly;

Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliffe too,
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.

And the lord Maxwell, in like wise,
Did with earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three:
The rest were slain in Chevy-chase,
Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

O heavy news, king James did say!
Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.

Like tidings to king Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-chase.

Now God be with him, said our king,
Sith 't will not better be;
I trust I have within my realm,
Five hundred as good as he.

Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take;
And be revenged on them all,
For brave lord Percy's sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd,
After, on Humbledown,
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With Lords of great renown;

And of the rest of small account,
Did many hundreds die.
Thus ended the hunting of Chevy-chase,
Made by the earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

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§ 111. *Song. Sir Cauline.*

There is something peculiar in the metre of this old ballad: it is not unusual to meet with redundant stanzas of six lines; but the occasional insertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, 44, &c. is an irregularity I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.

It may be proper to inform the reader, before he comes to Pt. 2. ver. 110, 111, that the ROUND TABLE was not peculiar to the reign of K. Arthur, but was common in all the ages of Chivalry. The proclaiming a great turnament (probably with some peculiar solemnities) was called "holding a Round "Table." Dugdale tells us, that the great baron Roger de Mortimer "having procured "the honour of knighthood to be conferred "on his three sons by K. Edw. I. he, at "his own costs, caused a tournament to be "held at Kenilworth; where he sumptuously "entertained an hundred knights, and as "many ladies, for three days; the like where-"of was never before in England; and there "began the ROUND TABLE, (so called by "reason that the place wherein they prac-"tised those feats was environed with a strong "wall made in a round form:) And upon "the fourth day, the golden lion, in sign of "triumph, being yielded to him; he carried "it (with all the company) to Warwick."— It may further be added, that Matthew Paris frequently calls justs and turnaments *Hastiludia Mensæ Rotundæ*.

As to what will be observed in this ballad of the art of healing being practised by a young princess; it is no more than what is usual in all the old romances, and was conformable to real manners: it being a practice derived from the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women even of the highest rank to exercise the art of surgery. In the Northern Chronicles we always find the young damsels stanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands. And even so late as the time of Q. Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accomplishments of the ladies of her court, that the "eldest of them are SKILFUL IN SURGE-"RY." See Harrison's Description of England, prefixed to Hollingshed's Chronicle &c.

The First Part.

IN Ireland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
Men call him syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
  In fashyon she hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed
  To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
  But nothing durst he saye;
Ne descreeve his counsayl to no man,
  But deerlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it so beffell,
  Great dill to him was dight;
The maydens love removde his mynd,
  To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spred his arms him fro,
  One while he spred them nye;
And aye! but I winne that ladyes love,
  For dole now I mun dye.

And whan our parish-masse was done,
  Our kinge was bowne to dyne:
He sayes, Where is syr Cauline,
  That is wont to serve the wyne?

Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,
  And fast his handes gan wringe:
Syr Cauline is sick, and like to dye
  Without a good leechinge.

Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
  She is a leeche fulle fine:
Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne soe red;
  Lothe I were him to tine.

Fair Christabelle to his chamber goes,
  Her maydens followyng nye:
O well, she sayth, how doth my lord?
  O sicke, thou fayre ladyè.

Nowe ryse up wightlye, man, for shame,
  Never lye soe cowardlee;
For it is told in my father's halle,
  You dye for love of mee.

Fayre ladye, it is for your love
  That all this dill I drye:
For if you would comfort me with a kisse,
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
  No longer would I lye.

Sir knighte, my father is a kinge,
  I am his onlye heire;
Alas! and well you knowe, syr knighte,
  I never can be youre fere.

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughter,
  And I am not thy peere,
But let me doe some deedes of armes
  To be youre bacheleere.

Some deeds of armes if thou wilt doe,
  My bacheleere to be,
(But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
  Giff harm shold happe to thee)

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
  Upon the mores brodinge;
And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all nighte,
  Untill the fayre morninge?

For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,
  Will examine you beforne:
And never man bare life awaye,
  But he did him scath and scorne.

That knight he is a foul paynim,
  And large of limb and bone;
And but if heaven may be thy speede,
  Thy life it is but gone.

Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,
  For thy sake, fair ladèe;
And Ile either bring you a ready tokèn,
  Or Ile never more you see.

The lady is gone to her own chaumbère,
  Her maydens following bright:
Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
  For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
  He walked up and downe;
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
  Over the bents soe browne:
Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,
  I am ffar from any good towne.

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad,
  A furyous wight and fell;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
  Clad in a fayre kyrtèll:

And soe fast he called on syr Cauline,
  O man, I rede thee flye,
For but if cryance come till thy heart,
  I weene but thou mun dye.

He sayth, No cryance comes till my heart,
  Nor, in fayth, I will not flee;
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
  The less me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knighte, he pricked his steed;
  Syr Cauline bold abode:
Then either shooke his trusty speare,
And the timber these two children * bare
  Soe soon in sunder slode.

Then took they out theyr two good swordes
  And layden on full faste,
Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,
  They all were well nye brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
  And stiffe in stower did stande,
But syr Cauline with a backward stroke,
  He smote off his right hand;
That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud
  Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up syr Cauline lift his brande
  All over his head so hye:

* Knights.

And here I sweare by the holy roode,
  Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
  Fast wringing of her hande:
For the maydens love, that most you love,
  Withold that deadlye brande;

For the maydens love, that most you love,
  Now smyte no more I praye;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
  He shall thy hests obaye.

Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
  And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
  And therto plight thy hand:

And that thou never on Eldridge come
  To sporte, gamon, or playe;
And that thou here give up thy armes
  Until thy dying day.

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
  With many a sorrowfulle sighe;
And sware to obey syr Caulines hest,
  Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up and the Eldridge knighte
  Sett him in his saddle anone,
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye
  To theyr castle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloudy hand,
  That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five rings of gold
  Of knightes that had been slone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
  As hard as any flint:
And he took off those ringes five
  As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked syr Cauline,
  As light as leaf on tree:
I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,
  Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
  Before that ladye gay:
O ladye, I have been on the Eldridge hills!
  These tokens I bring away.

Now welcome, welcome, syr Cauline,
  Thrice welcome unto mee;
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
  Of valour bold and free.

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
  Thy hests for to obaye:
And mought I hope to winne thy love!—
  Ne more his tonge colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
  And fette a gentill sighe:
Alas! syr knighte, how may this bee,
  For my degree's soe highe?

But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
  To be my batchilere,
Ile promise, if thee I may not wedde,
  I will have none other fere.

Then shee held forthe her lilly-white hand
  Towards that knighte so free:
He gave to it one gentill kisse,
His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
  The teares sterte from his ee.

But keep my counsayl, syr Cauline,
  Ne let no man it knowe;
For and ever my father sholde it ken,
  I wot he wolde us sloe.

From that day forthe that ladye fayre
  Lovde syr Cauline the knighte:
From that daye forthe he only joyde
  Whan shee was in his sight.

Part the Second.

EVERYE white will have its blacke,
  And every sweete its sowre:
This founde the ladye Christabelle
  In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle, as syr Cauline
  Was with that ladye faire,
The kinge her father walked forthe
  To take the evening aire:

And into the arboure as he went
  To rest his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and syr Cauline
  There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge he sterted forthe, i-wys,
  And an angrye man was hee:
Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
  And rewe shall thy ladie.

Then forthe syr Cauline he was ledde,
  And throwne in dungeon deepe:
And the ladye into a towre so hye,
  There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was syr Caulines friend,
  And to the kinge said shee:
I pray you save syr Caulines life,
  And let him banisht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent
  Across the salt sea fome:
But here I will make thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
  A foule deathe is his doome.

All woe-begone was the gentil knight
  To part from his ladye;
And many a time he sighed sore,
  And cast a wistfulle eye:
Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
  Farre lever had I dye.

Faire Christabella, that ladye bright,
  Was had forthe of the towre;
But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
As nipt by an ungentle winde
  Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe
  To tint her lover soe;

Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
But I will still be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lords of high degree,
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love;
But never shee wolde them nee.

When many a daye was past and gone,
Ne comforte she colde finde,
The kinge proclaimed a tourneament,
To cheere his daughters mind:

And there came lords, and there came knights,
Fro manye a farre countryè,
To break a spere for their ladyes love
Before that faire ladyè.

And many a ladye there was sette
In purple and in palle;
But faire Christabelle soe woe-begone
Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knighte was mickle of might
Before his ladye gaye:
But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke and his sheelde,
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
When they came out the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past
In feates of chivalrye,
When lo upon the fourth morninge,
A sorrowfulle sight they see.

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,
All foule of limbe and lere;
Two goggling eyen like fire farden,
A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee,
And at his backe five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
Behold that hend Soldàn!
Behold these heads I bare with me!
They are kings which he hath slain.

The Eldridge knight is his own cousine,
Whom a knight of thine hath shent:
And hee is come to avenge his wrong,
And to thee all thy knightes among,
Defiance here hath sent.

But yette he will appease his wrath
Thy daughters love to winne:
And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,
Thy halls and towers must brenne.

Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee;
Or else thy daughter deere;
Or else within these lists so broad
Thou must find him a peere.

The king he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woe;

Is there never a knighte of my round tablè,
This matter will undergoe?

Is there never a knighte amongst yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee?
Whoever will fight yon grimme soldàn,
Right faire his meede shall be;

For hee shall have my broad lay-lands;
And of my crowne be heyre;
And he shall winne fayre Christabelle,
To be his wedded fere.

But every knighte of his round tablè
Did stand both still and pale;
For whenever they lookt on the grimme soldàn,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
When she sawe no helpe was nye:
She cast her thought on her own true love,
And the tears gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,
Sayd, Ladye be not affrayd;
Ile fight for thee with this grimme soldàn,
Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
That lyeth within thy bowre,
I truste in Christe for to slay this fiende,
Thoughe he be stiffe in stowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,
The kinge he cryde, with speede:
Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous knighte;
My daughter is thy meede.

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,
And sayd, Awaye, awaye:
I sweare, as I am the hend soldàn,
Thou lettest me here all daye.

Then forth the stranger knight he came
In his blacke armoure dight:
The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,
"That this were my true knighte!"

And nowe the gyaunt and knighte be mett
Within the lists so broad:
And now with swordes so sharpe of steele,
They gan to lay on load.

The soldan strucke the knighte a stroke,
That made him reele asyde;
Then woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
And thrice she deeply sighde.

The soldan strucke a second stroke,
And made the bloude to flowe:
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
And thrice she wept for woe.

The soldan strucke a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knighte on his knee;
Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The knight he leapt upon his feete,
All recklesse of the pain;
Quoth he, But heaven be now my speede!
Or else I shall be slaine.

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,
 And spying a secrette part,
He drave it into the soldan's syde,
 And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,
 When they sawe the soldan falle;
The ladye wept, and thanked Christ,
 That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge with all his barons
 Rose uppe from off his seate,
And downe he stepped into the listes,
 That curteous knighte to greete.

But he for payne and lacke of bloude
 Was fallen into a swounde,
And there all waltering in his gore,
 Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
 Thou art a leeche of skille;
Farre lever had I lose half my landes,
 Than this good knighte sholde spille.

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladyè,
 To helpe him if she maye;
But when she did his beavere raise,
It is my life, my lord, she sayes,
 And skriekte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline just lifte up his eyes
 When he heard his ladye crye,
O ladye, I am thine own true love;
 For thee I wisht to dye.

Then giving her one partinge looke,
 He closed his eyes in death,
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
 Began to draw her breathe.

But when she founde her comelye knighte
 Indeed was dead and gone,
She layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
 And thus she made her moan:

O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
 For mee thy faithfulle feere;
'Tis meet that I should followe thee,
 Who hast bought my love soe deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadly swoune,
 And with a deep-fette sighe,
That burst her gentle heart in twayne,
 Farye Chrystabelle did dye.

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§ 112. *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne.*

"In this time [about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.] were many robbers and outlawes, among the which Robin Hood and Little John, renowned theeves, continued in woods, despoyling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them; or by resistance for their own defence.

"The said Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested: poore mens goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeys and the houses of rich earles: whom Maior (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince and the most gentle theefe." *Stowe Annals*, p. 159.

WHAN shaws been sheene, and shraddes full fayre,
 And leaves both large and longe,
Itt's merrye walkyng in the fayre forrèst
 To hear the small birdes songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
 Sitting upon the spraye,
So lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,
 In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by my faye, said jollye Robin,
 A sweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,
 That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did me beat and binde,
 And took my bowe me froe;
If I be Robin alive in this lande,
 Ile be wroken on them towe.

Sweavens are swift, sayd Lyttle John,
 As the wind blowes over the hill;
For iff it be never so loude this night,
 To-morrow it may be still.

Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
 And John shall goe with mee,
For Ile go seeke yond wighty yeomen,
 In greenwood where they bee.

Then they cast on theyr gownes of grene,
 And took their bowes each one;
And they away to the green forrèst
 A shooting forth are gone;

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
 Where they had gladdest to bee,
There they were ware of a wight yeomàn,
 That leaned against a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
 Of manye a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hyde
 Top and tayll and mayne.

Stand still, master, quoth Lyttle John,
 Under this tree so grene,
And I will go to yond white yeomàn
 To know what he doth meane.

Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,
 And that I farley finde:
How often send I my men before,
 And tarry myselfe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,
 And a man but hear him speake;
And it were not for bursting of my bowe,
 John, I thy head would breake.

As often wordes they breeden bale,
  So they parted Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barnesdale,
  The gates * he knoweth each one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
  Great heavinesse there he hadd,
For he found tow of his own fellowes
  Were slaine both in a slade.

And Scarlette he was flying a-foote,
  Fast over stocke and stone,
For the proud sheriffe, with seven score men,
  Fast after him is gone.

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,
  With Christ his might and mayne;
Ile make yond sheriffe that wends soe fast,
  To stop he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
  And fettled him to shoote:
The bow was made of tender boughe,
  And fell down at his foote.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
  That ever thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,
  My boote when thou shold bee.

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
  Yet flew not the arrowe in vaine,
For it mett one of the sheriffes men,
  And William a Trent was slaine.

It had been better of William a Trent
  To have been a bed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the greenwood slade
  To meet with Little John's arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett,
  Fyve can doe more than three,
The sheriffe hath taken Little John,
  And bound him fast to a tree.

Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe,
  And hanged hye on a hill.
But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth John,
  If it be Christ his will.

Let us leave talking of Little John,
  And thinke of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
  Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, sayd Robin so fayre,
  "Good morrowe, good fellow," quo' he:
Methinkes, by this bowe thou beares in thy hande,
  A good archere thou sholdst bee.

I am wilfulle of my waye, quo' the yeman,
  And of my morning tyde.
Ile lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin:
  Good fellow, Ile be thy guide.

I seeke an outlawe, the straunger sayd,
  Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather Ild meet with that proud outlawe
  Than fortye pound soe good.

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman,
  And Robin thou soone shalt see:
But first let us some pastime find
  Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye make
  Among the woods so even,
We may chance to meet with Robin Hood
  Here at some unset steven.

They cut them down two summer shroggs,
  That grew both under a breere,
And set them threescore rood in twaine
  To shoote the prickes y-fere.

Lead on, good fellow, quoth Robin Hood,
  Lead on, I do bidd thee.
Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,
  My leader thou shalt bee.

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
  He mist but an inch it fro:
The yeoman he was an archer good,
  But he cold never do soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yeman,
  He shot within the garland:
But Robin he shott far better than hee,
  For he clave the good pricke wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd;
  Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy heart be as good as thy hand,
  Thou wert better than Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,
  Under the leaves of lyne.
Nay by my faith, quoth bold Robin,
  Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,
  And Robin to take Ime sworne;
And when I am called by my right name
  I am Guy of good Gisborne.

My dwelling is in this wood, says Robin,
  By thee I set right nought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
  Whom thou so long hast sought.

He that had neyther been kithe nor kin,
  Might have seen a full fayre fight,
To see how together these yeomen went
  With blades both browne and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they fought
  Two howres of a summers day:
Yet neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy
  Them fettled to flye awaye.

Robin was reachlesse on a roote,
  And stumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all,
  And hitt him upon the syde.

Ah deer Ladye, said Robin Hood, thou
  That art but mother and may',
I think it was never mens destinye
  To dye before his day.

Robin thought on our Ladye deere,
  And soone leapt up againe,

* Ways, passes, paths.

And

And ftrait he came with a backward ftroke;
  And he Sir Guy hath flayne.

He took Sir Guys head by the hayre,
  And ftuck it upon his bowes end:
Thou haft been a traytor all thy life,
  Which thing muft have an end.

Robin pulled forth an Irifh knife,
  And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born
  Cold know whofe head it was.

Sayes, Lye there, lye there, now Sir Guye,
  And with me be not wrothe;
Iff thou have had the worft ftrokes at my hand,
  Thou fhalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
  And on Sir Guy did throwe,
And hee put on that capull hyde,
  That cladd him topp to toe.

Thy bowe, thy arrowes, and little horne,
  Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnefdale,
  To fee how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood fett Guys horne to his mouth,
  And a loud blaft in it did blow.
That beheard the fheriffe of Nottingham,
  As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken, hearken, fayd the fheriffe,
  I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I hear Sir Guyes horne blowe,
  And he hath flaine Robin Hoode.

Yondear I hear Sir Guyes horne blowe,
  It blowes fo well in tyde,
And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,
  Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good Sir Guy,
  Afke what thou wilt of mee.
O I will none of thy gold, fayd Robin,
  Nor I will none of thy fee.

But now I have flaine the mafter, he fayes,
  Lette me goe ftrike the knave;
For this is all the meede I afke;
  None other reward I'le have.

Thou art a madman, faid the fheriffe,
  Thou fholdft have had a knightes fee:
But feeing thy afking hath beene foe bad,
  Well granted it fhal bee.

When Little John heard his mafter fpeake,
  Well knewe he it was his fteven:
Now I fhall be loofet, quoth Little John,
  With Chrift his might in heaven.

Faft Robin he hyed him to Little John,
  He thought to loofe him blive;
The fheriffe and all his companye
  Faft after him can drive.

Stand abacke, ftand abacke, fayd Robin;
  Why draw you mee fo neere?
Itt was never the ufe in our countrye,
  Ones fhrift another fhold heere.

But Robin pulled forth an Iryfh knife,
  And lofed John hand and foote,
And gave him Sir Guyes bow into his hand,
  And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guyes bow in his hand,
  His boltes and arrowes each one:
When the fheriffe faw Little John bend his bow,
  He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his houfe in Nottingham towne,
  He fled full faft away;
And fo did all the companye:
  Not one behind wold ftay.

But he cold neither runn foe faft,
  Nor away fo faft cold ryde,
But Little John, with an arrowe foe broad,
  He fhott him into the back-fyde.

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§ 113. *Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly.*

——were three noted outlaws, whofe fkill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of refidence was in the foreft of Englewood, not far from Carlifle, (called corruptly in the ballad Englifhwood, whereas Engle, or Inglewood, fignifies wood for firing.) At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on "The pedigree, education, and marriage of Robin Hood," makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them:

The father of Robin a forefter was,
  And he fhot in a lufty long-bow
Two north country-miles and an inch at a fhot,
  As the Pindar of Wakefield does know:

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the
  And William of Clowdeflee, [Clough,
To fhoot with our forefter for forty mark;
  And our forefter beat them all three.
    Collect. of Old Ballads. 1727. 1 *vol. p.* 67.

This feems to prove that they were commonly thought to have lived before the popular hero of Sherwood.

I have only to add further concerning the principal hero of this ballad, that the Bells were noted rogues in the North fo late as the time of Q. Elizabeth. See, in Rymer's Fœdera, a letter from Lord William Howard to fome of the officers of ftate, wherein he mentions them.

Part the Firft.

MERY it was in grene foreft
  Among the leves grene,
Wheras men hunt eaft and weft,
  Wyth bowes and arrowes kene;

To

To ryſe the dere out of theyr denne;
  Suche ſightes hath ofte bene ſene;
As by thre yemen of the north countrèy,
  By them it is I meane.
The one of them hight Adam Bel,
  The other Clym of the Clough *,
The thyrd was William of Cloudeſly,
  An archer good ynough.
They were outlawed for venyſon,
  Theſe yemen everychone:
They ſwore them brethren upon a day,
  To Englyſhe wood for to gone.
Now lith and lyſten, gentylmen,
  That of myrthe loveth to hear:
Two of them were ſingele men,
  The third had a wedded fere.
Wyllyam was the wedded man,
  Muche more than was hys care:
He ſayde to hys brethren upon a day,
  To Carleil he wold fare;

For to ſpeke with fayre Alyce his wife,
  And with hys children thre.
By my trouthe, ſayde Adam Bel,
  Not by the counſell of me:

For if ye go to Carleil, brother,
  And from thys wylde wode wende,
If the juſtice may you take,
  Your lyfe were at an ende.

If that I come not to-morrow, brother,
  By pryme to you agayne,
Truſte not els but that I am take,
  Or elſe that I am ſlayne.

He toke his leve of his brethren two,
  And to Carleil he is gone:
Theyre he knocked at his own windowe
  Shortlye and anone:
Wher be you, fayr Alyce my wyfe,
  And my children thre?
Lyghtly let in thine own huſbande,
  Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè.
Alas! then ſayd fayre Alyce,
  And ſyghed wonderous ſore,
Thys place hath been beſette for you
  Thys halfe yere and more.
Now am I here, ſaid Cloudeſlè,
  I wolde that in I were:
Now fetche us meate and drinke ynoughe,
  And let us make good chere.

She fetched hym meate and drinke plentyè,
  Lyke a true wedded wyfe;
And pleaſed him with that ſhe had,
  Whome ſhe loved as her life.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,
  A little beſide the fyre,
Which Wyllyam had found of charytyè
  More than ſeven yere.

Up ſhe roſe, and forth ſhe goes,
  Evel mote ſhe ſpede therefoore;
For ſhe had not ſet no fote on ground
  In ſeven yere before.
She went unto the juſtice-hall,
  As faſt as ſhe could hye:
Thys night is come unto thys town
  Wyllyam of Cloudeſlyè.

Thereof the juſtice was full fayne,
  And ſo was the ſhirife alſo:
Thou ſhalt not trauaill hither, dame, for nought,
  Thy mede thou ſhalt have or thou go.

They gave to her a right good goune
  Of ſcarlate and of graine:
She toke the gyfte, and home ſhe went,
  And couched her doune agayne.

They ryſed the towne of mery Carleile
  In all the haſte they can;
And came thronging to Wyllyames houſe,
  As faſt as they might gone.
There they beſet that good yemàn
  About on every ſide:
Wyllyam heard great noiſe of folkes,
  That theyther-ward they hyed.

Alyce opened a back wyndow,
  And loked all aboute,
She was ware of the juſtice and ſhirife bothe,
  Wyth a full great route.
Alas! treaſon, cryed Alyce,
  Ever wo may thou be!
Goe into my chamber, huſband, ſhe ſayd,
  Sweet Wyllyam of Cloudeſlè.

He toke hys ſweard and hys buckler,
  Hys bow and hys children thre,
And wente into hys ſtrongeſt chamber,
  Where he thought ſureſt to be.

Fayre Alyce, like a lover true,
  Took a poll-axe in her hande:
He ſhal be dead that here commeth in
  Thys dore, whyle I may ſtand.

Cloudeſlè bente a wel-good bowe,
  That was of truſty tre,
He ſmot the juſtiſe on the breſt,
  That hys arrowe breſt in thre.
A curſe on his hart, ſaide William,
  Thys day thy cote did on!
If it had bene no beter than mine,
  It had gone nere thy bone.

Yeld the Cloudeſlè, ſaide the juſtiſe,
  Thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro.
A curſe on hys hart, ſayd fair Alyce,
  That my huſband councelleth ſo.

Set fyre on the houſe, ſaide the ſheriſe,
  Syth it wyll no better be.
And brenne we therein William, he ſaide,
  His wyfe and chyldren thre.

They fyred the houſe in many a place.
  The fyre flew up on hye:
Alas! then cried fair Alice,
  I ſe we here ſhall dy.

* Clym of the Clough, means Clem. (Clement) of the valley; for ſo Clough ſignifies, in the North.

William openyd a backe wyndow,
That was in hys chamber hie,
And wyth shetes let downe his wyfe,
And eke hys chyldren thre.

Have here my treasure, sayde William,
My wyfe and my chyldren thre:
For Christès love do them no harme,
But wreke you all on me.

Wyllyam shot so wonderous well,
Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe,
And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,
That hys bowstryng brent in two.

The sparkles brent and fell upon
Good Wyllyam of Cloudeslè:
Than he was a wofull man, and sayde,
Thys is a cowardes death to me.

Lever had I, sayde Wyllyam,
With my sworde in the route to renne,
Then here among myne ènemyes wode
Thus cruelly to bren.

He toke hys sweard and hys buckler,
And among them all he ran,
Where the people were most in prece,
He smot downe many a man.

There myght no man abyde hys stroke,
So fersly on them he ran:
Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him,
And so toke that good yemàn.

There they hym bounde both hand and fote,
And in depe dongeon cast.
Now Cloudesle, sayd the hye justice,
Thou shalt be hanged in hast.

A payre of new gallowes, sayd the sherife,
Now shal I for the make;
And the gates of Carleil shal be shutte,
No man shal come in therat.

Then shal not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,
Nor yet shal Adam Bell,
Though they came with a thousand mo,
Nor all the devels in hell.

Early in the mornynge the justice uprose,
To the gates first gan he gon,
And commaundeth to be shut full close
Lightilè everychone.

Then went he to the markett place,
As fast as he could hye;
A payre of new gallous there he set up
Besyde the pyllorye.

A lyttle boy amonge them asked,
"What meaneth that gallow-tre?"
They sayde, to hange a good yemàn,
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

That lyttle boye was the towne swyne-heard,
And kept fayre Alyces swyne;
Oft he had seene Cloudesle in the wodde,
And geuend him there to dyne.

He went out att a crevis in the wall,
And lightly to the woode dyd gone;
There met he with these wightye yemen
Shortly and anone.

Alas! then sayde that lyttle boye,
Ye tarry here all to longe;
Cloudesle is taken, and dampned to death,
All readye for to honge.

Alas! then sayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we see thys daye!
He had better with us have taryed,
So ofte as we dyd hym praye.

He myght have dwellyd in grene forèste,
Under the shadowes grene,
And have kepte both hym and us in rest,
Out of trouble and teene.

Adam bent a ryght good bow,
A great hart sone had he slayne:
Take that, chylde, he sayde, to thy dynner,
And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.

Now go we hence, sayed these wightye yeomen,
Tary we no lenger here;
We shall hym borowe by God his grace,
Though we bye it full dere.

To Caerleil wente these good yemen,
In a mery mornyinge of Maye.
Here is a FYT * of Cloudeslye,
And another is for to saye.

Part the Second.

AND when they came to mery Carleil,
All in the mornyng tyde,
They founde the gates shut them untyll
About on every syde.

Alas! then sayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we were made men!
These gates be shut so wonderous wel,
We may not come here in.

Then bespake him Clym of the Clough,
Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng;
Let us say we be messengers,
Streyght come nowe from our king.

Adam said, I have a letter written,
Now let us wysely werke,
We wyl saye we have the kynges seals;
I holde the porter no clerke.

Then Adam Bell bete on the gate,
With strokes great and strong;
The porter herde such noyse therat,
And to the gate he throng.

Who is there nowe, sayde the porter,
That maketh all thys dinne?
We be tow messengers, sayde Clim of the Clough,
Be come ryght from our king.

We have a letter, sayde Adam Bell,
To the justice we must it bryng;
Let us in our message to do,
That we were agayne to the kyng.

Here cometh none in, sayd the porter,
Be hym that dyed on a tre,
Tyll a false thefe be hanged up
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

* Part.

Then

Then ſpake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,
And ſwore by Mary fre,
And if that we ſtande long without,
Lyk a theſe honge thou ſhalt be.

Lo! here we have the kyngès ſeale:
What, Lurden, art thou wode?
The porter went it had ben ſo,
And lyghtly dyd off hys hode.

Welcome be my lordes ſeale, he ſaide;
For that ye ſhall come in.
He opened the gate full ſhortlye;
An euyl openyng for him.

Now are we in, ſayde Adam Bell,
Therof we are full faine;
But Chriſt he knowes, that harrowed hell,
How we ſhall com out agayne.

Had we the keys, ſaid Clim of the Clough,
Eyght wel then ſhould we ſpede,
Then might we come out wel ynough
When we ſe tyme and nede.

They called the porter to counſell,
And wrange hys necke in two,
And caſt him in a depe dongeon,
And toke hys keys hym fro.

Now am I porter, ſayd Adam Bell,
Se, brother, the keys are here,
The worſt porter to mery Carleile
The have had thys hundred yere.

And now wyll we our bowes bend,
Into the towne wyll we go,
For to delyuer our dere brother,
That lyeth in care and wo.

Then they bent theyr good ewe bowes,
And loked theyr ſtringes were round,
The markett place in mery Carleile
They beſet that ſtound.

And, as they loked them beſyde,
A pair of new galowes thei ſee,
And the juſtice, with a queſt of ſquyers,
Had judged theyr fere to de.

And Cloudeſlè hymſelfe lay in a carte,
Faſt bound both fote and hand;
And a ſtronge rop about hys necke,
All readye for to hange.

The juſtice called to him a ladde,
Cloudeſlès clothes ſhould he have,
To take the meaſure of that yemàn,
Therafter to make hys grave.

I have ſene as great mervaile, ſayd Cloudeſle,
As betweyne thys and pryme,
He that maketh thys grave for me
Hymſelfe may lye therin.

Thou ſpeakeſt proudli, ſaid the juſtice,
I ſhall the hang with my hande.
Full well herd this his bretheren two,
There ſtyll as they did ſtande.

Then Cloudeſlè caſt hys eyen aſyde,
And ſaw his brethren twaine

At a corner of the market-place,
Redy the juſtice for to ſlaine.

I ſe comfort, ſayd Cloudeſlè,
Yet hope I well to fare;
If I might have my handes at wyll,
Ryght lyttle wolde I care.

Then beſpake good Adam Bell
To Clim of the Clough ſo free,
Brother, ſe ye marke the juſtice wel;
Lo! yonder ye may him ſee:

And at the ſherife ſhote I wyll
Strongly wyth arrowe kene;
A better ſhote in mery Carleile
Thys ſeven yere was not ſene.

They looſed their arrowes both at once,
Of no man had the dread;
The one hyt the juſtice, the other the ſheryfe,
That both theyr ſides gan blede.

All men voyded, that them ſtode nye,
When the juſtice fell to the grounde,
And the ſherife fell hym by;
Eyther had his deathes wounde.

All the citezens faſt gan flye,
They durſt no lenger abide:
There lyghtly they looſed Cloudeſle.
Where he with ropes lay tyde.

Wyllyam ſterte to an officer of the towne,
Hys axe fro hys hand he wronge,
On eche ſyde he ſmote them downe,
Hym thought he taryed to long.

Wyllyam ſaide to his brethren two,
Thys daye let us lyve and de,
If ever you have nede, as I have now,
The ſame ſhall you find by me.

They ſhot ſo well in that tyde,
Theyr ſtringes were of ſilk ful ſure,
That they kept the ſtretes on every ſide;
That batayle did long endure.

The fought together as brethren tru,
Lyke hardy men and bolde;
Many a man to the ground they thrue,
And many a herte made colde.

But when their arrowes were all gon,
Men preced them full faſt,
They drew their ſwordes then anone,
And theyr bowes from them caſt.

They wenten lyghtlye on theyr way,
With ſwordes and bucklers round;
By that it was myd of the day,
They made mani a wound.

There was many an out-horne in Carleile blowen,
And the belles backwàrd did ryng,
Many a woman ſayde, Alas!
And many theyr handes did wryng.

The mayre of Carleile forth was com,
Wyth hym a ful great route:
Theſe yemen dred him full ſore,
Of their lyves they ſtode in doute.

The

The mayre came armed a full great pace,
With a poll-axe in hys hande;
Many a ſtrong man with him was,
There in that ſtowre to ſtande.

The mayre ſmot at Cloudeſlè with his bil,
Hys bucler he braſt in two,
Full many a yeman with great evyll,
Alas! they cryed for wo.
Kepe we the gates faſt, they bad,
That theſe traytours thereout not go.

But al for nought was that the wrought,
For ſo faſte they downe were layde,
Tyll they all thre, that ſo manfulli fought,
Were gotten without, abraide.

Have here your keys, ſayd Adam Bel,
Myne office I here forſake,
And yf you do by my counſell,
A new porter do ye make.

He threw theyr keys at theyr heads,
And bad them well to thryve,
And all that letteth any good yeman
To com and comfort his wyfe.

Thus be theſe good yemen gon to the wod,
And lyghtly, as leſe on lynde;
The lough and be mery in theyre mode,
Theyr foes wer ferr behind.

And when they came to the old Engliſhe wode,
Under the truſty tre,
There they found bowes full good,
And arrowes full great plentye.

So God me help, ſayd Adam Bell,
And Clym of the Clough ſo fre,
I would we were in mery Carleile,
Before that fayre meynè.

They ſet them downe, and made good chere,
And eate and dranke full well.
A ſecond fyt of the wightye yeomen,
Another I wyll you tell.

Part the Third.

AS they ſat in Englyſhe wood,
Under the green-wode tre,
They thought they heard a woman wepe,
But her they mought not ſe.

Sore then ſyghed the fayre Alyce:
That ever I ſawe this day!
For now is my dere huſband ſlayne:
Alas! and well-a-way!

Might I have ſpoke with his dere brethren,
Or with eyther of them twayne,
To ſhew to them what him befell,
My heart were out of payne.

Cloudeſlè walk'd a litle beſide,
Lookt under the green-wood linde,
He was ware of his wife, and children thre,
Full wo in harte and mynde.

Welcome, wyfe, then ſayd Wyllyam,
Under this truſti tre:
I wende yeſterday, by ſwete ſaynt John,
Thou ſhulde me never have ſee.

"Now well is me that ye be here,
My harte is out of wo."
Dame, he ſayd, be mery and glad,
And thanke my brethren two.

Herof to ſpeak, ſaid Adam Bell,
I-wis it is no bote:
The meate that we muſt ſupp withall,
It runneth yet faſt on fote.

Then went they downe into a launde,
Theſe noble archares thre;
Eche of them ſlew a hart of greece,
The beſt that they cold ſe.

Have here the beſt, Alyce, my wyfe,
Sayde Wyllyam of Cloudeſlye;
By cauſe ye ſo bouldly ſtode by me,
When I was ſlayne full nye.

Then went they to ſuppère
Wyth ſuche meate as they had;
And thanked God of their fortune:
They were both mery and glad.

And when ther had ſupped well,
Certaine wythouten leaſe,
Cloudeſlè ſayd, We wyll to our kyng,
To get us a charter of peace.

Alyce ſhall be at our ſojournying
In a nunnery here beſide;
My tow ſons ſhall wyth her go,
And there they ſhall abyde.

Myne eldeſt ſon ſhall go wyth me;
For hym have you no care:
And he ſhall breng you worde agayn,
How that we do fare.

Thus be theſe yemen to London gone,
As faſt as they might he *,
Tyll they came to the kynge's pallace,
Where they woulde nedes be.

And when they came to the kyngès courte,
Unto the pallace-gate,
Of no man wold they aſke no leave,
But boldly went in therat.

They preced preſtly into the hall,
Of no man had they dreade:
The porter came after, and dyd them call,
And with them gan to chyde.

The uſher ſayde, Yemen, what would ye have?
I pray you tell to me:
You myght thus make offycers ſhent:
Good ſyrs, of whence be ye?

Syr, we be outlawes of the foreſt,
Certayne withouten leaſe;
And hether we be come to our kyng,
To get us a charter of peace.

* Hie, haſten.

And when they came before the kyng,
  As it was the lawe of the lande,
The kneled downe without lettyng,
  And eche held up his hand.

The sayed, Lord, we beseche the here,
  That ye will graunt us grace:
For we have slayne your fat falow-dere
  In many a sondry place.

What be your nams, then said our kyng,
  Anone that you tell me?
They sayd, Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
  And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

Be ye those theves, then sayd our kyng,
  That men have tolde of to me?
Here to God I make an avowe,
  Ye shall be hanged all thre.

Ye shall be dead without mercy,
  As I am kynge of this lande.
He commandeth his officers every one,
  Fast on them to lay hande.

There they toke these good yemen,
  An arested them all thre:
So may I thryve, sayd Adam Bell,
  Thys game lyketh not me.

But, good lorde, we beseche you now,
  That yee graunt us grace,
Insomuche as frelè to you be comen,
  As frelè fro you to passe,

With such weapons as we have here,
  Tyll we be out of your place;
And yf we live thys hundreth yere,
  We wyll aske you no grace.

Ye speake proudly, sayd the kynge;
  Ye shall be hanged all thre.
That were great pity, then sayd the quene,
  If any grace myght be.

My lorde, whan I came fyrst into this lande
  To be your wedded wyfe,
The fyrst boon that I wold aske
  Ye wold graunt it me belyfe:

And I never asked none tyll now;
  Then, good lorde, graunt it me.
Now ask it, madam, sayd the kynge,
  And graunted it shall be.

Then good my lord, I you beseche,
  These yemen graunt ye me.
Madame, ye myght have asked a boone
  That shuld have been worth them all three.

Ye myght have asked towres and townes,
  Parkes and forests plenté.
But none soe pleasant to my pay, she sayd;
  Nor none so lefe to me.

Madame, sith it is your desyre,
  Your asking graunted shall be;
But I had lever have geven you
  Good market townes thre.

The quene was a glad woman,
  And sayde, Lord, gramarcyè:

I dare undertake for them
  That true men they shall be.

But good my lord, speke some mery word,
  That comfort they may se.
I graunt you grace, then sayd our king,
  Washe, felos, and to meat go ye.

They had not setten but a whyle
  Certayne without lesynge,
There came messengers out of the north
  With letters to our kyng.

And whan they came before the kynge,
  They knelt downe on theyr kne;
Sayd, Lord, your officers grete you well,
  Of Carleile in the north cuntrè.

How fareth my justice? sayd the kyng,
  And my sherife also?
Syr, they be slayne without leasynge,
  And many an officer mo.

Who hath them slayne, sayd the kyng;
  Anone thou tell to me?
"Adam Bell, and Clime of the Clough,
  And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè."

Alas for rewth! then sayd our kynge,
  My hart is wonderous sore;
I had lever than a thousande pounde,
  I had known of thys before;

For I have graunted them grace,
  And that forthynketh me:
But had I knowen all thys before,
  They had been hanged all thre.

The kynge he opened the letter anone,
  Himselfe he red it thro.
And found how these outlawes had slaine
  Thre hundred men and mo:

Fyrst the justice, and the sheryfe,
  And the mayre of Carleile towne;
Of all the constables and catchipolles
  Alyve were scant left one.

The baylyes and the bedyls both,
  And the sergeaunt of the law,
And forty fosters of the fe,
  These outlawes had yslaw:

And broke his parks, and slayne his dere;
  Of all they chose the best;
So perelous outlawes as they were,
  Walked not by easte nor west.

When the kyng this letter had red,
  In harte he syghed sore:
Take up the tables anone he bad,
  For I may eat no more.

The kyng called hys best archars
  To the buttes wyth him to go:
I wyl see these felowes shote, he sayd,
  In the north have wrought this wo.

The kynges bowmen busket them blyve,
  And the quenes archers also;
So dyd these thre wyghtye yemen;
  With them they thought to go.

There

There twise or thryse they shote about,
For to assay their hande;
There was no shote those yemen shot
That any prycke * myght stand.

Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudeslè;
By him that for me dyed,
I hold hym never no good archar,
That shoteth at buttes so wyde.

"At what a butte now wold ye shote,
I pray thee tell to me?"
At such a but, syr, he sayd,
As men use in my countrè.

Wyllyam wente into a fyeld,
With his two brethèrene:
There they set up two hasell roddes
Full twenty score betwene.

I hold him an archar, sayd Cloudeslè,
That yonder wand cleveth in two.
Here is none suche, sayde the kyng,
Nor none that can so do.

I shall assaye, Sir, sayd Cloudeslè,
Or that I farther go.
Cloudesly with a bearing arowe
Clave the wand in two.

Thou art the best archer, then said the king,
For sothe that ever I see.
And yet for your love, sayd Wyllyam,
I wyll do more mastery.

I have a sonne is seven year olde,
He is to me full deare;
I wyll hym tye to a stake;
All shall se, that be here;

And lay an apple upon hys head,
And go syxe score hym fro,
And I myself with a broad arow
Shall cleve the apple in two.

Now hast the, then sayd the king,
By hym that dyed on a tre;
But if thou do not, as thou hast sayde,
Hanged shalt thou be.

And thou touche his head or gowne,
In syght that men may se,
By all the payntes that be in heaven,
I shall hange you all thre.

That I have promised, said William,
That wyll I never forsake.
And there even before the kynge
In the earth he drove a stake:

And bound thereto his eldest sonne,
And bad hym stand styll thereat;
And turned the childes face him fro,
Because he should not sterte.

An apple upon his head he set,
And then his bowe he bent:
Syx score paces they were out mete,
And thether Cloudeslè went.

There he drew out a fayre brode arrowe,
Hys bow was great and longe,
He set that arrowe in his bowe.
That was both styffe and stronge.

He prayed the people that wer there
That they all still wold stand,
For he that shoteth for such a wager
Behoveth a stedfast hand.

Muche people prayed for Cloudeslè,
That his lyfe saved myght be,
And whan he made him redy to shote,
There was many weeping ee.

But Cloudeslè cleft the apple in twaine,
His sonne he did not nee.
Over Gods forbode, sayde the kinge,
That thou shold shote at me.

I give thee eightene pence a day,
And my bowe shalt thou bere,
And over all the north countrè
I make the chyfe rydère.

And I thyrtene pence a day, said the quene,
By God, and by my fay;
Come feche thy payment when thou wylt,
No man shall say the nay.

Wyllyam, I make the a gentleman
Of clothyng, and of fe:
And thy two breathren, yemen of my chambre,
For they are so semely to se.

Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,
Of my wyne-seller he shall be:
And when he cometh to mans estate,
Shall better avaunced be.

And, Wyllyam, bring to me your wife,
Me longeth her sore to se;
She shall be my chefe gentlewoman,
To governe my nurserye.

The yemen thanketh them courteously,
To some bishop wyl we wend,
Of all the synnes that we have done,
To be assoyld at his hand.

So forth be gone these good yemen,
As fast as they might he;
And after came and dwelled with the kynge,
And dyed good men all thre.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen:
God send them eternall blysse,
And all, that with a hand-bowe shoteth,
That of heaven they never mysse. Amen.

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§ 114. *Song. Willow, Willow, Willow.*

It is from the following stanzas that Shakespeare has taken the song of the Willow, in his Othello, A. 4. s. 3. though somewhat varied, and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner:

* Mark.

"My

"My mother had a maid call'd Barbarie:
"She was in love; and he ſhe lov'd forſook her,
"And ſhe prov'd mad. She had a ſong of Willow,
"An old thing 'twas, but it expreſs'd her fortune,
"And ſhe dyed ſinging it."

A Poore ſoule ſat ſighing under a ſicamore tree;
O willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his boſom, his head on his knee:
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland!

He ſigh'd in his ſinging, and after each grone,
O willow, &c.
I am dead to all pleaſure, my true-love is gone;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

My love ſhe is turned; untrue ſhe doth prove:
O willow, &c.
She renders me nothing but hate for my love.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O pitty me (cried he) ye lovers, each one;
O willow, &c.
Her heart's hard as marble; ſhe rues not my
O willow, &c. [mone.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The cold ſtreams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
O willow, &c.
The ſalt tears fell from him, which drowned his
O willow, &c. [face:
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds ſat by him, made tame by his
O willow, &c. [mones:
The ſalt tears fell from him, which ſoftned the
O willow, &c. [ſtones.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let nobody blame me, her ſcornes I do prove;
O willow, &c.
She was born to be faire; I to die for her love.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O that beauty ſhould harbour a heart that's ſo
O willow, &c. [hard!
My true love rejecting without all regard.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let love no more boaſt him in palace or bower;
O willow, &c.
For women are trothles, and flote in an houre.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

But what helps complaining? In vain I com-
O willow, &c. [plaine:
I muſt patiently ſuffer her ſcorne and diſdaine.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Come, all you forſaken, and ſit down by me,
O willow, &c.
He that 'plaines of his falſe love, mine's falſer
O willow, &c. [than ſhe:
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The willow wreathe weare I, ſince my love did
O willow, &c. [fleet;
A garland for lovers forſaken moſt meete.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland!

Part the Second.

LOWE lay'd by my ſorrow, begot by diſdaine,
O willow, willow, willow!
Againſt her too cruell, ſtill ſtill I complaine,
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland!

O love too injurious, to wound my poor heart!
O willow, &c.
To ſuffer the triumph, and joy in my ſmart:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland,
O willow, &c.
A ſigne of her falſeneſſe before me doth ſtand:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As here it doth bid to deſpair and to dye,
O willow, &c.
So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye,
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

In grave where I reſt mee, hang this to the view,
O willow, &c.
Of all that doe know her, to blaze her untrue.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

With theſe words engraven, as epitaph meet,
O willow, &c.
"Here lyes one drank poiſon for potion moſt
O willow, &c. [ſweet."
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Though ſhe thus unkindly hath ſcorned my love,
O willow, &c.
And careleſsly ſmiles at the ſorrowes I prove;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

I cannot againſt her unkindly exclaim,
O willow, &c.
Cauſe once well I lov'd her, and honour'd her
O willow, &c. [name:
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The name of her ſounded ſo ſweet in mine eare,
O willow, &c.
It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my griefe;
O willow, &c.
It now brings me anguiſh, then brought me re-
O willow, &c. [liefe.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell, faire falſe hearted: plaints end with my
O willow, willow, willow! [breath!
Thou

Thou doſt loath me, I love thee, though cauſe of [my death.
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow ſhall be my garland!

§ 115. *Barbara Allen's Cruelty.*

IN Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
There was a faire maid dwellin,
Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye!
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of May,
When greene buds they were ſwellin,
Young Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He ſent his man unto her then,
To the town where ſhee was dwellin;
You muſt come to my maſter deare,
Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

For death is printed on his face,
And ore his harte is ſtealin,
Then haſte away to comfort him,
O lovelye Barbara Allen.

Though death be printed on his face,
And ore his harte is ſtealin,
Yet little better ſhall he bee
For bonny Barbara Allen.

So ſlowly, ſlowly, ſhe came up,
And ſlowly ſhe came nye him;
And all ſhe ſayd, when there ſhe came,
Young man, I think y' are dying.

He turned his face unto her ſtrait,
With deadlye ſorrow ſighing;
O lovely maid, come pitty mee,
Ime on my death-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye,
What needs the tale you are tellin;
I cannot keep you from your death;
Farewell, ſayd Barbara Allen.

He turned his face unto the wall,
As deadly pangs he fell in:
Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen.

As ſhe was walking ore the fields,
She heard the bells a knellin;
And every ſtroke did ſeem to ſaye,
Unworthye Barbara Allen.

She turned her bodye round about,
And ſpied the corpſe a coming:
Laye down, laye down the corps, ſhe ſayd,
That I may look upon him.

With ſcornful eye ſhe looked downe,
Her cheek with laughter ſwellin;
Whilſt all her friends cryd out amaine,
Unworthye Barbara Allen.

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her harte was ſtruck with ſorrowe;
O mother, mother, make my bed!
For I ſhall dye to-morrowe.

Hard-harted creature, him to ſlight,
Who loved me ſo dearlye:
O that I had been more kind to him,
When he was alive and neare me!

She, on her death-bed as ſhe laye,
Beg'd to be buried by him:
And ſore repented of the daye
That ſhe did ere denye him.

Farewell, ſhe ſayd, ye virgins all,
And ſhun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

§ 116. *The Frolickſome Duke, or the Tinker's good Fortune.*

The following ballad is upon the ſame ſubject, as the Induction to Shakeſpeare's Taming of the Shrew: whether it may be thought to have ſuggeſted the hint to the Dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader muſt determine.

The ſtory is told of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy; and is thus related by an old Engliſh writer. "The ſaid Duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, ſiſter to the King of Portugall, at Bruges in Flanders, which was ſolemniſed in the deepe of winter; when as by reaſon of unſeaſonable weather he could neither hawke nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c. and ſuch other domeſtic ſports, or to ſee ladies dance; with ſome of his courtiers he would in the evening walke diſguiſed all about the towne. It ſo fortuned, as he was walking late one night, he found a countrey fellow dead drunke, ſnorting on a bulke; he cauſed his followers to bring him to his palace, and there ſtripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the court faſhion, when he wakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and perſuade him that he was ſome great Duke. The poor fellow, admiring how he came there, was ſerved in ſtate all day long: after ſupper he ſaw them dance, heard muſicke, and all the reſt of thoſe court-like pleaſures: but late at night, when he was well-tipled, and again faſt aſleepe, they put on his old robes, and ſo conveyed him to the place where they firſt found him. Now the fellow had not made them ſo good ſport the day before, as he did now, when he returned to himſelf: all the jeſt was to ſee how he looked upon it. In concluſion, after ſome little admiration, the poore man told his friends he had ſeen a viſion; conſtantly believed it; would not otherwiſe be perſuaded, and ſo the jeſt ended." Burton's Anatomy of melancholy. Pt. 2. ſect. 2. Memb. 4. 2d. ed. 1624. fol.

NOW as fame does report, a young duke keeps a court,
One that pleaſes his fancy with frolickſome ſport:
But among all the reſt, here is one, I proteſt,
Which will make you to ſmile when you hear the true jeſt:

A poor

A poor tinker he found lying drunk on the ground,
As ſecure in a ſleep as if laid in a ſwound.

The duke ſaid to his men, William, Richard, and Ben, [him then.
Take him home to my palace, we'll ſport with
O'er a horſe he was laid, and with care ſoon convey'd
To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd:
Then they ſtript off his cloaths, both his ſhirt, ſhoes, and hoſe,
And they put him to bed for to take his repoſe.

Having pull'd off his ſhirt, which was all over durt, [great hurt:
They did give him clean holland, this was no
On a bed of ſoft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him, to ſleep the drink out of his crown. [lay,
In the morning when day, then admiring he
For to ſee the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay ſomething late, in his rich bed of ſtate, [wait;
Till at laſt knights and ſquires they on him did
And the chamberling bare, then did likewiſe declare,
He deſir'd to know what apparel he'd ware:
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admired how he to his honour was rais'd.

Tho' he ſeem'd ſomething mute, yet he choſe a rich ſuit, [diſpute;
Which he ſtraightways put on without longer
With a ſtar on his ſide, which the tinker oft ey'd, [pride;
And it ſeem'd for to ſwell him no little with
For he ſaid to himſelf, Where is Joan my ſweet wife?
Sure ſhe never did ſee me ſo fine in her life.

From a convenient place the right duke his good grace,
Did obſerve his behaviour in every caſe.
To a garden of ſtate on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets ſounding before him; thought he, this is great: [view,
Where an hour or two, pleaſant walks he did
With commanders and ſquires in ſcarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was dreſt, both for him and his gueſts;
He was plac'd at the table above all the reſt,
In a rich chair or bed lin'd with fine crimſon red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head:
As he ſat at his meat, the muſick play'd ſweet,
With the choiceſt of ſinging his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary and ſherry, and tent ſuperfine.
Like a right honeſt ſoul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at laſt he began for to tumble and roul
From his chair to the floor, where he ſleeping did ſnore,
Being ſeven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they ſhould ſtrip him amain,
And reſtore him his old leather garments again:
'Twas a point next the worſt, yet perform it they muſt, [him at firſt;
And they carried him ſtrait where they found
Then he ſlept all the night, as indeed well he might; [flight.
But when he did waken, his joys took their
For his glory to him ſo pleaſant did ſeem,
That he thought it to be but a mere golden dream:
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he ſought
For a pardon, as fearing he had ſet him at nought; [blade,
But his highneſs he ſaid, Thou'rt a jolly bold
Such a frolick before I think never was plaid.

Then his highneſs beſpoke him a new ſuit and cloak, [joak,
Which he gave for the ſake of this frolickſome
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground, [round,
Thou ſhalt never, ſaid he, range the counteries
Crying, Old braſs to mend, for I'll be thy good friend,
Nay, and Juan thy ſweet wife ſhall my dutcheſs attend.

Then the tinker reply'd, What! muſt Joan my ſweet bride
Be a lady, in chariots of pleaſure to ride?
Muſt we have gold and land ev'ry day at command?
Then I ſhall be a ſquire I well underſtand:
Well, I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace;
I was never before in ſo happy a caſe.

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§ 117. *Song. Death's Final Conqueſt.*

These fine moral ſtanzas were originally intended for a ſolemn funeral ſong in a play of James Shirley's, intitled "The Contention "of Ajax and Ulyſſes." Shirley flouriſhed as a dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I.; but he outliv'd the Reſtoration. His death happened Oct. 29, 1666. æt. 72. It is ſaid to have been a favourite ſong with K. Charles II.

THE glories of our birth and ſtate
Are ſhadows, not ſubſtantial things;
There is no armour againſt fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Muſt tumble down,
And in the duſt be equal made
With the poor crooked ſcythe and ſpade.

Some men with ſwords may reap the field,
And plant freſh laurels where they kill:
But their ſtrong nerves at laſt muſt yield,
They tame but one another ſtill.
Early or late
They ſtoop to fate,

And

And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

§ 118. *Song.* SMOLLET.

TO fix her—'twere a task as vain
To count the April drops of rain,
To sow in Afric's barren soil,
Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
False as the fowler's artful snare;
Inconstant as the passing wind,
As winter's dreary frost unkind.

She's such a miser too in love,
Its joys she'll neither share nor prove
Tho' hundred of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain;
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolve no more to be betray'd.

Ah! friend! 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,
Dispell'd by one inchanting glance;
She need but look, and I confess
Those looks completely curse or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure something more than human's there;
I must submit, for strife is vain,
'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain.

§ 119. *Song. Gilderoy,*

—was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the last century; if we may credit the histories and story-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richlieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories have probably no other authority than the records of Grub-street.

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
Had roses tull his shoone,
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging doune:
It was, I weene, a comelie sight,
To see sae trim a boy;
He was my jo and hearts delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! sicke twe charming een he had,
A breath as sweet as rose,
He never ware a highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes;
He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy,
Ah! wae is mee! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Baith in one toun together,
We scant were seven years beforn
We gan to luve each other;
Our dadies and our mammies thay
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luve of mine,
Gude faith I freely bought
A wedding sark of holland fine
Wi' silken flowers wrought:
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I receiv'd wi' joy,
Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen,
And aft we past the langsome time
Among the leaves sae green:
Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
And sweetly kiss and toy,
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh! that he still had been content
Wi' me to lead his life!
But, ah! his manfu' heart was bent
To stir in feats of strife!
And he in many a venturous deed
His courage bauld wad try;
And now this gars mine heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wet mine ee,
I gave tull him a parting luik,
"My benison gang wi' thee!
God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy;
My heart is rent, sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy!"

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
Was fear'd in every toun,
And bauldly bare away the gear
Of many a lawland loun;
Nane eir durst meet him man to man,
He was sae brave a boy,
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear,
To 'reave of life for ox or ass,
For sheep, or horse, or mare:
Had not their laws ben made so strick,
I neir had lost my joy,
Wi' sorrow ne'er had wat my cheek,
For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,
He mought hae banisht been,

Ah!

Ah! what fair cruelty is this,
To hang ſike handſome men:
To hang the flower o' Scottiſh land,
Sae ſweet a fair a boy;
Nae lady had ſae white a hand,
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gildcroy ſae fraid they were,
They bound him mickle ſtrong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hung:
They hung him high aboon the reſt,
He was ſae trim a boy;
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued beſt,
My handſome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpſe away,
Wi' tears that trickled for his death,
I waſht his comelye clay;
And ſiker in a grave ſae deep,
I laid the dear-lued boy,
And now for evir maun I weep,
My winſome Gilderoy.

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§ 120. *Song. Bryan and Pereene, a Weſt-Indian Ballad, founded on a real fact that happened in the iſland of St. Chriſtopher's.* Grainger.

THE north-eaſt wind did briſkly blow,
The ſhip was ſafely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew ſlow,
And ſo leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall,
And whoſo his impatience blames,
I wot ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on Engliſh land,
Nor once in thought or deed would ſtray,
Tho' ladies ſought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and ſtrong,
Right blythſome roll'd his een.
Sweet was his voice when'er he ſung,
He ſcant had twenty ſeen.

But who the countleſs charms can draw,
That grac'd his miſtreſs true?
Such charms the old world ſeldom ſaw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy roſe-buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds ſhine.

Soon as his well-known ſhip ſhe ſpied,
She caſt her weeds away,
And to the palmy ſhore ſhe hied,
All in her beſt array.

In ſea-green ſilk ſo neatly clad,
She there impatient ſtood;
The crew with wonder ſaw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief diſplay'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he ſurvey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all
Rejoicing crowd the ſtrand;
For now her lover ſwam in call,
And almoſt touch'd the land.

Then through the white ſurf did ſhe haſte,
To claſp her lovely ſwain;
When, ah! a ſhark bit through his waiſt:
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He ſhriek'd! his half ſprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And ſoon it found a living grave,
And ah! was ſeen no more.

Now haſte, now haſte ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the ſpring:
She falls, ſhe ſwoons, ſhe dies away,
And ſoon her knell they ring.

Now each May-morning round her tomb,
Ye fair, freſh flowrets ſtrew;
So may your lovers ſcape his doom,
Her hapleſs fate ſcape you!

---

§ 121. *Song. Gentle River, Gentle River, tranſlated from the Spaniſh.* Percy.

Although the Engliſh are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient ballads, and retain perhaps a greater fondneſs for theſe old ſimple rhapſodies of their anceſtors than moſt other nations, they are not the only people who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by compoſitions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the higheſt merit. They call them, in their language, Romances. Moſt of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and diſplay a ſpirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. The two following are ſpecimens.

GENTLE river, gentle river,
Lo, thy ſtreams are ſtain'd with gore!
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd ſhore.

All beſide thy limpid waters,
All beſide thy ſands ſo bright,
Mooriſh Chiefs and Chriſtian Warriors
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes,
On thy fatal banks were ſlain:
Fatal banks, that gave to ſlaughter
All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo,
Full of wounds and glory died:
There the fearleſs Urdiales
Fell a victim by his ſide.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
Thro' their ſquadrons ſlow retires,
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind a renegado,
  Loudly shouts, with taunting cry;
Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,
  Dost thou from the battle fly?

Well I know thee, haughty Christian!
  Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;
Oft I've in the lists of glory
  Seen thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,
  Well thy blooming bride I know;
Seven years I was thy captive,
  Seven years of pain and woe.

May our prophet grant my wishes,
  Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine:
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow,
  Which I drank when I was thine.

Like a lion turns the warrior,
  Back he sends an angry glare:
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
  Vainly whizzing thro' the air.

Back the hero, full of fury,
  Sent a deep and mortal wound:
Instant sunk the renegado,
  Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
  Brave Saavedra stands at bay:
Wearied out, but never daunted,
  Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting great Alonzo
  Stout resists the Paynim bands;
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted
  Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,
  Furious he repels their rage:
Loss of blood at length infeebles:
  Who can war with thousands wage?

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows,
  Close beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
  And without a groan expir'd.

---

§ 122. *Alcanzor and Zayda, a Moorish Tale, imitated from the Spanish.* PERCY.

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
  Softly fall the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
  Shunning every glare of light.

In yon place lives fair Zaida,
  Whom he loves with flame so pure;
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies,
  He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
  Oft he paces to and fro;
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
  Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate teize him,
  Oft he sighs with heart-felt care.—
See, fond youth, to yonder window
  Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
  To the lost benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
  Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
  To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When some horrid storm dispersing,
  O'er the waves his radiance flies:

But a thousand times more lovely
  To her longing lover's sight
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
  Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
  Whispering forth a gentle sigh;
Alla* keep thee, lovely lady!
  Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

Is it true, the dreadful story,
  Which thy damsel tells my page,
That, seduc'd by sordid riches,
  Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

An old lord from Antiquera
  Thy stern father brings along:
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
  Thus consent my love to wrong?

If 'tis true, now plainly tell me,
  Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide not then from me the secret,
  Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
  While the pearly tears descend:
Ah! my lord, too true the story!
  Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,
  Well are known our mutual vows;
All my friends are full of fury,
  Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;
  My stern father breaks my heart;
Alla knows how dear it costs me,
  Generous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
  Long have rent our house and thine;
Why then did thy shining merit
  Win this tender heart of mine?

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee,
  Spite of all their hateful pride,
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
  Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
  Oft I've from my mother borne,
What I've suffer'd here to meet thee
  Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them;
  All, to force my hand combine;
And to-morrow to thy rival
  This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
  Can survive so great a wrong;
Well my breaking heart assures me
  That my woes will not be long.

* Alla is the Mahometan name of GOD.

Farewel then, my dear Alcanzor!
 Farewel too my life with thee!
Take this scarf, a parting token;
 When thou wear'st it, think on me.

Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
 Shall reward thy generous truth;
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
 Died for thee in prime of youth.

—To him, all amaz'd, confounded,
 Thus she did her woes impart:
Deep he sigh'd, then cried, O Zaida!
 Do not, do not break my heart.

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?
 Canst thou hold my love so small?
No! a thousand times I'll perish!—
 My curst rival too shall fall.

Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them?
 O break forth, and fly to me!
This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
 These fond arms shall shelter thee.

'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
 Spies surround me, bars secure:
Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
 While my damsel keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father storming!
 Hark, I hear my mother chide!
I must go: farewel for ever!
 Gracious Alla be thy guide!

---

123. *King Edward* IV. *and the Tanner of Tamworth.*

IN summer time when leaves grow greene,
 And blossoms bedecke the tree,
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
 Some pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne;
 With horne, and eke with bowe;
To Drayton Basset he took his waye,
 With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
 By eight of clock in the day,
When he was ware of a bold tanner,
 Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on
 Fast buttoned under his chin,
And under him a good cow-hide,
 And a mare of four shilling.

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
 Under the greene wood spraye?
And I will wende to yonder fellowe,
 To weet what he will saye.

God speede, God speede thee, said our king.
 Thou art welcome, syr, sayd hee.
The readyest waye to Drayton Basset
 I praye thee to shewe to mee."

"To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe,
 Fro the place where thou dost stand?
The next payer of gallowes thou comest unto,
 Turne in upon thy right hand."

That is an unreadye waye, sayd our king,
 Thou doest but jest, I see:
Now shewe me out the nearest waye,
 And I pray thee wend with mee.

Away with a vengeance! quoth the tanner:
 I holde thee out of thy witt:
All day have I rydden on Brocke my mare,
 And I am fasting yett.

"Go with me down to Drayton Basset,
 No daynties we will spare;
All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,
 And I will paye thy fare."

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,
 Thou payest no fare of mine:
I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,
 Than thou hast pence in thine.

God give thee joy of them, sayd the king,
 And send them well to priese.
The tanner wolde faine have been away,
 For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

What art thou, hee sayde, thou fine fellowe,
 Of thee I am in great feare,
For the cloathes thou wearest upon thy backe
 Might beseeme a lord to weare.

I never stole them, quoth our king,
 I tell you, sir, by the roode.
"Then thou playest as many an unthrift doth
 And standest in midds of thy goode."

What tydinges heare you, sayd the kynge,
 As you ryde far and neare?
"I hear no tydinges, sir, by the masse,
 But that cow-hydes are deare."

"Cowe-hides! cowe-hides! what things are those?
 I marvell what they bee?"
What art thou a foole? the tanner reply'd;
 I carry one under mee.

What craftsman art thou, said the king,
 I pray thee tell me trowe.
"I am a barker*, sir, by trade;
 Now tell me what art thou?"

I am a poore courtier, sir, quoth he,
 That am forth of service worne;
And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,
 Thy cunninge for to learne.

Marrye, heaven forfend! the tanner replyde,
 That thou my prentise were:
Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winn,
 By fortye shilling a yere.

Yet one thing wolde I, sayd our king,
 If thou wilt not seeme strange:
Though my horse be better than thy mare,
 Yet with thee I faine wold change.

"Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
 As change full well maye wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou proud fellowe,
 I will have some boot of thee."

That were against reason, sayd the king,
 I sweare, so mote I thee:
My horse is better than thy mare,
 And that thou well mayst see.

* Dealer in bark.

" Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
And softly she will fare:
Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wiss;
Aye skipping here and theare."

What boote wilt thou have? our king reply'd;
Now tell me in this stound.
" Noe pence, nor half pence, by my faye,
But a noble in gold so round."

" Here's twentye groats of white moneyè,
Sith thou wilt have it of mee."
I would have sworne now, quoth the tanner,
Thou hadst not had one penniè.

But since we two have made a change,
A change we must abide,
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
Thou gettest not my cowe-hide.

I will not have it, say'd the kynge,
I sweare, so mote I thee;
Thy foule cow-hide I would not beare,
If thou woldst give it to mee.

The tanner he tooke his good cowe-hide,
That of the cow was hilt;
And threwe it upon the king's sadèlle,
That was soe fayrelye gilte.

" Now helpe me up, thou fine fellòwe,
'Tis time that I were gone:
When I come home to Gyllian, my wife,
Sheel say I am a gentilmon.'

The kinge he took him by the legge;
The tanner a f*** let fall.
Nowe marrye, good fellowe, sayd the kyng,
Thy courtesye is but small.

When the tanner he was in the kinges saddelle,
And his foote in the stirrup was;
He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
Whether it were golde or brass.

But when his steede saw the cows-taile wagge,
And eke the blacke cowe-horne;
He stamped, and stared, and away he ranne,
As the devil had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,
And held by the pummil fast;
At length the tanner came tumbling downe;
His necke he had well-nye brast.

Take thy horse again with a vengeance, he sayd,
With me he shall not byde.
" My horse wolde have borne thee well enoughe,
But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.

Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
As change full well may wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tannèr,
I will have some boote of thee."

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner replyd,
Now tell me in this stounde?
" Noe pence nor half pence, sir, by my faye,
But I will have twentye pound.

" Here's twentye groates out of my purse;
And twentye I have of thine:
And I have one more, which we will spend
Together at the wine."

The kinge set a bugle horne to his mouthe,
And blewe bothe loude and shrille:
And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
Fast ryding over the hille.

Nowe, out alas! the tanner he cryde,
That ever I sawe this daye!
Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fellows
Will beare my cowe-hide away.

They are no thieves, the kyng replyde,
I sweare, so mote I thee:
But they are the lordes of the north countrèy,
Here come to hunt with mee.

And soone before our king they came,
And knelt downe on the grounde:
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
He had lever than twentye pounde.

A coller, a coller, here, sayd the king,
A coller he loud did crye:
Then woulde he lever than twentye pound
He had not been so nighe.

A coller, a coller, the tanner he sayd,
I trowe it will breede sorrowe:
After a coller comes a halter,
And I shall be hanged to-morrowe.

" Away with thy feare, thou jolly tannèr,
For the sport thou hadst shewn to me,
I wote noe halter thou shalt weare,
But thou shalt have a knight's fee.

For Plumpton parke I will give thee,
With tenements faire beside:
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
To maintain thy good cow-hide.

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,
For the favour thou hast me showne;
If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,
Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.

---

§ 124. *Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament. A Scottish Song.*

The subject of this pathetic ballad is—A lady of quality of the name of BOTHWELL, or rather BOSWELL, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself.

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe;
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mithers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly still and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe.

When he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred wordes to muve,
His faynings fals, and flattering cheire,
To me that time did not appeire:
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
Balow, &c.

Ly ſtil, my darlinge, ſleipe a while;
And when thou wakeſt, ſweitly ſmile:
But ſmile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay, God forbid!
But yet I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.
Balow, &c.

I cannae chuſe, but ever will
Be luving to thy father ſtil:
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My love with him maun ſtil abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neir depart him frae.
Balow, &c.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new:
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For womens banning's wonderous fair.
Balow, &c.

Bairn, ſin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winſome ſmiles maun eiſe my paine;
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me whan cares doe grieve:
My babe and I right ſaft will ly,
And quite forgeit man's cruelty.
Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falſeſt youth,
That evir kiſt a womans mouth!
I wiſh all maides be warnd by mee
Nevir to truſt man's curteſy;
For if we doe but chance to bow,
They'le uſe us than they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly ſtil and ſleipe!
It grieves me ſair to ſee thee weipe.

---

§ 125. *Corydon's doleful Knell.*

The burthen of the ſong, Ding, Dong, &c. is at preſent appropriated to burleſque ſubjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader; but in the time of our poet, it uſually accompanied the moſt ſolemn and mournful ſtrains.

MY Phillida, adieu love!
For evermore farewel!
Ay me! I've loſt my true love,
And thus I ring her knell,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong.
My Phillida is dead!
I'll ſtick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida
Our bridal bed was made:
But 'ſtead of ſilkes ſo gay,
She in her ſhroud is laid. Ding, &c.

Her corpſe ſhall be attended
By maides in fair array,
Till th' obſequies are ended,
And ſhe is wrapt in clay. Ding, &c.

Her herſe it ſhall be carried
By youths that do excell;
And when that ſhe is buried,
I thus will ring her knell, Ding, &c.

A garland ſhall be framed
By art and nature's ſkill,
Of ſundry-colour'd flowers,
In token of good-will *; Ding, &c.

And ſundry-colour'd ribbands
On it I will beſtow;
But chiefly black and yellowe
With her to grave ſhall go. Ding, &c.

I'll deck her tomb with flowers,
The rareſt ever ſeen,
And with my tears, as ſhowers,
I'll keepe them freſh and green. Ding, &c.

Inſtead of faireſt colours,
Set forth with curious art †,
Her image ſhall be painted
On my diſtreſſed heart. Ding, &c.

And thereon ſhall be graven
Her epitaph ſo faire,
"Here lies the lovelieſt maiden
"That e'er gave ſhepheard care." Ding, &c.

In ſable will I mourne;
Blacke ſhall be all my weede,
Ay me! I am forlorne,
Now Phillida is dead. Ding, &c.

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§ 126. *The Old and Young Courtier.*

The ſubject of this excellent old ſong is a compariſon between the manners of the old gentry as ſtill ſubſiſting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected by their ſons in the reigns of her ſucceſſors.

AN old ſong made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worſhipful gentleman, who had a great eſtate,
That kept a brave old houſe at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whoſe anger one word aſſwages;
They every quarter paid their old ſervants their wages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old ſtudy fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks,
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks;
Like an old courtier, &c.

* It is a cuſtom in many parts of England, to carry a fine garland before the corpſe of a woman who dies unmarried. † This alludes to the painted effigies of alabaſter, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

With

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows, [many shrewde blows;
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne
And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose, [nose;
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmasse was come, [and drum,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room, [man dumb;
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds, [grounds,
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds, [good pounds;
And when he dyed, gave every child a thousand
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd, [tifull mind,
Charging him in his will to keep the old boun-
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be kind: [was inclin'd;
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land, [command,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his
And takes up a thousand pounds upon his father's land, [go nor stand;
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangl'd lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belonged to good house-keeping, or care;
Who buys gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton air, [women's hair;
And seven or eight different dressings of other
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood, [no good,
Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coals nor wood,
And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals e'er stood;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuft full of pamphlets and plays, [prays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he
With a new buttery-hatch that opens once in four or five days, [shaws and toys;
And a new French cook, to devise fine kick-
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on, [be gone,
On a new journey to London straight we all must
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John, [back with a stone;
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is compleat, [carry up the meat,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to
With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat, [not eat;
Who, when her lady has din'd, lets the servants
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old gold, [sold;
For which sundry of his ancestors old manors are
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold, [grown so cold,
Which makes that good house-keeping is now
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

---

§ 127. *Loyalty confined.*

This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's "Memoires of those that suffered in "the cause of Charles I." He speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and was still living with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned; but if tradition may be credited, this song was written by Sir R. L'ESTRANGE.

BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas, blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show
That innocence is tempest proof;
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me:
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty;
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

I, whilst I wisht to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd;
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
The salamander should be burn'd;
Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynick loves his poverty;
The pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see
Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I as my mistress' favours wear;
And for to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron shackles there:
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lockt up,
Like some high-prized margarite,
Or, like the great mogul or pope,
Am cloyster'd up from public sight:
Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in:
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to a cure:
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischief, oftimes proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him:
Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart;
When kings want ease, subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king,
Neither in person or in coin;
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have not, mine:
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like; coopt in a cage,
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage!
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corpse confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free:
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free, as ambient air,
Although my baser part's immew'd,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T' accompany my solitude:
Although rebellion do my body binde,
My king alone can captivate my minde.

§ 128. *To Althea from Prison.*

This excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old Cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the gate-house Westminster; to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April, 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's Athenæ, Vol. II. p. 228; where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

WHEN love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire
Know no such libertye.

When flowing cups ran swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
When healths and draughts goe free,
Fishes, that tipple in the deepe,
Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like, confined I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercye, sweetness, majestye,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged windes, that curle the flood,
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage,
Mindes, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soule am free,
Angels alone, that soare above,
Enjoy such libertie.

§ 129. *The Braes of Yarrow, in Imitation of the ancient Scots Manner:*

Was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq. who died March 25, 1754, aged 50.

A. BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride!
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow;
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

 B. Why

B. Why does ſhe weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does ſhe weep, thy winſome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be ſeen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun ſhe weep, lang maun ſhe, maun ſhe weep,
Lang maun ſhe weep with dule and ſorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weil be ſeen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For ſhe has tint her luver, luver dear,
Her luver dear, the cauſe of ſorrow,
And I hae ſlain the comlieſt ſwain
That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy ſtream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of ſorrow?
And why yon melancholious weids
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
What's yonder floats? O dule and ſorrow!
O 'tis he, the comely ſwain I ſlew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Waſh, O waſh his wounds, his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and ſorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye ſiſters, ſiſters ſad,
Ye ſiſters ſad, his tomb with ſorrow;
And weep around in waeful wiſe
His hapleſs fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curſe ye, curſe ye, his uſeleſs, uſeleſs ſhield,
My arm that wrought the deed of ſorrow,
The fatal ſpear that pierc'd his breaſt,
His comely breaſt on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luve?
And warn from fight? but to my ſorrow!
Too raſhly bauld a ſtronger arm
Thou mett'ſt, and fell'ſt on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet ſmells the birk, green grows, green grows the graſs,
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow ſweet? as ſweet, as ſweet flows Tweed,
As green its graſs, its gowan as yellow,
As ſweet ſmells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,
In flow'ry bands thou didſt him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and well beluv'd again,
Than me he never luv'd thee better.

Buſk ye, then buſk, my bonny bonny bride,
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my winſome marrow,
Buſk ye, and luve me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I buſk a bonny bonny bride?
How can I buſk a winſome marrow?
How luve him upon the banks of Tweed,
That ſlew my luve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
Nor dew thy tender bloſſoms cover,
For there was baſely ſlain my luve,
My luve, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple veſt, 'twas my awn ſewing:
Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenn'd
He was in theſe to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white ſteed;
Unheedful of my dule and ſorrow;
But ere the dewfall of the night
He lays a corpſe on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that waeful waeful day;
I ſang, my voice the woods returning:
But lang ere night the ſpear was flown,
That ſlew my luve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage purſue me?
My luver's blood is on thy ſpear,
How canſt thou, barbarous man, then wooe me?

My happy ſiſters may be, may be proud
With cruel and ungentle ſcoffin',
May bid me ſeek on Yarrow's Braes
My luver nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And ſtrive with threatning words to muve me;
My luver's blood is on thy ſpear,
How canſt thou ever bid me luve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
With bridal ſheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected huſbande luver.

But who the expected huſband huſband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in ſlaughter:
Ah me! what ghaſtly ſpectre's yon
Comes in his pale ſhroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff theſe bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet beſt, yet beſt beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life reſtore thee!
Yet lye all night between my breiſts,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O luvely luvely youth,
Forgive, forgive ſo foul a ſlaughter,
And lye all night between my breiſts,
No youth ſhall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
Return and dry thy uſeleſs ſorrowe:
Thy lover heeds nought of thy ſighs,
He lyes a corpſe in the Braes of Yarrow.

§ 110.

§ 130. *Child Waters.*

CHILD is frequently used by our old writers, as a title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the Fairie Queen: and the son of a king is in the same poem called "Child Tristram." And it ought to be observed, that the word *child* or *chield* is still used in North-Britain to denominate a man, commonly with some contemptuous character affixed to him, but sometimes to denote Man in general.

CHILDE Waters in his stable stoode,
And stroakt his milk-white steede;
To him a fayre yonge ladye came
As ever ware womans weede.

Sayes, Christ you save, good Childe Waters;
Sayes, Christ you save, and see:
My girdle of gold that was too longe,
Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one childe of yours,
I feele sturre at my side:
My gowne of greene it is too strait;
Before it was too wide.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you tell mee;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Take them your owne to bee.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you do sweare?
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that childe your heyre.

Shee sayes, I had rather have one kisse,
Childe Waters, of thy mouth;
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
That lye by northe and southe.

And I had rather have one twinkling,
Childe Waters, of thine ee;
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
To take them mine owne to bee.

To-morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde
Farr into the north countree;
The fayrest ladye that I can finde,
Ellen, must goe with mee.

Thoughe I am not that ladye fayre,
Yet let me goe with thee:
And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
Your foot-page let me bee.

If you will my foot-page bee, Ellen,
As you doe tell to mee;
Then you must cut your gowne of greene
An inch above your knee:

Soe must you doe your yellowe lockes,
An inch above your ee:
You must tell no man what is my name;
My foot-page then you shall bee.

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote by his syde;
Yet was he never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, Ellen will you ryde?

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoot thorow the broome;
Yet was he never soe courteous a knighte,
To say, put on your shoone.

Ride softlye, shee sayd, O Childe Waters!
Why doe you ryde so fast?
The childe, which is no man's but thine,
My bodye itt will brast.

Hee sayth, seest thou yond water, Ellen,
That flows from banke to brimme?—
I trust in God, O Childe Waters,
You never will see * me swimme.

But when she came to the water syde,
She sayled to the chinne:
Nowe the Lord of heaven be my speede,
For I must learn to swimme.

The salt waters bare up her clothes;
Our Ladye bare up her chinne:
Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord!
To see faire Ellen swimme.

And when shee over the water was,
Shee then came to his knee:
Hee sayd, Come hither, thou fayre Ellen,
Loe yonder what I see.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red golde shines the yate:
Of twenty-four faire ladyes there
The fairest is my mate.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red golde shines the towre:
There are twenty-four fayre ladyes there,
The fairest is my paramoure.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red golde shines the yate:
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your worthy mate.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red golde shines the towre:
God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your paramoure.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were,
A playing at the ball:
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were
A playing at the chesse;
And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his horse to gresse.

And then bespake Childe Waters sister,
These were the wordes sayd shee:
You have the prettyest page, brother,
That ever I did see,

But that his bellye it is soe bigge,
His girdle stands so hye:
And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
Let him in my chamber lye.

It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run through mosse and myre,
To lye in the chamber of any ladye,
That wears soe riche attyre.

It is more meet for a little foot-page,
That has run through mosse and myre,
To take his supper upon his knee,
And lye by the kitchen fyre.

* Permit, suffer.

Now

Now when they had supped every one,
To bedd they tooke theyr waye:
He sayd, Come hither, my little foot-page,
And hearken what I saye.

Goe thee downe unto yonder towne,
And lowe into the streete;
The fayrest ladye that thou canst finde,
Hyre in mine armes to sleepe,
And take her up in thine arms twaine,
For filing * of her feete.

Ellen is gone into the towne,
And lowe into the streete:
The fayrest ladye that she could finde,
She hyred in his armes to sleepe;
And tooke her up in her armes twayne,
For filing of her feete.

I pray you nowe, good Childe Waters,
Let me lye at your feete;
For there is noe place about this house
Where I may 'saye † a sleepe.

He gave her leave, and faire Ellèn
Down at his beds feet laye:
This done the night drove on apace,
And when it was neare the daye,

Hee sayd, Rise up, my little foot-page,
Give my steede corne and haye;
And give him nowe the good black oates,
To carry mee better awaye.

Up then rose the fayre Ellèn,
And gave his steede corne and haye:
And soe shee did the good black oates,
To carry him better awaye.

She leaned her back to the manger side,
And grievouslye did groane:
Shee leaned her back to the manger side,
And there she made her moane.

And that beheard his mother deare,
Shee heard her woeful woe;
Shee sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Waters,
And into thy stable goe;

For in thy stable is a ghost,
That grievouslye doth grone:
Or else some woman labours with childe,
She is so woe-begone.

Up then rose Childe Waters soone,
And did on his shirte of silke;
And then he put on his other clothes,
On his bodye as white as milke.

And when he came to the stable dore,
Full still there he did stand,
That he might heare his fayre Ellèn,
How shee made her monand ‡.

She sayd, Lullabye, mine own deare childe,
Lullabye, deare childe, dear:
I wolde thy father were a kinge,
Thy mother e layd on a biere.

Peace nowe, hee sayd, good faire Ellèn,
Bee of good cheere, I praye;
And the bridale and the churchinge bothe
Shall be upon one daye.

§ 131. *The King and Miller of Mansfield.*

It has been a favourite subject with our English ballad-makers, to represent our kings conversing either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of the King and the Miller, we have K. Henry and the Soldier; K. James I. and the Tinker; K. William III.ᵈ and the Forester, &c. Of the latter sort are K. Alfred and the Shepherd; K. Edward IV. and the Tanner; K. Henry VIII. and the Cobler; &c.——This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV. and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it.

Part the First.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting
To the greene forest so pleasant and faire;
To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping:
Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repair:
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd
For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summers day rode the king pleasantly,
With all his princes and nobles eche one;
Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye,
Till the dark evening forc'd all to turne home.
Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and downe,
With a rude miller he mett at the last:
Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham;
Sir, quoth the miller, I mean not to jest,
Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say,
You doe not lightlye ride out of your way.

Why, what dost thou think of me, quoth our king merrily,
Passing thy judgment on me so briefe?
Good faith, sayd the miller, I meane not to flatter thee;
I guess thee to bee but some gentleman thiefe;
Stand thee backe, in the darke; light not adowne,
Lest I presentlye cracke thy knaves crowne.

Thou dost abuse me much, quoth the king, saying thus;
I am a gentleman; lodging I lacke.
Thou hast not, quoth th' miller, one groat in thy purse:
All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe;
I have gold to discharge all that I call,
If it be forty pence, I will pay all.

If thou beest a true man, then quoth the miller,
I sweare by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all night.
Here's my hand, quoth the king, that was I ever.
Nay, soft, quoth the miller, thou may'st be a sprite.
Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake,
With none but honest men hands will I take.

* Defiling. † Essay, attempt. ‡ Moaning, bemoaning.

Thus they went all along unto the millers house,
Where they were seething of puddings and souse: [king;
The miller first enter'd in, after him went the
Never came hee in soe smoakye a house.
Now, quoth he, let me see here what you are.
Quoth our king, look your fill, and do not spare.

I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face;
With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye.
Quoth his wife, by my troth, it is a handsome youth;
Yet it's best, husband, to deal warilye.
Art thou no run-away? prythee, youth, tell;
Shew me thy passport, and all shall be well.

Then our king presentlye, making lowe courtesye,
With his hatt in hand, thus he did say;
I have no passport, nor never was servitor,
But a poor courtyer, rode out of my way:
And for your kindness here offered to mee,
I will requite you in everye degree.

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye,
Saying, It seemeth, this youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;
To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin.
Yea, quoth hee, you may see, he hath some grace,
When he doth speake to his betters in place.

Well, quo' the millers wife, young man, ye're welcome here;
And, though I say it, well lodged shall be:
Fresh straw will I have laid on thy bed so brave,
And good brown hempen sheetes likewise, quoth shee. [done,
Aye, quoth the good man; and when that is
Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne.

Nay, first, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell me true,
Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose?
Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado?
I pray, quoth the king, what creatures are those?
Art thou not lowsy, nor scabby? quoth he:
If thou beest, surely thou lyest not with mee.

This caus'd the king suddenlye to laugh most heartilye, [eyes.
Till the teares trickled fast downe from his
Then to their supper were they set orderlye,
With hot bag-puddings and good apple-pyes;
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,
Which did about the board merrily trowle.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellowe, I drinke to thee,
And to all cuckolds, wherever they bee.
I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke thee heartilye
For my good welcome in every degree:
And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne.
Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it come.

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth lightfoote,
And of his sweetnesse a little we'll taste.
A faire ven'son pastye brought she out presentlye,
Eate, quoth the miller, but, sir, make no waste:
Here's dainty lightfoote! In faith, sayd the king,
I never before eate so dainty a thing.

I wis, quoth Richard, no dainty at all it is,
For we doe eat of it everye day.
In what place, sayd our king, may be bought like to this?
We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay:
From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here;
Now and then we make bold with our kings deer.

Then I thinke, sayd our king, that it is venison.
Eche foole, quoth Richard, full well may know that:
Never are wee without two or three in the roof,
Very well fleshed and excellent fat:
But, pr'ythee, say nothing wherever thou goe;
We would not for two pence the king should it knowe.

Doubt not, then sayd the king, my promised secresye;
The king shall never know more on't for me.
A cupp of lambs-wool they dranke unto him then,
And to their bedds they past presentlie.
The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,
For to seeke out the king in everye towne.

At last, at the millers cott, soone they espy'd him out,
As he was mounting upon his faire steede;
To whom they came presently, falling down on their knee;
Which made the millers heart wofully bleede:
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd, by the rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed:
The miller downe did fall, crying before them all, [head:
Doubting the king would have cut off his
But he his kind courtesy for to requite,
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight.

Part the Second.

WHEN as our royall king home from Nottingham,
And with his nobles at Westminster lay;
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,
In this late progress along on the way;
Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
The miller of Mansfield's sport liked him best.

And now, my lords, quoth the king, I am determined,
Against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,
That this old miller our new confirmed knight,
With his son Richard, shall here be my guest:
For,

4

For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire [squire.
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young

When as the noble lords saw the kinges pleasantness, [hearts;
They were right joyfull and glad in their
A pursuivante there was sent straight on the business, [parts.
The which had often-times been in those
When he came to the place where they did
His message orderlye then 'gan he tell. [dwell,

God save your worshippe, then said the messenger,
And grant your ladye her owne hearts desire;
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and happiness;
That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire.
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,
You must come to the court on St. Georges day;

Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place.
I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jest:
What should we doe there? faith, I am halfe afraid. [least.
I doubt, quoth Richard, to be hang'd at the
Nay, quoth the messenger, you doe mistake;
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake.

Then sayd the miller, By my troth, messenger,
Thou hast contented my worshippe full well.
Hold, here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleness,
For these happy tydings, which thou dost tell.
Let me see, heare thou mee; tell to our king,
We'll wayt on his mastershipp in everye thing.

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitye,
And, making many leggs, tooke their reward;
And his leave taking with great humilitye,
To the kings court againe he repair'd;
Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,
The knightes most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller say,
Here come expences and charges indeed;
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend all we have;
For of new garments we have great need:
Of horses and serving-men we must have store,
With bridles and saddles, and twentye things more.

Tushe, Sir John, quoth his wife, why should you frett or frown?
You shall ne'er be att no charges for mee;
For I will turn and trim up my old russet gowne,
With every thing else as fine as may bee:
And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,
With pillowes and pannells as we shall provide.

In this most statelye sort rode they unto the court;
Their jolly sonne Richard rode foremost of all,
Who set up, for good hap, a cocks feather in his cap;
And so they jetted downe to the kings hall:
The merry old miller with hands on his side;
His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at that tide.

The king and his nobles, that heard of their coming, [traine;
Meeting this gallant knight with his brave
Welcome, sir knight, quoth he, with your gay lady:
Good sir John Cockle, once welcome againe:
And so is the squire of courage soe free.
Quoth Dicke, A bots on you! do you know me?

Quoth our king gentlye, How should I forget thee?
That wast my own bed-fellowe, well it I wot.
Yea, sir, quoth Richard, and by the same token,
Thou with thy farting didst make the bed hot.
Thou whore-son unhappy knave, then quoth the knight,
Speak cleanly to our king, or else go sh*t*.

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
While the king taketh them both by the hand;
With the court-dames and maids, like to the queen of spades,
The miller's wife did soe orderly stand,
A milk maid's courtesye at every word;
And downe all the folkes were set to the board.

There the king royally, in princelye majestye,
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight;
When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell,
And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight:
Here's to you both, in wine, ale, and beer;
Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth Sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle,
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire:
But then said our king, now I think of a thing,
Some of your lightfoot I would we had here.
Ho! ho! quoth Richard, full well I may say it,
'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it.

Why art thou angrye? quoth our king merrilye;
In faith, I take it now very unkind:
I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine heartily. [din'd:
Quoth Dicke, You are like to stay till I have
You feed us with twatling dishes soe small;
Zounds, a black-pudding is better than all.

Aye, marry, quoth our kyng, that were a daintye thing,
Could a man get but one here for to eat.
With that Dick straight arose, and plucked one from his hose,
Which with heat of his breech gan to sweate.
The king made a proffer to snatch it away:
'Tis meet for your master: good sir, you must stay.

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly spent,
And then the ladyes prepared to dance:
Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard incontinent,
Unto their places the king did advance:
Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,
The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

Many thankes for their paines did the king give them,
Asking young Richard then, if he would wed;
Among

Among these ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee? [head:
Quoth he, Jugg Grumball, Sir, with the red
She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;
She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.

Then Sir John Cockle the king call'd unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him o'er-seer;
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound yearlye;
Take heed now you steal no more of my deer:
And once a quarter let's here have your view;
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.

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§ 132. *The Witches' Song.*

—From Ben Jonson's Masque of Queens, presented at Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

It is true, this song of the Witches, falling from the learned pen of Ben Jonson, is rather an extract from the various incantations of classic antiquity, than a display of the opinions of our own vulgar. But let it be observed, that a parcel of learned wiseacres had just before busied themselves on this subject, with our British Solomon James I. at their head: and these had so ransacked all writers ancient and modern, and so blended and kneaded together the several superstitions of different times and nations, that those of genuine English growth could no longer be traced out and distinguished.

By good luck, the whimsical belief of fairies and goblins could furnish no pretences for torturing our fellow-creatures, and therefore we have this handed down to us pure and unsophisticated.

1 Witch.

I HAVE beene all day looking after
A raven feeding upon a quarter;
And, soone as she turn'd her back to the south,
I snatch'd this morsell out of her mouth.

2 Witch.

I have beene gathering wolves haires,
The madd dogges foame, and adders eares;
The spurging of a dead man's eyes:
And all since the evening starre did rise.

3 Witch.

I last night lay all alone
O' the ground, to heare the mandrake grone;
And pluckt him up, though he grew full low:
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

4 Witch.

And I h' beene chusing out this scull,
From charnell-houses that were full;
From private grots, and publike pits:
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 Witch.

Under a cradle I did creepe
By day; and, when the child was a-sleepe
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6 Witch.

I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Killed an infant, to have his fat.
A piper it got, at a church-ale,
I bade him again blow wind i' the taile.

7 Witch.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines;
The sunne and the wind had shrunke his veines:
I bit off a sinew; I clipp'd his haire;
I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i' the ayre.

8 Witch.

The scrich-owles egges, and the feathers blacke,
The bloud of the frogge, and the bone in his [backe,
I have been getting; and made of his skin
A purset, to keepe sir Cranion in.

9 Witch.

And I ha' been plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,
Night-shade, moone-wort, libbards-bane;
And twise by the dogges was like to be tane.

10 Witch.

I from the jaws of a gardiner's bitch
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch:
Yet went I back to the house againe,
Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine.

11 Witch.

I went to the toade, breeds under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before;
I tore the batts wings: what would you have more?

Dame.

Yes: I have brought, to helpe your vows,
Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,
The fig-tree wild, that grows on tombes,
And juice, that from the larch-tree comes,
The basiliskes bloud, and the vipers skin;
And now our orgies let's begin.

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§ 133. *The Fairies Farewell.*

This humorous old song fell from the hand of the witty Dr. CORBET (afterwards bishop of Norwich, &c.) In his Poëtica Stromata it is called, "A proper new Ballad, intituled, The Fairies Farewell, or God-a-mercy Will, to be sung or whistled to the tune of The Meadow Brow, by the learned; by the unlearned, to the tune of Fortune."

FAREWELL rewards and Fairies!
Good housewives now may say;
For now foule sluts in dairies
Doe fare as well as they;
And though they sweepe their hearths no less
Than mayds were wont to doe,
Yet woe of late for cleaneliness
Finds six-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old Abbies,
The fairies' lost command!
They did but change priests babies,
But some have chang'd your land:

And

And all your children ftoln from thence
  Are now growne puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever fince,
  For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
  You merry were and glad,
So little care of fleepe and floth
  Thefe prettie ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
  Or Cifs to milking rofe,
Then merrily went their tabour,
  And nimbly went their toes.

Witnefs thofe rings and roundelayes
  Of theirs, which yet remaine;
Were footed in queen Maries dayes
  On many a graffy playne.
But fince of late Elizabeth
  And later James came in;
They never danc'd on any heath,
  As when the time had been.

By which we note the fairies
  Were of the old profeffion:
Their fongs were Ave Maries,
  Their dances were proceffion.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
  Or gone beyond the feas,
Or farther for religion fled,
  Or elfe they take their eafe.

A tell-tale in their company
  They never could endure;
And whofo kept not fecretly
  Their mirth, was punifh'd fure:
It was a juft and chriftian deed
  To pinch fuch blacke and blue:
O how the common-wealth doth need
  Such juftices as you!

Now they have left our quarters;
  A Regifter they have,
Who can preferve their charters;
  A man both wife and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
  By one that I could name
Are kept in ftore; con twenty thanks
  To William for the fame.

To William Churne of Staffordfhire
  Give laud and praifes due,
Who every meale can mend your cheare
  With tales both old and true:
To William all give audience;
  And pray yee for his noddle;
For all the fairies evidence
  Were loft, if it were addle.

---

§ 134. *Unfading Beauty.*

This little beautiful fonnet is reprinted from a fmall volume of "Poems by Thomas "Carew, Efq. one of the gentlemen of the "privie-chamber, and fewer in ordinary to "his majefty (Charles I.) Lond. 1640." This elegant, and almoft forgotten writer, whofe poems have been defervedly revived, died in the prime of his age, in 1639.

In the original follows a third ftanza, which not being of general application, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.

HEE that loves a rofie cheeke,
  Or coral lip admires,
Or from ftar-like eyes doth feeke
  Fuell to maintain his fires:
As old time makes thefe decay,
So his flames muft wafte away.

But a fmooth and ftedfaft mind,
  Gentle thoughts and calm defires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
  Kindle never-dying fires:
Where thefe are not, I defpife
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

* * * *

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§ 135. *Song. The Sky-Lark.* Shenstone.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'ft the fkies,
  To Daphne's window fpeed thy way;
And there on quivering pinions rife,
  And there thy vocal heart difplay.

And if fhe deign thy notes to hear,
  And if fhe praife thy matin fong,
Tell her, the founds that foothe her ear,
  To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
  The bird from Indian groves may fhine;
But afk the lovely partial maid,
  What are his notes compar'd with thine?

Then bid her treat yon witlefs beau
  And all his flaunting race with fcorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
  Who fings her praife, and fings forlorn.

---

§ 136. *The Hermit.* Beattie.

AT the clofe of the day, when the hamlet is ftill,
  And mortals the fweets of forgetfulnefs prove;
  When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's fong in the grove—
  'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,
A Hermit his nightly complaint thus began:
  Tho' mournful his numbers, his foul was refign'd;
He thought as a fage, tho' he felt as a man.

'Ah! why thus abandon'd to darknefs and 'woe,
'Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy fad ftrain?
  'For fpring fhall return and a lover beftow,
'And thy bofom no trace of misfortune retain.
  'Yet if pity infpire thee, O ceafe not thy lay!
'Mourn, fweeteft companion; man calls thee to mourn:
  'O foothe him whofe pleafures, like thine, pafs away!
'Full quickly they pafs—but they never return!

 'Now

'Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
'The moon, half extinct, a dim crescent displays;
'But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
'She shone, and the planets were lost in her
'blaze. [pursue
'Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladness
'The path that conducts thee to splendor again:
'But man's faded glory no change shall re-
'Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain! [new;

''Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no
'more: [you;
'I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for
'For morn is approaching, your charms to
'restore, [with dew.
'Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering
'Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
'Kind Nature the embrio-blossom shall save:
'But when shall spring visit the mould'ring
'urn? [grave!
'O when shall it dawn on the night of the

---

§ 137. *A Pastoral Ballad. In Four Parts.*
SHENSTONE.

I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so chearful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelesly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None, once, was so watchful as I:
—I have left my dear Phylis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewel.

Since Phylis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before,
But now they are pass'd, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
O, why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown!
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft Hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains, all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet briar twines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear,
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As——she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to——a dove:
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of Love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phillida stray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may, perhaps, be as fair,
And the face of the vallies as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown;
——But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe——oh may Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
"How her face is as bright as the snow,
"And her bosom, be sure, is as cold;
"How the nightingales labour the strain,
"With the notes of his charmer to vie;
"How they vary their accents in vain,
"Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
"O Phyllis," he whispers, "more fair,
"More sweet than the jessamine's flow'r?
"What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
"What is eglantine after a show'r?

"Then the lily no longer is white;
"Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
"Then the violets die with despight,
"And the woodbines give up their perfume."

Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
——Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair——and my passion begun;
She smil'd——and I could not but love;
She is faithless——and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire:
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let Reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure, in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

§ 13.

§ 138. *Phœbe. A Pastoral.* Byron.

My time, O ye Muses! was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went:
Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast;
Sure never fond Shepherd like Colin was blest.
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change, on a sudden, I find?
When things were as fine as cou'd possibly be,
I thought it was Spring; but, alas! it was she.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
It was pleasant to look at, 'twas music to hear.
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide:
Must you be so chearful, whilst I go in pain?
Peace, there, with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
"Come hither, poor fellow;" and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I, with a sour look,
Cry, "Sirrah," and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

Sweet music went with us both all the wood thro',
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gives every thing else its agreeable sound.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove:
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, Deity, bid the dear nymph to return;
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair:
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.

§ 139. *A Pastoral Ballad.* Rowe.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And, while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was;
(Thus sadly complaining he cry'd);
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd;
She talk'd, and I bless'd her dear tongue;
When she smil'd, it was pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet!

How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folk of the town!
To think that a beauty so gay
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love!

What though I have skill to complain,
Tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd;
What tho', when they hear my soft strains,
The virgins sit weeping around;
Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
Thy fair one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Tho' thro' the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas her's to be false and to change;
'Tis mine to be constant——and die.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found;
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground:
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be finest at ev'ry fine show,
And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
Unless when, beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.

§ 140. *A Fairy Tale.* Parnell.

In Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight Fairies daunc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Tho' badly shap'd he been.
His mountain backe mote well be said
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above;
Yet, spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.
He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Cou'd ladies look within;

 But

But, one Sir Topaz, dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.
Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort,
To revel out the night.
His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour town:
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.
But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once an hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.
Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds increase:
And, from the corner where he lay,
He sees a train profusely gay
Come prankling o'er the place:
But (trust me gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich, before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.
Now, whilst he gaz'd, a gallant, drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cry'd,
What mortal, of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presum'd to hide?
At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul
No fears of magic art controul,
Advanc'd in open sight;
"Nor have I cause of dread," he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.
'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew."
'Tis well, the gallant cries again,
We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.
Exalt thy love-dejected heart;
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine."
He spoke, and, all a sudden, there
Light music floats in wanton air;
The Monarch leads the Queen:
The rest their fairy partners found:
And Mable trimly tript the ground,
With Edwin of the Green.
The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire:
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.
But, now, to please the fairie king,
Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other-some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.
Till one, at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where, by the back, the youth he hung,
To sprawl unneath the roof.
From thence, "Reverse my charm," he cries,
"And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers with a smile,
Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own.
Here ended all the phantom play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind, that bore the crowd,
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.
Then, screaming all at once, they fly,
And, all at once, the tapers dye;
Poor Edwin falls to floor:
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in such a case
Thro' all the land before.
But, soon as dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less:
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success.
With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks;
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.
The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.
As there he bides, it so befel,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall:
Up sprung the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.
But, certes, sorely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the Elphin show,
His spirits in him dy:
When Oberon cries, "A man is near;
A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky."

With

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents fault'ring, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt,
For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
To tread the circled haunt;
"Ah Losell vile!" at once they roar;
"And little skill'd of fairie lore,
Thy cause to come we know;
Now has thy kestrell courage fell;
And fairies, since a lie you tell,
Are free to work thee woe."
Then Will, who bears the whispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The captive upward flung:
There, like a tortoise in a shop,
He dangled from the chamber top,
Where, whilom, Edwin hung.
The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while,
Till all the rout retreat.
By this the stars began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down ydrops the knight:
For never spell by fairie laid
With strong enchantment, bound a glade,
Beyond the length of night.
Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot:
His seely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost afore.
This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;
She softly stroak'd my youngling head;
And, when the tale was done,
"Thus some are born, my son," she cries,
"With base impediments, to rise,
And some are born with none.
But virtue can itself advance
To what the fav'rite fools of chance
By Fortune seem'd design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind."

§ 141. *Song.* THOMSON.

FOR ever, Fortune! wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part?
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of love is gone?
But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.
For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

PROLOGUES and EPILOGUES.

§ 1. *Epilogue to A Woman kill'd with Kindness*; 1617.

AN honest crew, dispos'd to be merry,
Came to a tavern by, and call'd for wine:
The drawer brought it (smiling like a cherry)
And told them it was pleasant, neat, and fine.
Taste it, quoth one: he did; Oh, fie! (quoth he)
This wine was good; now 't turns too near the lee.

Another sipp'd, to give the wine his due,
And said unto the rest, it drank too flat:
The third said, it was old; the fourth too new;
Nay, quoth the fifth, the sharpness likes me not.
Thus, gentlemen, you see how in one hour
The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and sour.

Unto this wine do we allude our play:
Which some will judge too trivial, some too grave:
You, as our guests, we entertain this day,
And bid you welcome to the best we have.
Excuse us, then; good wine may be disgrac'd,
When every several mouth hath sundry taste.

§ 2. *Prologue to the Unfortunate Lovers. Spoken at Black-Friars*; 1643. DAVENANT.

WERE you but half so humble to confess,
As you are wise to know your happiness;
Our author would not grieve to see you sit
Ruling with such unquestion'd power, his wit:
What would I give that I could still preserve
My loyalty to him, and yet deserve
Your kind opinion, by revealing now
The cause of that great storm which clouds his brow;
And his close murmurs, which, since meant to you,
I cannot think or mannerly or true?
Well; I begin to be resolv'd, and let
My melancholy tragic Monsieur fret;
Let him the several harmless weapons use
Of that all-daring trifle, call'd his Muse;
Yet

Yet I'll inform you, what this very day,
Twice before witness I have heard him say,
Which is, that you are grown excessive proud;
For ten times more of wit, than was allow'd
Your silly ancestors in twenty year,
Y' expect should in two hours be given you here:
For they, he swears, to th' theatre would come,
Ere they had din'd, to take up the best room;
There sit on benches, not adorn'd with mats,
And graciously did veil their high-crown'd hats
To every half-dress'd player, as he still
Through th' hangings peep'd to see how th' house did fill.
Good easy judging souls, with what delight
They would expect a jig, or target fight;
A furious tale of Troy, which they ne'er thought
Was weakly written, so 'twere strongly fought.
Laught at a clinch, the shadow of a jest,
And cry 'A passing good one, I protest!'
Such dull and humble-witted people were
Even your fore-fathers, whom we govern'd here;
And such had you been too, he swears, had not
The poets taught you how t' unweave a plot,
And trace the winding scenes, taught you to admit
What was true sense, not what did sound like [wit.
Thus they have arm'd you, 'gainst themselves to fight,
Made strong and mischievous from what they [write.
You have been lately highly feasted here,
With two great wits *, that grac'd our theatre.
But, if to feed you often with delight,
Will more corrupt, than mend, your appetite;
He vows to use you, which he much abhors,
As others did your homely ancestors.

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§ 3. *Epilogue to the Cutter of Coleman-street, spoken by the Person who acted Cutter;* 1656.
COWLEY.

METHINKS a vision bids me silence break,
[*Without his peruke.*
And some words to this congregation speak;
So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet
At the Fifth Monarch's court in Coleman-street.
But yet I wonder much, not to espy a
Brother in all this court, call'd Zephaniah.
Bless me! where are we? What may this place [be?
For I begin my vision now to see
That this is a mere theatre—Well then,
If't be e'n so, I'll Cutter be again.
[*Puts on his peruke.*
Hon Cutter the pretended cavalier;
For to confess ingenuously here,
To you, who always of that party were
I never was of any; up and down
I roll'd, a very rake-hell of this town.
But now my follies and my faults are ended,
My fortune and my mind are both amended;
And if we may b'lieve one who has fail'd before,
Our author says he'll mend—that is, he'll write no more.

§ 4. *Prologue to Nero;* 1675. LEE.

GOOD plays, and perfect sense, as scarce are grown
As civil women, in this d——d lewd town;
Plain sense is despicable as plain clothes,
As English hats, bone-lace, or woollen hose.
'Tis your brisk fool that is your man of note;
Yonder he goes, in the embroider'd coat;
Such wenching eyes, and hands so prone to ruffle,
The genteel fling, the trip, and modish shuffle;
Salt soul and flame, as gay as any prince;
Thus taggs and silks make up your men of sense.
I'm told that some are present here to-day
Who, ere they see, resolve to damn this play,
So much wou'd interest with ill-nature sway.
But ladies, you, we hope, will prove more civil,
And charm these wits that damn beyond the devil;
Then let each critic here all hell inherit,
You have attractions that can lay a spirit.
A bloody fatal play you'll see to night,
I vow to God, 't has put me in a fright.
The meanest waiter huffs, looks big, and struts,
Gives breast a blow, then hand on hilt he puts.
'Tis a fine age, a tearing thundering age,
Pray heav'n this thund'ring does not crack the [stage:
This play I like not now———
And yet, for aught I know, it may be good;
But still I hate this fighting, wounds, and blood.
Why, what the devil have I to do with honour?
Let heroes court her; I cry, Pox upon her!
All tragedies, i' gad, to me sound oddly,
I can no more be serious, than you godly.

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§ 5. *Epilogue to Tyrannick Love; spoken by Nell Gwyn, when she was to be carried off dead by the bearers.* 1672. DRYDEN.

To the Bearer.

HOLD! are you mad, you damn'd confounded dog?
I am to rise, and speak the epilogue.

To the Audience.

I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye;
I am the ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet ladies, be not frighted, I'll be civil;
I'm what I was, a little harmless devil;
For after death, we sprites have just such natures
We had, for all the world, when human crea- [tures;
And therefore I, that was an actress here,
Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
Gallants, look to't; you say there are no sprites;
But I'll come dance about your beds at nights;
And faith you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprize you between sleep and waking.
To tell you true, I walk, because I die
Out of my calling, in a tragedy.
Oh poet, damn'd dull poet! who could prove
So senseless to make Nelly die for love?

* Beaumont and Fletcher.

Nay!

[Ma]y, what's yet worse, to kill me in the prime
[Of] Easter-term, in tart and cheesecake time!
[I']ll fit the fop; for I'll not one word say,
[T'] excuse his godly, out-of-fashion play;
A play which if you dare but twice sit out,
You'll all be slander'd, and be thought devout.
But farewel, gentlemen; make haste to me;
I'm sure ere long to have your company.
As for my epitaph, when I am gone,
I'll trust no poet, but will write my own:

Here Nelly lies, who, tho' she liv'd a slattern*;
Yet died a princess, acting in St. Cath'rine†.

§ 6. *Prologue to Alcibiades*; 1675. OTWAY.

NEVER did rhymer greater hazards run,
'Mongst us by your severity undone:
Though we, alas! to oblige ye have done most,
And bought ye pleasures at our own sad cost,
Yet all our best endeavours have been lost.
So oft a statesman lab'ring to do good,
His honesty's for treason understood:
Whilst some false, flattering minion of the court,
Shall play the traitor, and be honour'd for't.
To you, known judges of what's sense and wit,
Our author swears he gladly will submit:
But there's a sort of things infest the pit,
That would be witty spite of nature too,
And to be thought so, haunt and pester you.
Hither sometimes those would-be-wits repair,
In quest of you; where if you don't appear,
Crys one—Pugh! D—n me, what do we do here?
Straight up he starts, his garniture then puts
In order, so he cocks, and out he struts
To th' coffee-house, where he about him looks:
Spies friend; cries, Jack—I've been to-night at the Duke's:
The silly rogues are all undone, my dear,
I gad! not one of sense that I saw there.
Thus to himself he'd reputation gather
Of wit and good acquaintance, but has neither.
Wit has indeed a stranger been, of late,
'Mongst its pretenders nought so strange as that.
Both houses too, too long a fast have known,
That coarsest nonsense goes most glibly down.
Thus though this trifler never wrote before,
Yet faith he ventur'd on the common score:
Since nonsense is so generally allow'd,
He hopes that this may pass amongst the crowd.

§ 7. *Epilogue to Aurengzebe*; 1676. DRYDEN.

A Pretty task! and so I told the fool,
Who needs would undertake to please by rule:
He thought that if his characters were good,
The scenes entire, and freed from noise and blood,
The action great, yet circumscrib'd by time,
The words not forc'd, but sliding into rhyme,
The passions rais'd and calm'd by just degrees,
As tides are swell'd, and then retire to seas;
He thought in hinting these his bus'ness done,
Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one.
But, after all, a poet must confess,
His art's like physic, but a happy guess.
Your pleasure on your fancy must depend;
The lady's pleas'd, just as she likes her friend.
No song! no dance! no show! he fears you'll say,
You love all naked beauties, but a play.
He much mistakes your methods to delight,
And, like the French, abhors our target fight;
But those damn'd dogs can never be i' th' right.
True English hate your Monsieurs' paltry arts;
For you are all silk-weavers ‡ in your hearts.
Bold Britons, at a brave bear-garden fray
Are rous'd; and clatt'ring sticks cry, Play, play, play!
Mean time, your fribbling foreigner will stare,
And mutter to himself, *Ah, gens barbare!*
And, 'gad, 'tis well he mutters, well for him;
Our butchers else would tear him limb from limb.
'Tis true, the time may come, your sons may be
Infected with this French civility:
But this in after ages will be done;
Our poet writes an hundred years too soon.
This age comes on too slow, or he too fast;
And early springs are subject to a blast!
Who would excel, when few can make a test
Betwixt indifferent writing and the best.
For favours cheap and common who would strive,
Which, like abandon'd prostitutes, you give?
Yet scatter'd here and there I some behold,
Who can discern the tinsel from the gold:
To these he writes; and, if by them allow'd,
'Tis their prerogative to rule the crowd;
For he more fears (like a presuming man)
Their votes who can not judge, than theirs who can.

§ 8. *Epilogue to the first Part of The Rover, or The Banish'd Cavaliers*; 1677. *Mrs.* BEHN.

THE banish'd cavaliers! a roving blade!
A popish carnival! a masquerade!
The devil's in't if this will please the nation,
In these our blessed times of reformation,
When conventicling is so much in fashion.
And yet——
That mutinous tribe less factions do beget,
Than your continual differing in wit.
Your judgment (as your passion)'s a disease;
Nor Muse nor Miss your appetite can please;
You're grown as nice as queasy consciences,
Whose each convulsion, when the spirit moves,
Damns every thin[g] [t]hat maggot disapproves.

* Her real character. † The character she represented in the play. ‡ Alluding to the rivalry of the Spitalfields manufactures with those of France.

With canting rule you would the stage refine,
And to dull method of our sense confine.
With th' insolence of common wealths you rule,
Where each gay fop, and politic brave fool,
On monarch Wit impose without controul.
As for the last, who seldom sees a play,
Unless it be the old Black-Friars way,
Shaking his empty noddle o'er Bamboo,
He cries, Good faith, these plays will never do.
Ah, Sir! in my young days, what lofty wit,
What high-strain'd scenes of fighting there were writ!
These are slight airy toys. But tell me, pray,
What has the House of Commons done to-day?
Then shews his politics, to let you see,
Of state affairs he'll judge as notably
As he can do of wit and poetry.
The younger sparks, who hither do resort,
Cry——
Pox o' your gentle things! give us more sport;
Damme! I'm sure 'twill never please the court.
Such fops are never pleas'd, unless the play
Be stuff'd with fools, as brisk and dull as they;
Such might the half-crown spare, and in a glass
At home behold a more accomplish'd ass;
Where they may set their cravats, wigs, and faces,
And practise all their buffoon'ry grimaces—
See how this huff becomes—this damme stare,
Which they at home may act, because they dare;
But must with prudent caution do elsewhere.
Oh, that our Nokes, or Tony Lee, could shew
A fop but half so much to th' life as you.

§ 9. *Epilogue to The Round-Heads, or The Good Old Cause; 1682. Spoken by Lady Desbro'.* MRS. BEHN.

THE vizor's off, and now I dare appear
High for the royal cause, en cavalier;
Tho' once as true a Whig as most of you,
Could cant and lye, preach, and dissemble too:
So far you drew me in; but faith I'll be
Reveng'd on you, for thus debauching me:
Some of your pious cheats I'll open lay,
That lead your ignoramus flock astray;
For since I cannot fight, I will not fail
To exercise my talent, that's to rail.
Ye race of hypocrites, whose cloak of zeal
Covers the knave that cants for commonweal,
All laws, the church, and state to ruin brings,
And impudently sets a rule on kings:
Ruin, destroy, all's good that you decree,
By your infallible presbytery;
Prosperous at first, in ills you grow so vain,
You thought to play the old game o'er again;
And thus the cheat was put upon the nation,
First with long parliaments, next reformation,
And now you hop'd to make a new invasion:
And when you can't prevail by open force,
To cunning tickling tricks you have recourse,
And raise sedition forth without remorse.
"Confound these cursed To[ries]," then they cry,
[*In a preaching tone.*
"Those fools, those loyal pimps to monarchy,
"Those that exclude the saints, yet ope a door
"To introduce the Babylonian Whore!
"By sacred Oliver, the nation's mad!
"Beloved, 'twas not so when he was head;
"But then, as I have said it oft before ye,
"A Cavalier was but a type of Tory.
"The curs then durst not bark, but all the breed
"Is much increas'd since that good man is dead:
"Yet then they rail'd against the Good Old [Cause,
"Rail'd foolishly for loyalty and laws;
"But when the saints had put them to a stand,
"We left them loyalty, and took their land;
"Yea, and the pious work of reformation
"Rewarded was with plunder, sequestration."
Thus cant the faithful; nay they're so uncivil,
To pray us harmless players to the devil.
When this is all th' exception they can make,
They damn us for our glorious master's sake.
But why 'gainst us do you unjustly arm?
Our small religion sure can do no harm:
Or if it do, since that's the only thing,
We will reform, when you are true to th' king.

§ 10. *Epilogue to the Lancashire Witches; 1682. Spoken by Mrs. Barry and Teague.* SHADWELL.

Mrs. Barry. A Skilful mistress uses wondrous art
To keep a peevish crazy lover's heart.
His awkward limbs, forgetful of delights,
Must be urg'd on by tricks and painful nights;
Which the poor creature is content to bear,
Fine mantuas and new petticoats to wear.
And, Sirs, your sickly appetites to raise,
The starving players try a thousand ways:
You had a Spanish Friar of intrigue,
And now we have presented you a Teague,
Which with much cost from Ireland we have got
If he be dull, e'en hang him for the plot.
Teague. Now have a care; for by my shoul shaulvation,
Dish vil offend a party in the nation.
Mrs. Barry. They that are angry must be very beasts;
For all religions laugh at foolish priests.
Teague. By Creesht, I swear, de poet has undone me;
Some simple Tory will make heat upon me.
Mrs. Barry. Good Protestants, I hope you will not see
A martyr made of our poor Tony Lee.
Our popes and friars on one side offend,
And yet, alas! the city's not our friend:
The city neither like us nor our wit:
They say their wives learn ogling in the pit:
They're from the boxes taught to make advances,
To answer stolen sighs and naughty glances.
We virtuous ladies some new ways must seek;
For all conspire our playing trade to break.
If the bold poet freely shews his vein,
In every place the snarling fops complain.

Of your gross follies if you will not hear,
With inoffensive nonsense you must bear.
You like the husband, never shall receive
Half the delight the sportful wife can give.
A poet dares not whip this foolish age;
You cannot bear the physic of the stage.

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§ 11. *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise; 1683. Spoken by Mrs Cook.* DRYDEN.

MUCH time and trouble this poor play has cost;
And, faith, I doubted once the cause was lost.
Yet no one man was meant, nor great, nor small;
Our poets, like frank gamesters*, threw at all.
They took no single aim——
But like bold boys, true to their prince, and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fir'd broadsides at the whole party.
Duels are crimes; but when the cause is right,
In battle every man is bound to fight.
For what should hinder me to sell my skin
Dear as I could, if once my heart were in?
Se defendendo never was a sin.
'Tis a fine world, my masters—right or wrong,
The Whigs must talk, and Tories hold their tongue.
They must do all they can——
But we, forsooth, must bear a Christian mind,
And fight like boys with one hand tied behind:
Nay, and when one boy's down, 'twere wondrous wise,
To cry, box fair, and give him time to rise.
When fortune favours, none but fools will dally:
Would any of you sparks, if Nan or Mally
Tipp'd you th' inviting wink, stand shall I shall-I?
A Trimmer cried (that heard me tell this story)
Fie, Mistress Cook! faith, you're too rank a Tory!
Wish not Whigs hang'd, but pity their hard cases;
You women love to see men make wry faces.
Pray, Sir, said I, don't think me such a Jew;
I say no more, but give the devil his due.
Lenitives, says he, best suit with our condition;
Jack Ketch, says I, 's an excellent physician.
I love no blood—Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of death.
We Trimmers are for holding all things even—
Yes, just like him that hung 'twixt hell and heaven.
Have we not had men's lives enough already?—
Yes, sure; but you're for holding all things steady.
Now since the weight hangs all on one side, brother,
You Trimmers should, to poize it, hang on t'other.
Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of steering,
Are neither fish nor flesh, nor good red-herring:
Not Whigs nor Tories they, nor this nor that;
Nor birds, nor beasts, but just a kind of bat;
A twilight animal, true to neither cause,
With Tory wings, but Whiggish teeth and claws.

§ 12. *Prologue to the Emperor of the Moon; 1675. Spoken by Mr. Jevern.* MRS. BEHN.

LONG, and at vast expence, th' industrious stage
Has strove to please a dull ungrateful age:
With heroes and with gods we first began,
And thunder'd to you in heroic strain:
Some dying love-sick queen each night you enjoy'd,
And with magnificence at last were cloy'd:
Our drums and trumpets frighted all the women;
Our fighting scar'd the beaux and billet-doux men.
So spark, in an intrigue of quality,
Grows weary of his splendid drudgery;
Hates the fatigue, and cries, A pox upon her!
What a damn'd bustle's here, with love and honour!
In humble comedy we next appear,
No fop, or cuckold, but, slap-dash, we had him here;
We shew'd ye all, but you malicious grown,
Friends' vices to expose, and hide your own,
Cry, Damn it—this is such or such a one!
Yet, nettled, Plague! what does this scribbler mean,
With his damn'd characters, and plots obscene?
No woman without vizard in the nation
Can see it twice, and keep her reputation——
That certain, forgetting——
That he himself, in every gross lampoon,
Her lewder secrets spread about the town;
Whilst their feign'd niceness is but cautious fear,
Their own intrigues should be unravel'd here.
Our next recourse was dwindling down to farce,
Then, Zounds—What stuff is here! Is wit so scarce?
Well, gentlemen, since none of these has sped,
Gad, we have bought a share in the speaking head.
So there you'll have a sice,
You love good husbandry in all but vice.

The head rises upon a twisted post, on a bench from under the stage. After Jevern *speaks to its mouth,*

Oh!—Oh!—Oh!
Stentor. Oh!—Oh!—Oh!

[*After this it sings* Sawny, *laughs, cries God bless the king, in order.*

Stentor *answers.*

Speak louder, Jevern, if you'd have me repeat;
Plague of this rogue! he will betray the cheat.
[*He speaks louder; it answers indirectly.*
—Hum——There 'tis again:
Pox of your echo with a northern strain!
Well—This will be but a nine days wonder too;
There's nothing lasting but the puppet-shew.
What lady's heart so hard, but it would move
To her Philander and Irene's love?
Those sisters too, the scandalous wits do say,
Two nameless keeping beaux have made so gay;
But those amours are perfect sympathy,
Their gallants being as mere machines as they.
Oh! how the city wife, with her known ninny,
Is charm'd with, Come into my coach, Miss Jenny!

* This Play was written jointly by Dryden and Lee.

But overturning——Fribble cries——Adzigs !
The joggling rogue has murder'd all his kids.
The men of war cry, Pox on't ! this is dull ;
We're for rough sports,—dog Hector, and the
bull.
Thus each in his degree diversion finds,
Your sports are suited to your mighty minds ;
Whilst so much judgment in your choice you
shew,
The puppets have more sense than some of you.

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§ 13. *Prologue to The Mistake, a play written by Joseph Harris, comedian; 1690.* Dryden.

Enter Mr. Bright.

GENTLEMEN, we must beg your pardon ; here's no prologue to be had to-day ; our new play is like to come on without a frontispiece ; as bald as one of you young beaux, without your periwig. I left our young poet snivelling and sobbing behind the scenes, and cursing somebody that has deceived him.

Enter Mr. Bowen.

Hold your prating to the audience ; here is honest Mr. Williams just come in, half mellow, from the Rose Tavern. He swears he is inspired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own, or something like one. O here he comes to his trial at all adventures : for my part I wish him a good deliverance.

[*Exeunt* Mr. Bright *and* Mr. Bowen.

Enter Mr. Williams.

Save ye, Sirs, save ye ! I'm in a hopeful way.
I should speak something in rhyme, now, for the play :
But the deuce take me if I know what to say.
I'll stick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye,
To the last drop of claret in my belly.
So far I'm sure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting :
And, if my verses feet stumble—you see my own are wanting.
Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which tho' much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that's as long as Cork*.
But for this play—(which 'till I have done, we shew not)
What may be its fortune—by the Lord I know not.
This I dare swear, no malice here is writ :
'Tis innocent of all things—even of wit.
He's no high-flyer—he makes no sky-rockets,
His squibs are only levell'd at your pockets.
And if his crackers light among your pelf,
Ye are blown up ; if not, then he's blown up himself.
By this time I'm something recovered of my fluster'd madness :
And now a word or two, in sober sadness.
Ours is a common play ; and you pay down
A common harlot's price—just half a crown.
You'll say, I play the pimp on my friend's score ;
But since 'tis for a friend, your gibes give o'er :
For many a mother has done that before.
How's this ? you cry—an actor write !—we know it ;
But Shakespeare was an actor and a poet.
Has not great Jonson's learning often fail'd,
While Shakespeare's great genius still prevail'd ?
Have not some writing actors, in this age,
Deserv'd and found success upon the stage ?
To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
Not one of us but means to be inspir'd.
Let your kind presence grace our homely cheer ;
Peace and the butt, is all our bus'ness here ;
So much for that—and the devil take small beer.

---

§ 14. *Epilogue to King Arthur, an Opera, 1691. Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle, in the Character of Emiline.* Ibid.

I'VE had to-day a dozen billet-doux
From fops, and wits, and cits, and Bow-street beaux,
Some from Whitehall, but from the Temple more,
A Covent-Garden porter brought me four.
I have not yet read all ; but without feigning,
We maids can make shrewd guesses at your meaning.
What if, to shew your styles, I read them here ?
Methinks I hear one cry, "Oh Lord ! forbear.
"No, Madam, no ; by Heav'n, that's too severe."
Well then, be safe——
But swear henceforward to renounce all writing,
And take this solemn oath of my inditing,
"As you love ease, and hate campaigns and fighting."
Yet, faith, 'tis just to make some few examples :
What if I shew'd you one or two for samples ?
Here's one desires my ladyship to meet
[*Pulls out one.*
At the kind couch above, in Bridges-street.
Oh sharping knave ! that would have you know what,
For a poor sneaking treat of chocolate.
Now, in the name of luck, I'll break this open,
[*Pulls out another.*
Because I dreamt last night I had a token ;
The superscription is exceeding pretty,
"To the desire of all the town and city."
Now, gallants, you must know, this precious fop
Is foreman of a haberdasher's shop ;
One who devoutly cheats, demure in carriage,
And courts me to the holy bands of marriage :
But with a civil innuendo too,
My overplus of love shall be for you.
[*Reads.*
"Madam, I swear, your looks are so divine,
"When I set up, your face shall be my sign :
"Tho' times are hard, to shew how I adore you,
"Here's my whole heart, and half a guinea for you.
"But have a care of beaux ; they're false, my honey ;
"And, which is worse, have not one rag of money."
See how maliciously the rogue would wrong ye,
But I know better things of some among ye.

* The siege of the city of Cork.

My

My wifeſt way will be to keep the ſtage,
And truſt to the good-nature of the age;
And he that likes the muſic and the play,
Shall be my favourite gallant to-day.

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§ 15. *Prologue to the Old Batchelor*; 1693.

CONGREVE.

HOW this vile world is chang'd! In former days,
Prologues were ſerious ſpeeches before plays;
Grave, ſolemn things (as graces are to feaſts)
Where poets begg'd a bleſſing from their gueſts.
But now no more like ſuppliants we come;
A play makes war, and prologue is the drum.
Arm'd with keen ſatire, and with pointed wit,
We threaten you, who do for judges ſit,
To ſave our plays; or elſe we'll damn your pit.
But, for your comfort, it falls out to-day,
We've a young author, and his firſt-born play:
So, ſtanding only on his good behaviour,
He's very civil, and entreats your favour.
Not but the man has malice, would he ſhew it:
But on my conſcience, he's a baſhful poet;
You think that ſtrange—no matter, he'll outgrow it:
Well, I'm his advocate—by me he prays you,
(I don't know whether I ſhall ſpeak to pleaſe you)
He prays—O bleſs me! what ſhall I do now?
Hang me if I know what he prays, or how!
And 'twas the pretrieſt prologue as he wrote it;
Well, the deuce take me if I han't forgot it.
O Lord! for Heaven's ſake excuſe the play,
Becauſe, you know, if it be damn'd to-day,
I ſhall be hang'd for wanting what to ſay.
For my ſake then—but I'm in ſuch confuſion,
I cannot ſtay to hear your reſolution.

[*Runs off.*

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§ 16. *Prologue ſpoken by Lord Buckhurſt at Weſtminſter-ſchool, at a repreſentation of Mr. Dryden's* CLEOMENES, *the Spartan Hero, at Chriſtmas*, 1695.

PRIOR.

PISH! Lord, I wiſh this prologue was but Greek,
Then young Cleonidas would boldly ſpeak:
But can Lord Buckhurſt in poor Engliſh ſay,
Gentle ſpectators, pray excuſe the play?
No, witneſs all ye gods of ancient Greece,
Rather than condeſcend to terms like theſe,
I'd go to ſchool ſix hours on Chriſtmas-day,
Or conſtrue Perſius while my comrades play.
Such work by hireling actors ſhould be done,
Who tremble when they ſee a critic frown;
Poor rogues, that ſmart like fencers for their bread,
And if they are not wounded, are not fed.
But, Sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
We act our tragedy to ſee our friends:
Our gen'rous ſcenes are for pure love repeated,
And if you are not pleas'd, at leaſt you're treated,
The candles and the clothes ourſelves we bought,
Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.
To learn our parts we left our midnight bed,
Moſt of you ſnor'd whilſt Cleomenes read:
Not that from this confeſſion we would ſue
Praiſe undeſerv'd, we know ourſelves and you;
Reſolv'd to ſtand or periſh by our cauſe,
We neither cenſure fear, nor beg applauſe,
For thoſe are Weſtminſter and Sparta's laws.
Yet if we ſee ſome judgment well inclin'd,
To young deſert and growing virtue kind,
That critic by ten thouſand marks ſhould know,
That greateſt ſouls to goodneſs only bow;
And that your little hero does inherit
Not Cleomenes' more than Dorſet's ſpirit.

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§ 17. *Prologue to the Royal Miſchief*; 1696.

IBID.

LADIES, to you with pleaſure we ſubmit
This early offspring of a virgin-wit.
From your good-nature nought our authoreſs fears:
Sure, you'll indulge, if not the muſe, her years;
Freely the praiſe ſhe may deſerve beſtow;
Pardon, not cenſure, what you can't allow;
Smile on the work, be to her merits kind,
And to her faults, whate'er they are, be blind.
Let critics follow rules; ſhe boldly writes
What Nature dictates, and what Love indites.
By no dull forms her queen and ladies move,
But court their heroes, and agnize their love.
Poor maid! ſhe'd have (what e'en no wife wou'd crave)
A huſband love his ſpouſe beyond the grave:
And from a ſecond marriage to deter,
Shews you what horrid things ſtep-mothers are.
Howe'er, to conſtancy the prize ſhe gives;
And tho' the ſiſter dies, the brother lives.
Bleſt with ſucceſs, at laſt he mounts a throne,
Enjoys at once his miſtreſs and a crown.
Learn, ladies, then, from Lidaraxa's fate,
What great rewards on virtuous lovers wait.
Learn too, if heav'n and fate ſhould adverſe prove,
(For fate and heav'n don't always ſmile on love)
Learn with Zelinda to be ſtill the ſame,
Nor quit your firſt for any ſecond flame:
Whatever fate, or death, or life, be given,
Dare to be true, ſubmit the reſt to Heaven.

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§ 18. *Prologue to Love and a Bottle*; 1699.

FARQUHAR.

[*Servant attending with a bottle of wine.*

AS ſtubborn atheiſts, who diſdain to pray,
Repent, tho' late, upon their dying day;
So in their pangs moſt authors, rack'd with fears,
Implore your mercy in our ſuppliant pray'rs.
But our new author has no cauſe maintain'd,
Let him not loſe what he has never gain'd.
Love and a bottle are his peaceful arms;
Ladies and gallants, have not thoſe ſome charms?

For

For love, all mankind to the fair muſt ſue:
And, Sirs, the bottle he preſents to you,
Health to the play I toaſt, [*Drinks*] e'en let it paſs,
Sure none ſit here that will refuſe their glaſs!
O there's a damning ſoldier—let me think—
He looks as he were ſworn—to what? To drink.
[*Drinks.*
Come on then; foot to foot be boldly ſet,
And our young author's new commiſſion wet.
He and his bottle here attend their doom,
From you the poet's Helicon muſt come;
If he has any foes, to make amends, [friends.
He gives his ſervice, [*Drinks*]—ſure you now are
No critic here will he provoke to fight,
The day be theirs, he only begs his night.
Pray pledge him now, ſecur'd from all abuſe,
Then name the health you love, let none refuſe.

§ 19. *Prologue to the Conſtant Couple*; 1700.
FARQUHAR.

POETS will think nothing ſo checks their fury,
As wits, cits, beaux, and women for their jury.
Our ſpark's half dead to think what medley's come, [doom.
With blended judgments, to pronounce his
'Tis all falſe fear: for in a mingled pit,
Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully writ, [wit.
His neighbour i' th' great wig may take for
Some authors court the few, the wiſe if any;
Our youth's content, if he can reach the many,
Who go with much like ends to church and play,
Not to obſerve what prieſts or poets ſay,
No, no! your thoughts, like theirs, lies quite another way.
The ladies ſafe may ſmile, for here's no ſlander,
No ſmut, no lewd-tongu'd beau, no *double entendre.*
'Tis true, he has a ſpark juſt come from France, [ſenſe;
But then ſo far from beau—why he talks
Like coin, oft carry'd out, but—ſeldom brought from thence.
There's yet a gang to whom our ſpark ſubmits,
Your elbow-ſhaking fool, that lives by's wits,
That's only witty tho', juſt as he lives, by fits;
Who, lion-like, through bailiffs ſcours away,
Hunts, in the face of dinner, all the day,
At night with empty bowels grumbles o'er the play.
And now the modiſh 'prentice he implores,
Who, with his maſter's caſh, ſtol'n out of doors, [whores:
Employs it on a brace of—honourable
While their good bulky mother pleas'd ſits by,
Bawd-regent of the bubble gallery.
Next to our mounted friends we humbly move,
Who all your ſide-box tricks are much above,
And never fail to pay us with your love.
Ah! friends! poor Dorſet Garden-houſe is gone;
Our merry meetings there are all undone;
Quite loſt to us, ſure for ſome ſtrange miſdeeds,
That ſtrong dog Sampſon's pull'd it o'er our heads, [told him,
Snaps rope like thread; but when his fortune's
He'll hear, perhaps, of rope will one day hold him:
At leaſt, I hope that our good-natur'd town
Will find a way to pull his prices down.
Well, that's all! Now, gentlemen, for the play.
On ſecond thoughts, I've but two words to ſay;
Such as it is, for your delight deſign'd,
Hear it, read, try, judge, and ſpeak as you find.

§ 20. *Prologue to the Inconſtant*; 1702.
Ibid.

LIKE hungry gueſts a ſitting audience looks:
Plays are like ſuppers; poets are the cooks:
The founders you: the table is the place:
The carvers we: the prologue is the grace:
Each act a courſe; each ſcene a different diſh:
Tho' we're in Lent, I doubt you're ſtill for fleſh.
Satire's the ſauce, high-ſeaſon'd, ſharp, and rough:
Kind maſks and beaux, I hope you're pepper-proof.
Wit is the wine; but 'tis ſo ſcarce the true,
Poets, like vintners, balderdaſh and brew.
Your ſurly ſcenes, where rant and bloodſhed join,
Are butchers meat; a battle's a ſurloin:
Your ſcenes of love, ſo flowing, ſoft, and chaſte,
Are water-gruel, without ſalt or taſte.
Bawdy's fat veniſon, which, tho' ſtale, can pleaſe:
Your rakes love *haut-gouts*, like your damn'd French cheeſe.
Your rarity, for the fair gueſt to gape on,
Is your nice ſqueaker, or Italian capon;
Or your French virgin-pullet, garniſh'd round,
And dreſs'd with ſauce of ſome—four hundred pound.
An opera, like an oglio, nicks the age;
Farce is the haſty-pudding of the ſtage;
For when you're treated with indifferent cheer,
You can diſpenſe with ſlender ſtage-coach fare.
A paſtoral's whipt cream; ſtage whims, mere [traſh;
And tragi-comedy, half fiſh and fleſh.
But comedy, that, that's the darling cheer:
This night, we hope, you'll an Inconſtant bear:
Wild fowl is lik'd in play-houſe all the year.
Yet ſince each mind betrays a different taſte,
And every diſh ſcarce pleaſes ev'ry gueſt,
If aught you reliſh, do not damn the reſt.
This favour crav'd, up let the muſic ſtrike:
You're welcome all—Now fall to where you like.

§ 21. *Prologue on the propoſed Union of the Two Houſes*; 1703.
Ibid.

NOW all the world's ta'en up with ſtate affairs,
Some wiſhing peace, ſome calling out for wars,
'Tis likewiſe fit we ſhould inform the age
What are the preſent politics o' th' ſtage:
Two different ſtates, ambitious both, and bold,
All free-born ſouls, the New Houſe and the Old
Have

Have long contended, and make ftout effays
Which fhould be monarch abfolute in plays.
Long has the battle held with bloody ftrife,
Where many ranting heroes loft their life;
Yet fuch their enmity, that e'en the flain
To conquer death, rife up, and fight again.
Whilft from the gallery, box, the pit, and all,
The audience look'd, and fhook its awful head,
Wond'ring to fee fo many thoufands fall,
And then look'd pale to fee us look fo red.
For force of numbers, and poetic fpell,
We've rais'd the ancient heroes too from hell,
To lead our troops: and on this bloody field
You've feen great Cæfar fight, great Pompey yield.
Vaft fums of treafure too we did advance,
To draw fome mercenary troops from France;
Light-footed rogues, who when they got their pay,
Took to their heels—*Allons*—and ran away.
Here you have feen great Philip's conqu'ring fon,
Whom twelve years did the whole world o'er-run;
Here has he fought, and found a harder job,
To beat one play-houfe, than fubdue the globe:
All this from emulation for the bays,
You lik'd the conteft, and beftow'd your praife:
But now (as bufy heads love fomething new)
They would propofe an union—Oh, *mort dieu!*
If it be fo, let Cæfar hide his head,
And fight no more for glory, but for bread.
Let Alexander mourn, as once before,
Becaufe no worlds are left to conquer more.
But if we may judge fmall from greater things,
The prefent times may fhew what union brings,
You feel the danger of united kings.
If we grow one, then flav'ry muft enfue
To poets, players, and, my friends, to you.
For, to one houfe confin'd, you then muft praife
Both curfed actors, and confounded plays.
Then leave us as we are, and next advance
Bravely to break the tie 'twixt Spain and France.

§ 22. *Prologue to Love's Contrivance*; 1703.
CENTLIVER.

POETS like mufhrooms rife and fall of late,
Or as th' uncertain favourite of ftate;
Invention's rack'd to pleafe both eye and ear,
But no fcene takes without the moving player:
Daily we fee plays, pamphlets, libels, rhymes,
Become the falling-ficknefs of the times;
So feverifh is the humour of the town,
It furfeits of a play ere three days run.
At Locket's, Brown's, and at Pontack's inquire
What modifh kick-fhaws the nice beaux defire,
What fam'd ragouts, what new-invented fallad,
Has beft pretenfions to regale the palate.
If we prefent you with a medley here,
A hodge-podge difh ferv'd up in china ware,
We hope 'twill pleafe, 'caufe like your bills of fare.
To pleafe you all, we fhould attempt in vain;
In diff'rent perfons diff'rent humours reign.
The foldier's for the rattling fcenes of war,
The peaceful beau hates fhedding blood fo near.
Courtiers in com'dy place their chief delight,
Caufe love's the proper bus'nefs of the night.
The clown for paft'ral his half-crown beftows,
But t'other houfe by fad experience knows
This polifh'd town produces few of thofe.
The merchant is for traffic ev'ry where,
And values not the beft, but cheapeft ware.
Since various humours are pleas'd various ways,
A critic's but a fool to judge of plays.
Fool did I fay? 'Tis difficult to know
Who 'tis that's fo indeed, or is not fo:
If that be then a point fo hard to gain,
Wit's fure a moft profound unfathom'd main.
He that fits judge, the trident ought to fway,
To know who's greateft fool or wit to-day,
The audience, or the author of the play.

§ 23. *Epilogue to the Beau's Duel*; 1703.
IBID.

YOU fee, gallants, 't has been our poet's care,
To fhew what beaux in their perfection are;
By nature cowards, foolifh, ufelefs tools,
Made men by taylors, and by women, fools:
A fickle, falfe, a finging, dancing crew,
Nay, now we hear they've fmiling-mafters too;
Juft now a Frenchman in the dreffing-room,
From teaching of a beau to fmile was come.
He fhew'd five guineas—Was n't he rarely paid?
Thus all the world by fmiles are once betray'd;
The ftatefman fmiles on them he would undo,
The courtier's fmiles are very feldom true,
The lover's fmiles too many do believe,
And women fmile on them they would deceive;
When tradefmen fmile, they fafely cheat with eafe;
And fmiling lawyers never fail of fees —
The doctor's look the patient's pain beguiles,
The fick man lives if the phyfician fmiles:
Thus fmiles with intereft hand in hand do go,
He fureft ftrikes, that fmiling gives the blow;
Poets, with us this proverb do defy,
We live by fmiles, for if you frown we die.
To pleafe you then fhall be our chief endeavour,
And all we afk is but your fmiles for ever.
[*Going.*
Hold—I forgot—the author bid me fay,
She humbly begs protection for her play:
'Tis yours—fhe dedicates it to you all,
And you're too generous, fure, to let it fall;
She hopes the ladies will her caufe maintain,
Since virtue here has been her only aim.
The beaux, fhe thinks, won't fail to do her right,
Since here they're taught with fafety how to fight,
She's fure of favour from the men of war,
A foldier is her darling character:
To fear their murmurs then would be abfurd,
They only mutiny when not prefer'd.
But yet, I fee, fhe does your fury dread,
And, like a prifoner, ftands with fear half dead,
While you, her judges, do her fentence give;
If you're not pleas'd, fh fays, fhe cannot live.
Let my petition then fo, once prevail;
And let your gen'rous hands her pardon feal.

§ 24.

§ 24. *Prologue to Love makes a Man.* 1704.
CIBBER.

SINCE plays are but a kind of public feasts,
Where tickets only make the welcome guests;
Methinks, instead of grace, we should prepare
Your tastes in prologue, with your bill of fare.
When you foreknow each course, tho' this may teaze you,
'Tis five to one but one o' th' five may please [you.
First, for the critics, we've your darling chear,
Faults without number, more than sense can bear;
You're certain to be pleas'd where errors are.
From your displeasure I dare vouch we're safe;
You never frown but where your neighbours laugh.
Now you that never know what spleen or hate is,
Who for an act or two are welcome gratis,
That tip the wink, and so sneak out with *nunquam satis*;
For your smart tastes we've toss'd you up a fop,
We hope the newest that's of late come up;
The fool, beau, wit, and rake, so mix'd he carries,
He seems a ragout piping hot from Paris.
But for the softer sex, whom most we'd move,
We've what the fair and chaste were form'd for——love.
An artless passion, fraught with hopes and fears,
And nearest happy when it most despairs.
For masks, we've scandal; and for beaux, French airs.
To please all tastes, we'll do the best we can;
For the galleries, we've Dicky and Will Pinkethman.
Now, Sirs, you're welcome, and you know your fare;
But pray, in charity, the founder spare,
Lest you destroy at once the poet and the player.

§ 25. *Prologue to the Twin Rivals*; 1706.
FARQUHAR.
[*An alarum sounded.*

WITH drums and trumpets, in this warring age,
A martial prologue should alarm the stage.
New plays—ere acted, a full audience here,
Seem towns infested, when a siege they fear.
Prologues are like a forlorn hope, sent out
Before the play, to skirmish and to scout:
Our dreadful foes, the critics, when they spy,
They cock, they charge, they fire—then back they fly.
The siege is laid——there gallant chiefs abound,
Here foes entrench'd; there—glittering [troops around,
And the loud batt'ries roar—from yonder rising ground.
In the first act, brisk sallies (miss or hit)
With vollies of small shot, or snip-snap wit,
Attack, and gall the trenches of the pit.
The next—the fire continues, but at length
Grows less, and slackens like a bridegroom's strength.
The third—feints, mines, and countermines abound,
Your critic engineers, safe under ground,
Blow up our works, and all our art confound.
The fourth—brings on most actions, and 'tis sharp,
Fresh foes crowd on, at your remissness carp,
And desp'rate, tho' unskill'd, insult our counterscarp.
Then comes the last; the gen'ral storm is near,
The poet-governor now quakes for fear;
Runs wildly up and down, forgets to huff,
And would give all he's plundered—to get off.
So—Don, and Monsieur—Bluff, before the siege,
Were quickly tam'd—at Venlo, and at Liege:
'Twas *Viva Spagnia! Viva France!* before;
Now, *Quartier, Monsieur! Quartier! Ah! Senor!*
But what your resolution can withstand?
You master all, and awe the sea and land.
In war—your valour makes the strong submit;
Your judgment humbles all attempts in wit.
What play, what fort, what beauty can endure
All fierce assaults, and always be secure!
Then grant 'em gen'rous terms who dare to write,
Since now—that seems as desp'rate as to fight.
If we must yield—yet, ere the day be fixt,
Let us hold out the third, and, if we may, the sixth.

§ 26. *Prologue to the Basset-Table*; 1706.
Spoken by Mr. Pinkethman. CENTLIVRE.

IN all the faces that to plays resort,
Whether of country, city, mob, or court,
I've always found, that none such hopes inspire,
As you—dear brethren of the upper tier.
Poets in prologues may both preach and rail,
Yet all their wisdom nothing will avail;
Who writes not up to you, 'tis ten to one will fail.
Your thundering plaudit 'tis that deals out fame;
You make plays run, though of themselves be [ing lame.
How often have we known your noise command-
Impose on your inferior masters understanding!
Therefore, dear brethren, (since I'm one of you)
Whether adorn'd in grey, green, brown, or [blue,
This day stand all by me, as I will fall by you.
And now let——
The poor pit see how Pinkey's voice commands
Silence—now rattle all your sticks, and clap your grimy hands.
I greet your love—and let the vainest author shew
Half this command on cleaner hands below;
Nay, more to prove your interest, let this play live by you.
So may you share good claret with your masters,
Still free in your amours from their disasters:

Fre

Free from poor house-keeping, where peck is under locks, [box:
Free from cold kitchens, and no Christmas-
So may no long debates i' th' House of Commons [summons;
Make you in the lobby starve, when hunger
But may your plenteous vails come flowing in,
Give you a lucky hit, and make you gentlemen;
And thus prefer'd, ne'er fear the world's reproaches, [your coaches.
But shake your elbows with my lord, and keep

---

§ 27. *Prologue to the Busy Body*; 1708.
CENTLIVRE.

THOUGH modern prophets were expos'd of late,
The author could not prophesy his fate:
If with such scenes an audience had been fir'd,
The poet must have really been inspir'd.
But these, alas! are melancholy days
For modern prophets, and for modern plays.
Yet since prophetic lyes please fools of fashion,
And women are so fond of agitation;
To men of sense I'll prophesy anew,
And tell you wond'rous things that will prove true:
Undaunted colonels will to camps repair,
Assur'd there'll be no skirmishes this year;
On our own terms will flow the wish'd-for peace,
All wars, except 'twixt man and wife, shall cease. [throne,
The Grand Monarque may wish his son a
But hardly will advance to lose his own.
This season most things bear a smiling face;
But play'rs in summer have a dismal case,
Since your appearance only is our act of grace.
Court ladies will to country seats be gone,
My lord can't all the year live great in town;
Where, wanting operas, basset, and a play,
They'll sigh, and stitch a gown to pass the time away.
Gay city wives at Tunbridge will appear,
Whose husbands long have wished for an heir;
Where many a courtier may their wants relieve,
But by the waters only they conceive.
The Fleet-street sempstress—toast of Temple sparks, [clerks,
That runs spruce neckcloths for attorneys
At Cupid's gardens will her hours regale,
Sing fair Dorinda, and drink bottled ale.
At all assemblies rakes are up and down,
And gamesters, when they think they are not known.
Should I denounce our author's fate to-day,
To cry down prophecies, you'd damn the lay;
Yet whims like these have sometimes made you laugh,
'Tis tattling all like Isaac Bickerstaff.
Since war and places claim the bards that write,
Be kind, and bear a woman's treat, to-night;
Let your indulgence all her fears allay,
And none but women-haters damn this play.

§ 28. *Prologue to the Man's bewitched*; 1710.
IBID.

OUR female author trembling stands within,
Her fear arises from another's sin;
One of her sex has so abus'd the town,
That on her score she dreads your angry frown:
Though I dare say, poor soul, she never writ
Lampoon, or satire, on the box or pit; [wit.
A harmless hum'rous play is her extent of
Tho' Bickerstaff's vast genius may engage,
And lash the vice and follies of the age;
Why should the tender Delia tax the nation,
Stickle and make a noise for reformation,
Who always gave a loose herself to inclination?
Scandal and satire's thrown aside to-day,
And humour the sole business of our play.
Beaux may dress on, to catch the ladies' hearts,
And good assurance pass for mighty parts:
The cits may bring their spouses without fear,
We shew no wife that's poaching for an heir,
Nor teach the use of a fine gauze handkerchier.
Cowards may huff, and talk of mighty wonders,
And jilts set up—for twenty thousand pounders.
Our author, even though she knows full well,
Is so good-natur'd, she forbears to tell,
What colonels, lately, have found out the knack,
To muster madam, still, by Ned or Jack.
To keep their pleasures up, a frugal way, [pay.
They give her—subaltern's subsistence for her
In short, whate'er your darling vices are,
They pass untouch'd in this night's bill of fare.
But if all this can't your good-nature wake,
Though here and there a scene should fail to
Yet spare her for the Busy Body's sake. [take,

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§ 29. *Epilogue to the same, spoken by Mrs. Oldfield*; 1710. IBID.

[*A Porter delivers a Letter, just as she is going to speak.*

WHAT's this? a billet-doux! from hands unknown?
'Tis new to send it thus 'fore all the town:
But since the poor man's so agog,
I'll read it out by way of epilogue.
Madam, [*Reads.*
Permit a wretch to let you know,
That he's no more *in statu quo*;
My ruin from this night commences,
Unless your smiles refund my senses;
For, with one thrust of Cupid's dart,
You've whipp'd your slave quite thro' the heart:
Therefore, I beg you, cast your eye
O'er boxes, pit, and gallery,
In pity of my pains and doubt,
And try if you can't find me out.
Poor soul! he seems indeed in dismal plight;
Let's see! it can't be, sure! from th' upper flight; [can write:
No, no—that's plain—for—none of them

Nor

Nor can I think it from the middle fell ;
For I'm afraid as few of them can spell ;
Beside, their haggling passions never gain
Beyond the passage-walking nymphs of Drury-Lane :
And then the pit's more stock'd with rakes and rovers,
Than any of these senseless, whining lovers.
The backs o' th' boxes too seem mostly lin'd
With souls whose passion's to themselves confin'd.
In short, I can't conceive, 'mongst all you sparks,
The wretch distinguish'd by these bloody marks.
But since the town has heard your kind commands, sir,
The town shall e'en be witness of my answer.
First then, beware you prove no spark in red,
With empty purse and regimental head ;
That thinks no woman can refuse t'engage in't,
While love's advanc'd with offer'd bills on agent ;
That swears he'll settle from his joys commencing,
And make the babe, the day he's born, an ensign.
Nor could I bear a titled beau, that steals
From fasting spouse her matrimonial meals :
That modish sends next morn to her apartment
A civil how d'ye---far, alas ! from th' heart meant :
Then, powder'd for th' ensuing day's delights,
Bows thro' his crowd of duns, and drives to White's.
Nor could I like the wretch that all night plays,
And only takes his rest on winning days :
Then sets us, from a lucky hit, his rattler ;
Then's trac'd from his orig'nal---in the Tatler.
To tell you all that are my fix'd aversion,
Would tire the tongue of malice or aspersion.
But if I find 'mongst all one generous heart,
That, deaf to stories, takes the stage's part ;
That thinks that purse deserves to keep the plays,
Whose fortune's bound for the support of operas ;
That thinks our constitution here is justly fixt,
And now no more with lawyers brawls perplext :
He, I declare, shall my whole heart receive ;
And (what's more strange) I'll love him while I live.

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§ 30. *Prologue to Cato* ; 1713. POPE.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart ;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold :
For this the tragic muse first trode the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age ;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ;
In pitying love, we but our weakness shew,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was :
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed ?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state :
As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast ;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye ;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by ;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons attend : be worth like this approv'd,
And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd :
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage :
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

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§ 31. *Prologue to Lady Jane Gray* ; 1715. ROWE.

TO-night the noblest subject swells our scene,
A heroine, a martyr, and a queen :
And though the poet dares not boast his art,
The very theme shall something great impart,
To warm the gen'rous soul, and touch the tender heart.
To you, fair judges, we the cause submit ;
Your eyes shall tell us how the tale is writ.
If your soft pity waits upon our woe,
If silent tears for suffering virtue flow ;
Your grief the muses' labour shall confess,
The lively passions, and the just distress.
Oh ! could our author's pencil justly paint,
Such, as she was in life, the beauteous saint ;
Boldly your strict attention might we claim,
And bid you mark and copy out the dame.
No wand'ring glance one wanton thought confess'd,
No guilty wish inflam'd her spotless breast :
The only love that warm'd her blooming youth,
Was husband, England, liberty, and truth.
For these she fell ; while, with too weak a hand,
She strove to save a blind ungrateful land.
But thus the secret laws of fate ordain,
William's great hand was doom'd to break that chain,
And end the hopes of Rome's tyrannic reign.
For ever as the circling years return,
Ye grateful Britons ! crown the hero's urn :
To his just care you ev'ry blessing owe,
Which or his own, or following reigns bestow.
Though his hard fate a father's name deny'd,
To you a father, he that loss supply'd.

Then while you view the royal line's increase,
And court the pledges of your future peace,
From this great stock while still new glories
Conquest abroad, and liberty at home; [come,
While you behold the beautiful and brave,
Bright princesses to greet you, kings to save,
Enjoy the gift, but bless the hand that gave.

§ 32. *Epilogue to the Cruel Gift, spoken by Mrs. Oldfield*; 1717. ROWE.

WELL—'twas a narrow 'scape my lover made——
That cup and message—I was sore afraid!
Was that a present for a new-made widow,
All in her dismal dumps, like doleful Dido?
When one peep'd in—and hop'd for something good, [blood*.
There was——Oh gad! a nasty heart and
If the old man had shew'd himself a father,
His bowl should have inclos'd a cordial rather;
Something to cheer me up amidst my trance,
L'eau de barbade—or comfortable *Nantz* †!
He thought he paid it off with being smart,
And, to be witty, cried, he'd send the heart.
I could have told his gravity, moreover,
Were I our sex's secrets to discover,
'Tis what we never look for in a lover.
Let but the bridegroom prudently provide
All other matters fitting for a bride,
So he make good the jewels and the jointure,
To miss the heart does seldom disappoint her.
Faith, for the fashion hearts of late are made in,
They are the vilest baubles we can trade in.
Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,
With hearts of oak, so much of old renown'd?
How many worthy gentlemen of late
Swore to be true to mother-church and state;
When their false hearts were secretly maintaining
Yon trim king Pepin, at Avignon reigning?
Shame on the canting crew of soul-insurers,
That Tyburn-tribe of speech-making non-jurors; [ing,
Who, in new-fangled terms old truths explain-
Teach honest Englishmen damn'd double mean-
Oh, would you lost integrity restore, [ing.
And boast that faith your plain forefathers bore;
What surer pattern can you hope to find,
Than that dear pledge ‡ your monarch left behind?
See how his looks his honest heart explain,
And speak the blessings of his future reign!
In his each feature truth and candour trace,
And read plain dealing written in his face.

§ 33. *Epilogue to the Pseudolus of Plautus. Acted by the Scholars of Bury School, November 6, 1734.*

I HAVE been peeping for these many days
I' th' tail of all the Greek and Latin plays;
And, after strictest search, to none can find
An epilogue, like dishclout, pinn'd behind.
Those ancient bards knew when the play was done,
Nor, like Sir Martin Mar-all, still play'd on,
They imitated nature in their plan,
Nor made a monkey when they meant a man.
From modern fancy, then, this custom rose,
Like whimsical toupees among the beaux:
Monstrous excrescences! both which disgrace
(By being fix'd in an improper place)
Heav'n's great production, man,—man's great production, plays.
Yet must we, though as foolish we decry
This mode, be fools in fashion, and comply:
For rights, we know, howe'er absurdly gain'd
At first, with obstinacy are maintain'd:
Since then this privilege you will not lose,
Let's hear what sort of epilogue you'll choose.
Are you for satire? No; why there you're right;
The wisest can't foresee where that may light.
Are ye for politics? There we cry No,
Where that may light—you easily may know.
Another topic, then, pray ladies, hear;
Suppose a panegyric on the fair.
So, I perceive, I've touch'd the ticklish place,
And clearly read consent in ev'ry face.
O fie! consent so soon?—that can't be right;
I hate such coming ladies—So good night.

§ 34. *Epilogue to the Lying Valet*; 1740. GARRICK.

THAT I'm a lying rogue, you all agree;
And yet, look round the world, and you shall see [me.
That many more, my betters, *lye* as fast as
Against this vice we all are ever railing;
And yet, so tempting is it, so prevailing,
You'll find but few without this useful failing.
Lady or Abigail, my Lord or Will,
The *lye* goes round, and the ball's never still.
My lyes were harmless, told to shew my parts,
And not like those when tongues belye their hearts.
In all professions you will find this flaw;
And in the gravest too, in physic and in law.
The gouty serjeant cries, with formal pause,
"Your plea is good, my friend, don't starve the cause:"
But when my lord decrees for t'other side,
Your costs of suit convince you—that he lyed.
A doctor comes, with formal wig and face,
First feels your pulse, then thinks, and knows your case;
"Your fever's slight, not dangerous, I assure you; [cure you."
"Keep warm, and *repetatur haustus*, Sir, will
Around the bed next day his friends are crying;
The patient dies, the doctor's paid for lying.
The poet, willing to secure the pit,
Gives out, his play has humour, taste and wit:
The cause comes on, and while the judges try,
Each groan and cat-call gives the bard the lye.

* This tragedy was founded upon the story of Sigismunda and Guiscardo, out of Boccace's novels: wherein the heart of the lover is sent by the father to his daughter, as a present.
† i. e. Citron-water and good brandy. ‡ The Prince of Wales, then present.

Now let us ask, pray, what the ladies do?
They too will fib a little, *entre nous.* [fan)
"Lord!" says the prude (her face behind her
"How can our sex have any joy in man?
"As for my part, the best could ne'er deceive
"me; [grieve me:
"And were the race extinct, 'twould never
"Their sight is odious, but their touch—O gad!
"The thought of that's enough to drive one
"mad."
Thus rails at man the squeamish Lady Dainty,
Yet weds at fifty-five a rake of twenty.
In short, a beau's intrigues, a lover's sighs,
The courtier's promise, the rich widow's cries,
And patriot's zeal, are seldom more than lyes.
Sometimes you'll see a man belye his nation,
Nor to his country show the least relation.
For instance, now——
A cleanly Dutchman, or a Frenchman grave,
A sober German, or a Spaniard brave,
An Englishman, a coward or a slave.
Mine, though a fibbing, was an honest art;
I serv'd my master, play'd a faithful part:
Rank me not, therefore, 'mongst the lying crew,
For, though my tongue was false, my heart was
true.

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§ 35. *Epilogue to Ignoramus, acted at Westminster School, in December* 1747; *spoken by Ignoramus and Musæus.*

Ign. PEACE, bookworm! bless me, what
a clerk have I!
A strange place sure——this university!
What's learning, virtue, modesty, or sense?
Fine words to hear—but will they turn the pence?
These stiff pedantic notions—far outweighs
That one short, comprehensive thing—a face.
Go, march it if you can with all your rules
Of Greek or Roman, old or modern schools:
The total this of Ignoramus' skill,
To carve his fortune—place him where you will.
For not in law alone could I appear;
My parts would shine alike in any sphere.
You've heard my song in Rosabella's praise:
And would I try the loftier ode to raise,
You'd see me soon a rival for the bays.
Or, I could turn a journalist, and write
With little wit, but large recruits of spite;
Abuse and blacken—just as party sways——
And lash my betters——these are thriving ways.
My mind to graver physic would I bend,
Think you I'd study Greek, like Mead or Friend?
No—with some *nostrum* I'd ensure my fees,
Without the help of learning or degrees:
On drop or pill securely I'd rely,
And shake my head at the whole faculty.
Or would I take to orders——
Mus. Orders! how? [know:
Ign. One not too scrupulous a way might
'Twere but the forging of a hand—or so.
In orders too my purposes I'd serve;
And if I could not rise, I would not starve.
With lungs and face I'd make my butchers stare,
Or publish—that I'd marry at May-fair.
These, these are maxims, that will stand the test:
But universities——are all a jest.
Mus. I grant a prodigy we sometimes view,
Whom neither of our seats of learning knew.
Yet sure none shine so eminently great,
In law or physic, in the church or state,
Than those who early drank the love of fame
At Cam's fair bank, or Isis' silver stream.
Look round—here's proof enough this point to
clear. [here?
Ign. Bless me!—what!—not one Ignoramus
I stand convicted——What can I say more?
See—my face fails, which never fail'd before.
How great soe'er I seem in Dulman's eye,
Yet Ignorance must blush—when Learning's by.

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§ 36. *Epilogue to Agamemnon.* THOMSON.

OUR Bard, to modern epilogue a foe,
Thinks such mean mirth but deadens generous woe;
Dispels in idle air the moral sigh,
And wipes the tender tear from pity's eye:
No more with social warmth the bosom burns;
But all th' unfeeling, selfish man returns.
Thus he began:—And you approv'd the
strain;
Till the next couplet sunk too light and vain.
You check'd him there.—To you, to reason just,
He owns he triumph'd in your kind disgust.
Charm'd by your frown, by your displeasure
He hails the rising virtue of your taste. [grac'd,
Wide will its influence spread, as soon as
known;
Truth, to be lov'd, need only to be shown.
Confirm it, once, the fashion to be good:
(Since fashion leads the fool, and awes the rude)
No petulance shall wound the public ear;
No hand applaud what honour shuns to hear:
No painful blush the modest cheek shall stain;
The worthy breast shall heave with no disdain.
Chastis'd to decency, the British stage
Shall oft invite the fair, invite the sage: [part;
Both shall attend well-pleas'd, well-pleas'd de-
Or if they doom the verse, absolve the heart.

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§ 37. *Prologue spoken by Mr. Garrick, at the opening the Theatre in Drury-Lane, in the Year* 1747. JOHNSON.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous
foes [rose;
First rear'd the Stage, immortal Shakespeare
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His powerful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.
Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience, and laborious art,
By regular approach essay'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could
praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The

The wits of Charles found eaſier ways to fame, [flame;
Nor wiſh'd for Jonſon's art, or Shakeſpeare's
Themſelves they ſtudied, as they felt they writ,
Intrigue was plot, obſcenity was wit.
Vice always found a ſympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like theſe aſpir'd to laſting praiſe,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days:
Their cauſe was gen'ral, their ſupports were ſtrong, [long;
Their ſlaves were willing, and their reign was
Till ſhame regain'd the poſt that ſenſe betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid. [fin'd,
Then cruſh'd by rules, and weaken'd as re-
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd:
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
'Till declamation roar'd, whilſt paſſion ſlept;
Yet ſtill did virtue deign the ſtage to tread,
Philoſophy remain'd, though Nature fled.
But forc'd at length her ancient reign to quit,
She ſaw great Fauſtus lay the ghoſt of wit:
Exulting folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her ſway.
But who the coming changes can preſage,
And mark the future periods of the ſtage?
Perhaps, if ſkill could diſtant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in ſtore;
Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet
On flying cars new ſorcerers may ride; [dy'd,
Perhaps (for who can gueſs th' effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.
Hard is his lot, that here by fortune plac'd,
Muſt watch the wild viciſſitudes of taſte:
With every meteor of caprice muſt play,
And chaſe the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not cenſure term our fate our choice,
The ſtage but echoes back the public voice,
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to pleaſe, muſt pleaſe to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence
Of reſcu'd nature, and reviving ſenſe; [ſhow,
To chaſe the charms of ſound, the pomp of
For uſeful mirth and ſolitary woe;
Bid Scenic Virtue form the riſing age,
And Truth diffuſe her radiance from the Stage.

§ 38. *Epilogue to Shakeſpeare's firſt Part of King Henry IV.; ſpoken by Mr. J. Y. in the Character of Falſtaff, 1748. Acted by young Gentlemen at Mr. Newcome's School at Hackney.* HOADLEY.

[*Puſh'd in upon the ſtage by Prince Henry.*

A Plague upon all cowards, ſtill, I ſay—
Old Jack muſt bear the heat of all the day,
And be the maſter-fool beyond the play—
Amidſt hot-blooded Hotſpur's rebel ſtrife,
By miracle of wit I ſav'd my life;
And now ſtand fooliſhly expos'd again
To th' hiſſing bullets of the critic's brain.
Go to, old lad, 'tis time that thou wert wiſer——
Thou art not fram'd for an epiloguizer.
There's Hal, now, or his nimble ſhadow, Poins,
Straight in the back, and liſſome in the loins,
Who wears his boot ſmooth as his miſtreſs' ſkin,
And ſhining as the glaſs ſhe dreſſes in; [lye—
Can bow and cringe, fawn, flatter, cog, and
Which honeſt Jack could never do—not I.
Hal's heir-apparent face might ſtand it buff,
And make (ha! ha! ha!) a ſaucy epilogue enough;
But I am old, and ſtiff—nay, baſhful grown,
For Shakeſpeare's humour is not now my own.
I feel myſelf a counterfeiting aſs;
And if for ſterling wit I give you braſs,
It is his royal image makes it paſs.
Fancy now works; and here I ſtand and ſtew
In mine own greaſy fears, which ſet to view
Eleven buckram critics in each man of you.
Wights, who with no out-facings will be
Nor into riſibility be bamm'd; [ſhamm'd,
Will, though ſhe ſhake their ſides, think nature treaſon;
And ſee one damn'd—ere laugh without a reaſon:
Then how ſhall one, not of the virtuous, ſpeed,
Who merely has a wicked wit to plead——
Wit without meaſure, humour without rule,
Unfetter'd laugh, and lawleſs ridicule?
Faith! try him by his peers, a jury choſen—
The kingdom will, I think, ſcarce raiſe the dozen.
So—be but kind, and countenance the cheat,
I'll in, and ſay to Hal—I've done the feat.

§ 39. *Prologue to Irene*, 1749. JOHNSON.

YE glitt'ring train, whom lace and velvet bleſs,
Suſpend the ſoft ſolicitudes of dreſs;
From grov'ling buſineſs and ſuperfluous care,
Ye ſons of Avarice! a moment ſpare:
Vot'ries of Fame, and worſhippers of Pow'r!
Diſmiſs the pleaſing phantoms for an hour.
Our daring bard, with ſpirit unconfin'd,
Spreads wide the mighty moral of mankind.
Learn here how Heav'n ſupports the virtuous mind,
Daring, tho' calm; and vig'rous, tho' reſign'd.
Learn here what anguiſh racks the guilty breaſt,
In pow'r dependent, in ſucceſs depreſt.
Learn here that peace from innocence muſt flow;
All elſe is empty ſound, and idle ſhow. [join;
If truths like theſe with pleaſing language
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature ſhine:
If no wild draught depart from reaſon's rules,
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools:
Intriguing wits! his artleſs plot forgive;
And ſpare him, beauties! tho' his lovers live.
Be this at leaſt his praiſe; be this his pride;
To force applauſe, no modern arts are try'd.
Should partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal ſound.
Should welcome ſleep relieve the wary wit,
He rolls no thunders o'er the drowſy pit.
No ſnares to captivate the judgment ſpreads;
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
Unmov'd tho' witlings ſneer, and rivals rail;
Studious to pleaſe, yet not aſham'd to fail.

He scorns the meek address, the suppl'ant strain,
With merit needless, and without it vain.
In Reason, Nature, Truth he dares to trust:
Ye fops be silent, and ye wits be just.

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§ 40. *Prologue to Comus, for the Benefit of Milton's Grand-daughter*; 1750. *Spoken by Mr. Garrick.* JOHNSON.

YE patriot crowds who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs whose bosoms beat at Milton's name,
Whose generous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times;
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise;
Let wit condemn'd the feeble war to wage,
With close malevolence, or public rage;
Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this Theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall tell,
That never Britain can in vain excel;
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.
  At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent haste each candidate of fame
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name;
He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow
Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold.
Unknown—unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.
What tho' she shine with no Miltonian fire,
No favouring muse her morning dreams inspire:
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age;
Hers the mild merits of domestic life,
The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
Her grandsire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
Secure with peace, with competence to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave.

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§ 41. *Occasional Prologue, spoken by Mr. Garrick, at the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre, September 5, 1750.*

AS heroes, states, and kingdoms, rise and fall;
  So (with the mighty to compare the small)
Thro' int'rest, whim, or, if you please, thro' fate,
We feel commotions in our mimic state:
The sock and buskin fly from stage to stage;
A year's alliance is with us—an age!
And where's the wonder? all surprise must cease,
When we reflect how int'rest, or caprice,
Makes real kings break articles of peace.
Strengthen'd with new allies, our foes prepare;
"Cry, havoc! and let slip the dogs of war."
To shake our souls, the * papers of the day
Drew forth the adverse pow'r in dread array;
A pow'r, might strike the boldest with dismay:
Yet, fearless still, we take the field with spirit,
Arm'd *cap-a-pie* in self-sufficient merit.
Our ladies too, with souls and tongues untam'd,
Fire up, like Britons, when the battle's nam'd:
Each female heart pants for the glorious strife,
From Hamlet's mother†, to the cobler's ‡ wife.
Some few there are whom paltry passions guide,
Desert each day, and fly from side to side;
Others, like Swiss, love fighting as their trade;
For, beat, or beating—they must all be paid.
  Sacred to Shakespeare was this spot design'd,
To pierce the heart, and humanize the mind.
But if an empty house, the actor's curse,
Shews us our Lears and Hamlets lose their force;
Unwilling, we must change the nobler scene,
And, in our turn, present you Harlequin:
Quit poets, and set carpenters to work,
Shew gaudy scenes, or mount the vaulting Turk.
For tho' we actors, one and all, agree,
Boldly to struggle for our—vanity;
If want comes on, importance must retreat:
Our first, great ruling passion, is—to eat.
To keep the field, all methods we'll pursue;
The conflict glorious! for we'll fight for you:
And, should we fail to gain the wish'd applause,
At least we're vanquish'd in a noble cause.

---

§ 42. *Occasional Prologue, spoken at Covent-Garden Theatre by Mr. Barry*; 1750.

WHEN vice or folly over-runs a state,
  Weak politicians lay the blame on fate:
When rulers useful subjects cease to prize,
And damn for arts that caus'd themselves to rise:
When jealousies and fears possess the throne,
And kings allow no merit—but their own:
Can it be strange that men for flight prepare,
And strive to raise a colony elsewhere?
This custom has prevail'd in ev'ry age,
And has been sometimes practis'd on the stage:
For—*entre nous*—these managers of merit,
Who fearless arm—and take the field with spirit,
Have curb'd us monarchs with their haughty mien,
And Herod||—have out-*Herod*-ed—within.
[*Pointing to the Green-room.*
O! they can torture twenty thousand ways!
Make bouncing Bajazet § retreat from Bayes¶!

* In which papers was this paragraph: "We hear that Mr. Quin, Mrs. Cibber, Mr. Barry, Mr. Macklin, and Mrs. Woffington, are engaged at Covent-Garden theatre for the ensuing season."—On the part of Drury-Lane theatre it was notified, "That two celebrated actors from Dublin were engaged to perform there; also Miss Bellamy, and a new actress, Signor Fausan the comic dancer, and his wife, and a gentleman to sing, who had not been on any stage." † Mrs. Pritchard. ‡ Mrs. Clive.
|| Mr. Quin. § Both Quin and Barry. ¶ Mr. Garrick.

Th

The ladies * too, with ev'ry pow'r to charm,
Whose face and fire an anchorite might warm,
Have felt the fury of a tyrant's arm.
By selfish arts expell'd our ancient seat,
In search of candour, and in search of *meat*,
We from your favour hope for this retreat.
If Shakespeare's passion, or if Jonson's art,
Can fire the fancy, or can warm the heart,
That talk be ours; but if you damn their scenes,
And heroes must give way to harlequins,
We, too, can have recourse to mime and dance,
Nay, there, I think, we have the better chance:
And, should the town grow weary of the mute,
Why—we'll produce a child upon the flute†.
But, be the food as 'twill, 'tis you that treat!
Long they have feasted—permit us now to *eat*.

§ 43. *Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Clive, on the two occasional Prologues at Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane, 1750.*

[*Enters hastily, as if speaking to one who would oppose her.*

I'LL do't, by heaven I will!—Pray get you gone:
What! all these janglings, and I not make one!
Was ever woman offer'd so much wrong?
These creatures here would have me hold my tongue!
I'm so provok'd, I hope you will excuse me;
I must be heard—and beg you won't refuse me.
While our mock heroes, not so wise as rash,
With indignation hold the vengeful lash,
And at each other throw alternate squibs,
Compos'd of little wit—and some few fibs;
I Catherine Clive come here to attack 'em all,
And aim alike at little and at tall.
But first, ere with the buskin chiefs I brave it,
A story is at hand, and you shall have it.
Once on a time two boys were throwing dirt,
A gentle youth was one, and one was somewhat pert:
Each to his master with his tale retreated,
Who gravely heard their different parts repeated,
How Tom was rude, and Jack, poor lad! ill-treated.
The master paus'd—to be unjust was loth,
Call'd for a rod, and fairly whipt them both.
In the same master's place, lo! here I stand,
And for each culprit hold the lash in hand.
First, for our own—Oh, 'tis a pretty youth!
But out of fifty lyes I'll sift some truth.
'Tis true, he's of a choleric disposition,
And fiery parts make up his composition.
How have I seen him rave when things miscarried!
Indeed he's grown much tamer since he married.
If he succeeds, what joys his fancy strike!
And then he gets—to which he's no dislike.
Faults he has many—but I know no crimes;
Yes, he has one—he contradicts sometimes.
And when he falls into his frantic fit,
He blusters so, it makes e'en me submit.
So much for him—the other youth comes next,
Who shews by what he says, poor soul! he's vext.
He tells you tales how cruelly this treats us,
To make you think the little monster beats us.
Would I have whin'd in melancholy phrase,
How bouncing Bajazet retreats from Bayes!
I, who am woman, would have stood the fray;
At least not snivell'd thus, and run away!
Should any manager lift arm at me,
I have a tyrant arm as well as he!——
In fact, there has some little bouncing been,
But who the bouncer was—enquire within.
No matter who—I now proclaim a peace,
And hope henceforth hostilities will cease:
No more shall either rack his brains to teize ye,
But let the contest be—who most shall please ye.

§ 44. *Prologue to Gil Blas; 1751. Spoken by Mr. Woodward in the Character of a Critic, with a Cat-call in his Hand.* MOORE.

ARE you all ready? here's your music! here‡!
Author, sneak off, we'll tickle you my dear.
The fellow stopt me in a hellish fright——
Pray, Sir, said he, must I be damn'd to night?
Damn'd! surely friend——Don't hope for our compliance,
Zounds, Sir—a second play's downright defiance.
Though once, poor rogue, we pitied your condition,
Here's the true recipe—for repetition.
Well, Sir, says he, e'en as you please; so then
I'll never trouble you with plays again.
But, hark ye, poet!—won't you though, says I,
'Pon honour?—Then we'll damn you, let me die.
Shan't we, my bucks? Let's take him at his word,
Damn him, or by my soul he'll write a third.
The man wants money, I suppose—but, mind ye
Tell him—you've left your charity behind ye.
A pretty plea, his wants to our regard!
As if we bloods had bowels for a bard!
Besides, what men of spirit, now a-days,
Come to give sober judgments of new plays?
It argues some good nature to be quiet——
Good-nature!—Aye—but then we lose a riot.
The scribbling fool may beg and make a fuss,
'Tis death to him—What then?—'Tis sport to us.
Don't mind me though—for all my fun and jokes.
The bard may find us bloods good-natur'd folks,
No crabbed critics—foes to rising merit—
Write but with fire, and we'll applaud with spirit.
Our author aims at no dishonest ends;
He knows no enemies, and boasts some friends:
He takes no methods down your throats to cram it;
So if you like it, save it!—if not, damn it.

§ 45. *Prologue to Taste; 1752. Spoken in the Character of an Auctioneer.* GARRICK.

BEFORE this court, I Peter Puff appear,
A Briton, born and bred an auctioneer!
Who, for myself, and eke a hundred others,
My useful, honest, learned, bawling brothers,
With much humility and fear implore ye,
To lay our present desp'rate case before ye—

* Mrs. Cibber, &c. † A child, said to be but four years of age, had been introduced on the stage of Drury-Lane theatre, to play a tune on that instrument. ‡ Blowing his cat-call.

'Tis said, this night, a certain wag intends
To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends:
If lords and ladies, and such dainty folks,
Are cur'd of auction-hunting by his jokes;
Should this odd doctrine spread throughout the
Before you buy, be sure to understand; [land,
Oh, think on us, what various ills will flow,
When great ones only purchase what they know!
Why laugh at *taste?* It is a harmless fashion,
And quite subdues each detrimental passion:
The fair-ones hearts will ne'er incline to man,
While thus they rage for—China and Japan.
The virtuoso too, and connoisseur,
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure; [hold,
The smallest hair their looser thought might
Just warm when single, and when married—cold;
Their blood, at sight of beauty gently flows;
Their Venus must be old, and want a nose!
No am'rous passion with deep knowledge thrives;
'Tis the complaint, indeed, of all our wives!
'Tis said *virtù* to such a height is grown,
All artists are encouraged—but our own.
Be not deceived; I here declare on oath,
I never yet sold goods of foreign growth:
Ne'er sent commissions out to Greece or Rome;
My best antiquities are made at home.
I've Romans, Greeks, Italians, near at hand,
True Britons all—and living in the Strand.
I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium;
They furnish out my room from Herculaneum.
But hush——
Should it be known that English are employ'd,
Our manufacture is at once destroy'd;
No matter what our countrymen deserve,
They'll thrive as ancients, but as moderns starve—
If we should fall—to you it will be owing;
Farewel to arts—they are going, going, going!
The fatal hammer's in your hand, Oh, town!
Then set *us* up—and knock the *poet* down.

§ 46. *Prologue to Cato. Acted in 1753, by the Scholars of the free Grammar School at Derby, for the Benefit of the Orphan of the late Usher. Written by one of the Scholars, aged 16.*

NO Garrick here majestic treads the stage,
No Quin your whole attention to engage;
No practis'd actor, here, the scene employs;
But a raw parcel of unskilful boys.
——Shall we disfigur'd in a school-boy see
Cato's great soul in base epitome?
Can critics bear such slavery as this?
Wou'd not e'en Cato join the critic's hiss?
What shall we say, then? What excuses make?
Our credit and success lie both at stake.
As when some peasant, who, to treat his
lord, [board,
Brings out his little stock, and decks his
With what his ill-stor'd cupboard will afford,
With awkward bows, and ill-plac'd rustic airs,
To make excuses for his feast prepares:
So we with tremor mix'd with vast delight,
View the bright audience which appears to-night,
And conscious of its meanness, hardly dare
To bid you welcome to our homely fare.
But would the ladies in our cause appear,
One look would silence ev'ry critic here.
If you but smile, 'twill chear our tim'rous hearts,
And give us courage to perform our parts.
To you, ye fair ones, then, we make address,
And beg protection for this night's success.
Look gently on our faults, and where we fail,
Let pity to our tender youth prevail.
Our cause is in your hands, and Cato, who
Disdain'd great Cæsar's yoke, submits to you.

§ 47. *Prologue to the Fairies; 1755. Written and spoken by Mr. Garrick.*

Enter—interrupting the band of music.

A Moment stop your tuneful fingers, pray,
While here as usual, I my duty pay.
[*To the audience.*
Don't frown, my friends [*to the band*] you
soon shall melt again;
But, if not *there* is felt each dying strain,
Poor I shall speak, and you will scrape in vain.
To see me now, you think the strangest thing!
For, like friend Benedick, I cannot sing:
Yet, in this prologue, cry but you *corragio!*
I'll speak you both a jig, and an *adagio.*
A Persian king, as Persian tales relate,
Oft went disguis'd, to hear the people prate;
So, curious I, sometimes steal forth, *incog.*
To hear what critics croak of me—King *Log.*
Three nights ago, I heard a *tête-à-tête,*
Which fix'd, at once, our English op'ra's fate:
One was a youth born here, but flush from Rome,
The other born abroad, but here his home;
And first the *English foreigner* began,
Who thus address'd the *foreign Englishman:*
" An English op'ra! 'tis not to be born;
" I both my country and their music scorn.
" Oh, damn their Ally Croakers, and their
" Early-horn!
" *Signior si—bat sons—vors recitativo:*
" *Il tutto, è bestiale e cattivo.*"
This said, I made my *exit* full of terrors;
And now ask pardon, for the following errors.
Excuse us first, for foolishly supposing [sing
Your countrymen could please you in compo-
An op'ra too!—play'd by an English band,
Wrote in a language which you understand—
I dare not say who wrote it—I could tell ye,
To soften matters—Signor Shakespearelli:
This awkward drama—(I confess th' offence)
Is guilty too of poetry and sense:
And then the price we take—you'll all abuse it,
So low, so unlike op'ras—but excuse it,
We'll mend that fault, whenever you shall
chuse it.
Our last mischance, and worse than all the rest,
Which turns the whole performance to a jest,
Our singers all are well, and all will do their
best.
But why would this rash fool, this Englishman,
Attempt an op'ra?—'Tis the strangest plan!
Struck with the wonders of his master's art,
Whose sacred dramas shake and melt the heart,

Whose

Whose heaven-born strains the coldest breast inspire,
Whose chorus-thunder sets the soul on fire!
Inflam'd, astonish'd, at those magic airs,
When Sampson groans, and frantic Saul despairs,
The pupil wrote—his work is now before ye,
And waits your stamp of infamy or glory!
Yet, ere his errors and his faults are known,
He says, those faults, those errors, are his own;
If through the clouds appear some glimm'ring rays,
They're sparks he caught from his great master's blaze.

§ 48. *Prologue to Virginia*; 1754. *Written and spoken by* Mr. Garrick.

PROLOGUES, like compliments, are loss of time;
'Tis penning bows, and making legs in rhyme:
'Tis cringing at the door, with simp'ring grin,
When we should shew the company within.—
So thinks our bard, who, stiff in classic knowledge,
Preserves too much the buckram of the college.—
"Lord, Sir," said I, "an audience must be "woo'd,
"And, lady-like, with flattery pursu'd;
"They nauseate fellows that are blunt and "rude.
"Authors should learn to dance, as well as "write—"
"Dance at my time of life! Zounds, what a fight!
"Grown gentlemen ('tis advertis'd) do learn "by night.
"Your modern prologues, and such whims as "these,
"The Greeks ne'er knew—turn, turn to Sophocles."
"I read no Greek, Sir—when I was at school,
"Terence had prologue—Terence was no "fool."
"He had; but why?" reply'd the bard, in rage:
"Exotics, monsters, had possess'd the stage;
"But we have none, in this enlighten'd age!
"Your Britons now, from gallery to pit,
"Can relish nought but sterling Attic wit.
"Here take my play, I meant it for instruc-"tion;
"If rhymes are wanting for its introduction,
"E'en let that nonsense be your own pro-"duction."
Off went the poet—it is now expedient,
I speak as manager, and your obedient——
I, as your cat'rer, would provide you dishes,
Dress'd to your palates, season'd to your wishes.
Say, but you're tir'd with boil'd and roast at home,
We too can send for niceties from Rome;
To please your tastes will spare nor pains nor money,
Discard sirloins, and get you maccaroni.
Whate'er new gusto for a time may reign,
Shakespeare and beef must have their turn again.
If novelties can please, to-night we've two—
Tho' English both, yet spare 'em as they're new.
To one, at least, your usual favours show——
A female asks it—can a man say No?——
Should you indulge our novice*, yet unseen,
And crown her, with your hands, a tragic queen;
Should you, with smiles, a confidence impart,
To calm those fears which speak a feeling heart;
Assist each struggle of ingenuous shame,
Which curbs a genius in its road to fame;
With one wish more her whole ambition ends—
She hopes some merit, to deserve such friends.

§ 49. *Epilogue to the same*; 1754. Ibid.

THE poet's pen can, like a conjuror's wand,
Or kill, or raise his heroine at command:
And I shall, spirit-like, before I sink,
Not courteously enquire, but tell you what you think.
From top to bottom I shall make you stare,
By hitting all your judgments to a hair!
And, first, with you above I shall begin——
[*To the upper gallery.*
Good-natur'd souls! they're ready all to grin.
Though twelve-pence seat you there, so near the ceiling,
The folks below can't boast a better feeling.
No high-bred prud'ry in your region lurks;
You boldly laugh and cry, as nature works.
Says John to Tom (aye—there they sit together,
As honest Britons as e're trode on leather:)
"'Twas you and I, my friend, 'tis very vild,
"That old Vergeenus should have struck his child;
"I would have hang'd him for't had I been ruler;
"And duck'd that Apus too, by way of cooler."
Some maiden-dames, who hold the middle floor,
[*To the middle gallery.*
And fly from naughty man at forty-four,
With turn'd-up eyes, applaud Virginia's 'scape,
And vow they'd do the same to shun a rape;
So very chaste, they live in constant fears,
And apprehension strengthens with their years.
Ye bucks, who from the pit your terrors send,
Yet love distressed damsels to befriend;
You think this tragic joke too far was carry'd,
And wish, to set all right, the maid had marry'd:
You'd rather see (if so the fates had will'd)
Ten wives be kind, than one poor virgin kill'd.
May I approach unto the boxes, pray—
And there search out a judgment on the play?
In vain, alas! I should attempt to find it;
Fine ladies see a play, but never mind it.
'Tis vulgar to be mov'd by acted passion,
Or form opinions till they're fix'd by fashion.
Our author hopes this fickle goddess Mode,
With us will make, at least, nine days abode;
To present pleasure he contracts his view,
And leaves his future fame to time and you.

§ 50. *Prologue to Barbarossa*; 1755. *Written and spoken by Mr. Garrick in the Character of a Country Boy.*

MEASTER! measter!
Is not my measter here among you, pray?
Nay speak—my measter wrote this fine new play——

* Mrs. Graham, afterwards Mrs. Yates, then a new actress.

The

The actor-folks are making fuch a clatter!
They want the pro-log—I know nought o' the
matter:
He muft be there among you—look about——
A weezen pale fac'd mon—do find him out.
Pray, meafter, come, or all will fall to fheame;
Call Mifter—Hold—I muft not tell his neame.
La! what a crowd is here! what noife and
pother!
Fine lads and laffes! one o' top o'other.
[*Pointing to the rows of pit and gallery.*
I could for ever here with wonder gaze;
I ne'er faw church fo full, in all my days!—
Your fervant, Sirs—What do you laugh for, eh?
You donna take me fure for one o' the play?
You fhould not flout an honeft country lad—
You think me fool, and I think you half mad:
You're all as ftrange as I, and ftranger too;
And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you.
[*Laughing.*
I donna like your London tricks, not I;
And, fince you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you
why:
And, if you wull, fince now I am before ye,
For want of pro-log, I'll relate my ftory.
I came from country here to try my fate,
And get a place among the rich and great:
But troth I'm fick o' th' journey I ha' ta'en;
I like it not—would I were whoame again!
Firft, in the city I took up my ftation,
And got a place with one o' th' corporation.
A round big man—he eat a plaguy deal;
Zooks! he'd have beat five ploomen at a meal!
But long with him I could not make abode,
For, could you think't?—he eat a great fea-
toad!
It came from *Indies*—'twas as big as me;
He call'd it *belly-patch*, and *cap-a-pee*: [but I,
La! how I ftar'd!—I thought—who knows,
For want of monfters, may be made a pye?
Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I'll back to whoame and country fare again.
I left toad-eater; then I ferv'd a lord, [word.
And there they promis'd!—but ne'er kept their
While 'mong the great this geaming work the
trade is, [ladies.
They mind no more poor fervants—than their
A lady next, who lik't a fmart young lad,
Hir'd me forthwith—but, troth, I thought her
mad.
She turn'd the world top-down, as I may fay,
She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day!
I was fo fheam'd with all her freakifh ways,
She wore her gear fo fhort, fo low her ftays—
Fine folks fhew all for nothing now-a-days!
Now I'm the poet's mon—I find with wits
There's nothing fartain—nay, we eat by fits.
Our meals, indeed, are flender—what of that?
There are but three on's—meafter, I, and cat.
Did you but fee us all, as I'm a finner,
You'd fcarcely fay which of the three is thinner.
My wages all depend on this night's piece;
But fhould you find that all our fwans are geefe!
'Efeck, I'll truft no more to meafter's brain,
But pack up all, and whiftle whoame again.

§ 51. *Epilogue to the fame; 1755. Spoke[n] by Mr. Woodward, in the Character of a fine Gentleman.* GARRICK.

[*Enter—fpeaking without.*

"PSHAW! damn your epilogue, and hold your
tongue—
Shall we of rank be told what's right and wrong?
Had you ten epilogues, you fhould not fpeak 'em,
Tho he had writ them all in linguum Grecum.
I'll do't, by all the gods! (you muft excufe me)
Tho' author, actors, audience, all abufe me!
[*To the audience.*
Behold a gentleman!—and that's enough!
Laugh if you pleafe—I'll take a pinch of fnuff!
I come to tell you (let it not furprife you)
That I'm a wit—and worthy to advife you.
How could you fuffer that fame country booby,
That pro-log fpeaking favage, that great looby,
To talk his nonfenfe?—give me leave to fay,
'Twas low! damn'd low!—but fave the fellow's
play:
Let the poor devil eat; allow him that,
And give a meal to *meafter*, *mon*, and *cat*;
But why attack the fafhions? fenfelefs rogue!
We have no joys but what refult from vogue:
The mode fhould all controul!——nay, ev'ry
paffion,
Senfe, appetite, and all, give way to fafhion:
I hate as much as he a turtle-feaft,
But 'till the prefent turtle-rage is ceas'd,
I'd ride an hundred miles to make myfelf a
beaft.
I have no ears; yet op'ras I adore!
Always prepar'd *to die—to fleep—no more!*
The ladies too were carp'd at, and their drefs,
He wants 'em all ruff'd up like good queen Befs.
They are, forfooth, too much expos'd and free:
Were more expos'd, no ill effects I fee,
For more or lefs, 'tis all the fame to me.
Poor gaming too, was maul'd among the reft,
That precious cordial to a high-life breaft!
When thoughts arife, I always game or drink,
An Englifh gentleman fhould never think——
The reafon's plain, which ev'ry foul might hit
on——
What trims a Frenchman, overfets a Briton.
In us reflection breeds a fober fadnefs,
Which always ends in politics or madnefs:
I therefore now propofe, by your command,
That tragedies no more fhall cloud this land;
Send o'er your Shakefpeares to the fons of France,
Let *them* grow grave—let *us* begin to dance!
Banifh your gloomy fcenes to foreign climes,
Referve alone, to blefs thefe golden times,
A Farce or two——and Woodward's panto-
mimes.

§ 52. *Occafional Prologue to the Mafk of Britannia; 1755. Written and fpoken by Mr. Garrick, in the Character of a Sailor, fuddled and talking to himfelf.*

Enters, finging, "How pleafant a failor's life
paffes!"

WELL! if thou art, my boy, a little mellow,
A failor, half-feas o'er—'s a pretty fellow.
Wha

What cheer, ho? Do I carry too much sail! [*To the pit.*
No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—
[*He staggers forward, and then stops.*
But softly tho'—the vessel seems to heel——
Steady! my boy—she must not shew her keel.
And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?
Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer?
Or stay on shore, and toy with Sall and Sue?
Dost love 'em, boy? By this right hand I do!
A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting;
There's nothing better, faith—save flip and fighting.
I must away—I must——
What! shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
Or lower our flag to slavery and soup?
What! shall these *Parly-voos* make such a racket,
And I not lend a hand to lace their jacket?
Still shall Old England be your Frenchman's butt?—
Whene'er he shuffles, we should always cut.
I'll to 'em, faith—Avast—before I go——
Have I not promis'd Sall to see the show?
[*Pulls out a play-bill.*
From this same paper we shall understand
What work's to night—I read your printed hand.
First let's refresh a bit—for, faith, I need it—
I'll take one sugar-plumb—[*takes some tobacco*]
and then I'll read it.
[*He reads the play-bill of Zara, which was acted that evening.*
"At the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane—
"will be presen-ta-ted a tragedy, called *Sarah*—"
I'm glad 'tis *Sarah*—then our Sall may see
Her namesake's tragedy: and as for me,
I'll sleep as sound as if I were at sea.
"To which will be added—a new masque—"
Zounds! why a masque? We sailors hate grimaces:
Above board all; we scorn to hide our faces.
But what is here, so very large and plain?
"Bri-tan-nia."——Oh, Britannia!——good again——
Huzza, boys!—By the Royal George, I swear,
Tom Coxen, and the crew, shall straight be there.
All free-born souls must take Bri-tan-nia's part,
And give her three round cheers, with hand and heart! *Going off, he stops.*
I wish you landmen, tho', would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics:
And like us honest tars, drink, fight, and sing;
True to yourselves, your country, and your king!

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§ 53. *Prologue to Comus. Performed for the Benefit of the General Hospital at Bath, 1756, and spoken by Miss Morrison, in the Character of a Lady of Fashion.* HOADLEY.

She enters with a number of tickets in her hand.

WELL, I've been beating up for volunteers,
But find that charity has got no ears.
I first attack'd a colonel of the guards——
Sir, charity——consider its rewards:
With healing hand the saddest sores it skins,
And covers——Oh!——a multitude of sins.
He swore the world was welcome to his thoughts:
'Twas damn'd hypocrisy to hide one's faults;
And with that sin his conscience ne'er was twitted,
The only one he never had committed.
Next to my knight I plead, He shook his head;
Complain'd the stocks were low, and trade was dead.
In these Bath charities a tax he'd found
More heavy than four shillings in the pound.
What with the play-house, hospital, and abbey,
A man was stripp'd—unless he'd look quite shabby.
Then such a train, and such expence, to wit,
My lady, all the brats, and cousin Kit—
He'd steal himself, perhaps, into the pit.
Old Lady Slipslop, at her morning cards,
Vows that all works of *genus* she regards;
Raffles for Chinese gods, card-houses, shells,
Nor grudges to the music, or the bells;
But has a strange *antiquity* to nasty *ospitels*.
I hope your lordship—then my lord replies——
No doubt the governors are—very wise;
But for the play, he—wonder'd at their choice.
In Milton's days such stuff might be the taste,
But, faith! he thought it was damn'd dull and chaste.
Then swears he to the charity is hearty,
But can't, in honour, break his evening party.
When to the gouty alderman I sued,
The nasty fellow ('gad) was downright rude.
Is begging grown the fashion, with a pox!
The mayor should set such housewives in the stocks.
Give you a guinea! z——ds! replied the beast,
'Twoud buy a ticket for a turtle-feast.
Think what a guinea a-head might set before ye——
Sir, mullet—turbot—and a grand John Dory.
I'll never give a groat, as I'm a sinner,
Unless they gather't in a dish—at dinner.
I trust, by art and more polite address,
You fairer advocates met more success;
And not a man compassion's cause withstood,
When beauty pleaded for such *gen'ral good.*

---

§ 54. *Prologue to the Winter's Tale, and Catherine and Petruchio; 1756. Written and spoken by* MR. GARRICK.

TO various things the stage has been compar'd,
As apt ideas strike each humorous bard:
This night, for want of better simile,
Let this our theatre a tavern be:
The poets vintners, and the waiters we.
So, as the cant and custom of the trade is,
You're welcome, gem'men, kindly welcome ladies.
To draw in customers, our bills are spread;
You cannot miss the sign, 'tis Shakespeare's Head.
From this same head, this fountain-head divine,
For different palates springs a different wine;
In which no tricks to strengthen or to thin 'em—
Neat as imported—no French brandy in 'em—
Hence

Hence for the choicest spirits flows Champagne,
Whose sparkling atoms shoot thro' every vein,
Then mount in magic vapours to th' enraptur'd brain!
Hence flow for martial minds potations strong,
And sweet love-potions for the fair and young:
For you, my hearts of oak, for your regale,
[*To the upper gallery.*
There's good old English stingo, mild and stale.
For high, luxurious souls, with luscious smack,
There's Sir John Falstaff in a butt of sack;
And if the stronger liquors more invite ye,
Bardolph is gin, and Pistol aqua vitæ.
But should you call for Falstaff, where to find him,
He's gone—nor left one cup of sack behind him.
Sunk in his elbow chair, no more he'll roam,
No more with merry wags to Eastcheap come;
He's gone—to jest and laugh, and give us sack at home.
As for the learned critics, grave and deep,
Who catch at words, and catching fall asleep;
Who in the storms of passion, hum and haw!
For such our master will no liquor draw——
So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,
They take Tom Durfey's for the Shakespeare's Head.
A vintner once acquir'd both praise and gain,
And sold much Perry for the best Champagne.
Some rakes this precious stuff did so allure,
They drank whole nights—what's that—when wine is pure?
"Come, fill a bumper, Jack."—I will, my "Lord."—
"Here's cream!—damn'd fine!—immense!—"upon my word!
"Sir William, what say you?"—"The best, "believe me."
"In this—eh, Jack?—the devil can't deceive "me."
Thus the wise critic, too, mistakes his wine;
Cries out, with lifted hands—'Tis great! divine!
Then jogs his neighbour, as the wonders strike him;
This Shakespeare! Shakespeare!—Oh, there's nothing like him!
In this night's various and enchanted cup
Some little perry's mix'd, for filling up.
The five long acts, from which our three are taken,
Stretch'd out to * sixteen years, lay by, forsaken;
Lest then this precious liquor run to waste,
'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taste.
'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man!

---

§ 55. *Prologue to the Apprentice, 1756. Spoken by Mr. Murphy, Author of the Piece, dressed in black.* GARRICK.

BEHOLD a wonder for theatric story!
The culprit of this night appears before ye:
Before his judges dares these boards to tread,
"With all his imperfections on his head!
Prologues precede the piece, in mournful verse,
As undertakers walk before the hearse;
Whose doleful march may strike the harden'd mind,
And wake its feelings—for the dead—behind.
Trick'd out in black, thus actors try their art,
To melt that rock of rocks—the critic's heart.
No acted fears my vanity betray;
I am, indeed—what others only play.
Thus far myself. The farce comes next in view;
Tho' many are its faults, at least, 'tis new.
No smuggled, pilfer'd scenes from France we show,
'Tis English—English, Sirs—from top to toe.
Tho' coarse my colours, and my hand unskill'd,
From real life my little cloth is fill'd.
My hero is a youth, by fate design'd
For culling simples—but whose stage-struck mind
Nor fate could rule, nor his indentures bind.
A place there is, where such young Quixotes meet;
'Tis call'd the spouting-club—a glorious treat!
Where 'prentic'd kings alarm the gaping street.
There Brutus starts and stares by midnight taper,
Who all the day enacts—a woollen-draper.
There Hamlet's ghost stalks forth, with double fist:
Cries out, with hollow voice, "List, list, O, list!"
And frightens Denmark's prince—a young tobacconist.
The spirit too, clear'd from his deadly white,
Rises——a haberdasher to the fight!
Not young attorneys have this rage withstood,
But change their pens for truncheons, ink for blood;
And (strange reverse)—die for their country's good.
Through all the town this folly you may trace;
Myself am witness—'tis a common case.
I've further proofs, could ye but think I wrong ye—
Look round—you'll find some sporting youth among ye.
To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,
To bring them back to reason—and their shop;
To raise an harmless laugh was all my aim;
And, if I shun contempt—I seek not fame.
Indulge this firstling, let me but begin,
Nor nip me—in the buddings of my sin:
Some hopes I cherish, in your smiles I read 'em;
Whate'er my faults, your candour can exceed 'em.

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§ 56. *Epilogue to the same; 1756. Spoken by Mrs. Clive.* SMART.

[*Enters reading the play-bill.*

A Very pretty bill,—as I'm alive!
The part of—nobody—by Mrs. Clive!
A paltry, scribbling fool—to leave me out!—
He'll say, perhaps—he thought I could not spout.
Malice and envy to the last degree!
And why?—I wrote a farce as well as he.

* The action of the Winter's Tale, as written by Shakespeare, comprehends sixteen years.

And

And fairly ventur'd it, without the aid
Of prologue dress'd in black, and face in masquerade;
O pit, have pity— see how I'm dismay'd!
Poor soul! this canting stuff will never do,
Unless, like Bayes, he brings his hangmen too.
But granting that, from these same obsequies,
Some pickings to our bard in black arise;
Should your applause to joy convert his fear,
As Pallas turns to feast Lardella's bier;
Yet 'twould have been a better scheme, by half,
T' have thrown his weeds aside, and learnt with me to laugh.
I could have shewn him, had he been inclin'd,
A spouting junto of the female kind.
There dwells a milliner in yonder row
Well-dress'd, full-voic'd, and nobly built for [shew,
Who, when in rage she scolds at Sue and Sarah,
Damn'd, damn'd dissembler!—thinks she's more than Zara.
She has a daughter too, that deals in lace,
And sings—O Ponderwell—and Chevychace,
And fain would fill the fair Ophelia's place.
And in her cock'd-up hat, and gown of camlet,
Presumes on something——touching the Lord [Hamlet.
A cousin too she has, with squinting eyes,
With waddling gait, and voice like London cries;
Who for the stage too short by half a story,
Acts Lady Townly---thus---in all her glory;
And, while she's traversing her scanty room,
Cries---"Lord, my Lord, what can I do at "home?"
In short, there's girls enough for all the fellows,
The ranting, whining, starting, and the jea- [lous,
The Hotspurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othellos.
Oh! little do these silly people know
What dreadful trials actors undergo.
Myself, who most in harmony delight,
Am scolding here from morning until night.
Then take advice from me, ye giddy things,
Ye royal milliners, ye apron'd kings;
Young men, beware, and shun our slippery ways,
Study arithmetic, and burn your plays;
And you, ye girls, let not our tinsel train
Enchant your eyes, and turn your madd'ning brain;
Be timely wise, for oh! be sure of this:—
A shop, with virtue, is the height of bliss.

---

§ 57. *Epilogue to the Reprisal*; 1757. *Spoken by Miss Macklin.*

AYE—now I can with pleasure look around,
Safe as I am, thank Heav'n, on English ground—
In a dark dungeon to be stow'd away,
'Midst roaring, thund'ring, danger, and dismay;
Expos'd to fire and water, sword and bullet---
Might damp the heart of any virgin pullet.
I dread to think what might have come to pass,
Had not the British lion quell'd the Gallic ass.
By Champignon a wretched victim led
To cloister'd cell, or more detested bed,
My days in pray'r and fasting I had spent;
As nun, or wife, alike a penitent.
His gallantry, so confident and eager,
Had prov'd a mess of delicate soup-meagre.
To bootless lodgings I had fall'n a martyr;
But, Heav'n be prais'd, the Frenchman caught a Tartar.
Yet soft---our author's fate you must decree;
Shall he come safe to port, or sink at sea?
Your sentence, sweet or bitter, soft or sore,
Floats his frail bark, or runs it bump ashore.--
Ye wits above, restrain your awful thunder;
In his first cruize 'twere pity he should founder. [*To the gallery.*
Safe from your shot, he fears no other foe,
No gulph but that which horrid yawns below. [*To the pit.*
The bravest chiefs, ev'n Hannibal and Cato,
Have here been tam'd with pippin and potatoe.
Our bard embarks in a more Christian cause,
He craves not mercy, but he claims applause.
His pen against the hostile French is drawn,
Who damns him, is no Antigallican.
Indulg'd with fav'ring gales and smiling skies,
Hereafter he may board a richer prize.
But if this welkin angry clouds deform, [*Looking round the house.*
And hollow groans portend th' approaching storm: [*To the gallery.*
Should the descending show'rs of hail redouble,
And these rough billows hiss, and boil and bubble, [*To the pit.*
He'll launch no more on such fell seas of trouble.

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§ 58. *Prologue to the Author*; 1757. Foote.

SEVERE their task, who, in this critic age,
With fresh materials furnish out the stage!
Not that our fathers drain'd the comic store;
Fresh characters spring up as heretofore——
Nature with novelty does still abound;
On every side fresh follies may be found.
But then the taste of every guest to hit,
To please at once the gallery, box, and pit,
Require, at least—no common share of wit.
Those who adorn the orb of higher life,
Demand the lively rake, or modish wife;
Whilst they who in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and slumber at their love.
If light low mirth employs the comic scene,
Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the spleen;
The polish'd critic damns the wretched stuff,
And cries—"'Twill please the gall'ries well enough."
Such jarring judgments who can reconcile?
Since fops will frown, where humble traders [smile.
To dash the poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirst for universal fame,
The Grecian fabulist, in moral lay,
Has thus address'd the writers of his day.
Once on a time, a son and sire, we're told,
The stripling tender, and the father old,
Purchas'd a jack-ass at a country fair,
To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware;
But

But as the fluggifh animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both fhould mount, his back would break:
Up gets the boy, the father leads the afs,
And through the gazing crowd attempts to pafs:
Forth from the throng the grey-beards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble fhout. [out.
"This the refpect to reverend age you fhow,
"And this the duty you to parents owe?
"He beats the hoof, and you are fet aftride;
"Sirrah! get down, and let your father ride."
As Grecian lads are feldom void of grace,
The decent, duteous youth, refign'd his place.
Then a frefh murmur through the rabble ran,
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.
"Sure never was brute beaft fo void of nature!
"Have you no pity for the pretty creature?
"To your own baby can you be unkind?
"Here—Suke, Bill, Betty—put the child be-
"hind."
Old Dapple next the clowns' compaffion claim'd:
"'Tis wonderment them boobies ben't afham'd:
"Two at a time upon the poor dumb beaft:
"They might as well have carry'd him, at
"leaft."——
The pair, ftill pliant to the partial voice,
Difmount, and bear the afs—then, what a noife!——
Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet filent fire, thefe words provoke:—
"Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call;
"Vain his attempts, who ftrives to pleafe them
"all."

§ 59. *Prologue to the Trip to Paris. Spoken by Mr. Shuter at one of his Benefits.* FOOTE.

IN former times there liv'd one Ariftotle,
Who, as the fong fays, lov'd, like me, his bottle.
To Alexander Magnus he was tutor——
(An't you furpriz'd to hear the learned Shuter?)
But let that reft—a new tale I'll advance,
A tale?—no, truth I mean—I'm juft come from France.
From Paris I came; why I went there, no matter,
I'm glad that once more I'm on this fide the water:
'Twas to win a large wager that hurry'd me over;
But I wifh'd to be off when I came down to Dover.
To fwallow fea-water the doctors will tell ye,
But the fight of fuch water at once fill'd my belly;
They who chufe it for phyfic may drink of the
But only to think on't is phyfic for me. [fea,
When I firft went on board, Lord! I heard fuch a racket, [through the packet;
Such babbling and fquabbling, 'fore and aft',
The paffengers bawling, the failers yo-ho-ing,
The fhip along dafhing, the winds aloft blowing;
Some fick and fome fwearing, fome finging, fome fhrieking, [booms creaking;
Sails hoifting, blocks rattling, the yards and
Stop the fhip!—but the tars, never minding our cafes, [grinn'd in our faces.
Took their chaws, hitch'd their trowfers, and
We made Calais foon, and were foon fet on fhore, [trode before,
And I trode on French ground, where I ne'er
The fcene was quite chang'd, 'twas no more yo, yo-ho, [no;
With damme Jack, yes, boy—or damme Tom,
'Twas quite t'other thing, mun, 'twas all complaifance;
With cringes and fcrapes we were welcom'd to France;
Ah, Monfieer Angloy—they cry'd—*be on wen mi,*
Tres umble fervant, Sir, we glad to fee you.
I ne'er met fuch figures before in my rambles,
They flock'd round my carcafe like flies in the fhambles:
To be crouded amongft them at firft I was loth,
For fear they fhould feize me, and foufe me for broth.
At laft, tho', they call'd me my *Lor Angleterre,*
(Lord, had you then feen but my ftrut and my ftare!) [fword;
Wee, wee, I cry'd, *wee* then—and put on a
So at once Neddy Shuter turn'd into a lord.
I expected at France all the world and his wife,
But I never was baulk'd fo before in my life:
I fhould fee wonders there, I was told by *Monfeer*; [queer;
So I did, I faw things there were wonderful
Queer ftreets, and queer houfes, with people much queerer,
Each one was a talker, but no one a hearer.
I foon had enough of their *pallowvoufee*;
It's a fine phrafe to fome folks, but nonfenfe to me.
All folks are there drefs'd in a toyfhop like fhow,
A hodge-podging habit 'twixt fidler and beau;
Such hats, and fuch heads too, fuch coats and fuch fkirts— [fhirts,
They fold me fome ruffles—but I found the
Then, as to their dinners, their foups, and their ftewings,
One ounce of meat ferves for ten gallons of brewings;
For a flice of roaft beef how my mind was agog!
But for beef they produc'd me a fricafee'd frog:
Out of window I tofs'd it, it wa'n't fit to eat,
Then down ftairs I jump'd, and ran into the ftreet, [meat
'Twas not their palaver could make me dese-
To ftay where I found it was tafte to eat vermin.
Frogs in France may be fine, and their Grand Monarque clever; [land for ever.
I'm for beef, and King George, and old Eng-

§ 60. *Epilogue to the Minor*; 1760.

NEAR the mad manfions of Moorfields I'll bawl;
Friends, fathers, mothers, fifters, fons, and all,
Shut up your fhops, and liften to my tale,
With labour, toil, all fecond means difpenfe,
And live a rent-charge upon Providence.
Prick up your ears; a ftory now I'll tell,
Which once a widow and her child befel:
I knew the mother and her daughter well:

Fen

Poor, it is true, they were, but never wanted;
For whatsoe'er they ask'd, was always granted.
One fatal day the matron's truth was try'd,
She wanted meat and drink, and faintly cry'd.
Child. Mother, you cry——
Mother.——Oh, child! I've got no bread.
Child. What matters that? Why, Providence a'n't dead!
With reason good this child the truth might say;
For there came in at noon, that very day,
Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,
A better sure a table ne'er was put on.
Ay, that might be, ye cry, with those poor souls;
But we ne'er had a rasher for the coals.
And d'ye deserve it? How d'ye spend your days?
In pastimes, prodigality, and plays!
Let's go see Foote! Oh, Foote's a precious limb!
Old Nick will soon a foot-ball make of him!
For foremost rows in side-boxes you shove;
Think you to meet with side-boxes above,
Where giggling girls and powder'd fops may sit?
No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,
And crowd the house for Satan's benefit——
Oh! what you snivel?—Well, do so no more——
Drop, to atone, your money at the door,
And—if I please—I'll give it to the poor.

§ 61. *Prologue to Polly Honeycombe*; 1760.
GARRICK.

HITHER, in days of yore, from Spain or France,
Came a dread sorceress, her name Romance.
O'er Britain's isle her wayward spells she cast,
And Common Sense in magic chain bound fast.
In mad sublime did each fond lover woo,
And in heroics ran each billet-doux:
High deeds of chivalry their sole delight,
Each fair a maid distress'd, each swain a knight.
Then might Statira Oroondates see,
At tilts and tournaments arm'd cap-a-pie.
She too, on milk-white palfrey, launce in hand,
A dwarf to guard her, pranc'd about the land.
This fiend to quell, his sword Cervantes drew,
A trusty Spanish blade, Toledo true:
Her talismans and magic wand he broke;
Knights, genii, castles, vanish'd into smoke.
But now, the dear delight of later years,
The younger sister of Romance appears:
Less solemn is her air, her drift the same,
And Novel her enchanting, charming name.
Romance might strike our grave forefathers' pomp,
But Novel for our buck, and lively romp!
Cassandra's folios now no longer read,
See two neat pocket volumes in their stead!
And then, so sentimental is the style,
So chaste, yet so bewitching all the while!
Plot and elopement, passion, rape, and rapture,
The total sum of ev'ry dear—dear—chapter.
'Tis not alone the small-talk and the smart,
'Tis Novel most beguiles the female heart.
Miss reads—she melts—she sighs—love steals upon her—
And then—Alas, poor girl!—good night, poor [Honour!
'* Thus of our Polly having lightly spoke,
'Now for our author—but without a joke.
'Tho' wits and journals, who ne'er fibb'd before,
'Have laid this bantling at a certain door,
'Where, lying store of faults, they'd fain heap more,
'I now declare it, as a serious truth,
''Tis the first folly of a simple youth.
'Caught and deluded by our harlot plays——
'Then crush not in the shell this infant Bayes!
'Exert your favour to a young beginner;
'Nor use the stripling like a batter'd sinner.'

§ 62. *Prologue to All in the Wrong*; 1761.
Written and spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

TO-NIGHT be it known to box, gall'ries, and pit,
Will be open'd the original warehouse for wit;
The new manufacture, Foote and Co. undertakers,
Play, opera, pantomime, farce—by the makers.
We scorn, like our brethren, our fortunes to owe [Rowe:
To Shakespeare and Southerne, to Otway and
Tho' our judgment may err, yet our justice is shewn; [own;
For we promise to mangle no works but our
And moreover, on this you may firmly rely,
If we can't make you laugh, that we won't make you cry.
For our monarch, who knew we were mirth-loving souls, [bowls;
Has lock'd up his lightning, his daggers and
Resolv'd that in buskins no heroes should stalk,
He has shut us quite out of the tragedy walk.
No blood, no blank verse—in short, we're undone,
Unless you're contented with frolic and fun.
If, tir'd of her round in the Ranelagh mill,
There should be one female inclin'd to sit still;
If blind to the beauties, or sick of the squall,
A party should not chuse to catch cold at Vaux-hall: [thick,
If at Sadler's sweet Wells the wine should be
The cheesecakes be sour, or Miss Wilkinson sick; [in June,
If the fume of the pipe should prove pow'rful
Or the tumblers be lame, or the bells out of tune;
We hope you will call at our warehouse in Drury;
We've a curious assortment of goods, I assure ye,
Domestic and foreign, indeed all kinds of wares,
English cloths, Irish linens, and French *pet-en-l'airs.*

* These lines were added by Mr. Garrick, on its being reported that he was the author of the piece; and however humorous and poetical, contain as strict matter of fact as the dullest prose.

If,

If, for want of good cuſtom, or loſſes in trade,
The poetical partners ſhould bankrupts be made; [in debt,
If, from dealings too large, we plunge deeply
And a *whereas* comes out in the Muſes' Gazette,
We'll on you, our aſſigns, for certificates call;
Tho' inſolvents we're honeſt, and give up our all.

---

§ 63. *Epilogue to the Lyar; 1761; between Miſs Grantham and Old Wilding.*

M. Gr. HOLD, Sir!
Our plot concluded, and ſtrict juſtice [done,
Let me be heard as counſel for your ſon.
Acquit I can't, I mean to mitigate;
Proſcribe all lying! what would be the fate
Of this, and every other earthly ſtate?
Conſider, Sir, if once you cry it down,
You'll ſhut up ev'ry coffee-houſe in town;
The tribe of politicians will want food,
Ev'n now half-famiſh'd for the public good;
All Grub-ſtreet murderers of men and ſenſe,
And every office of intelligence,
All would be bankrupts, the whole lying race,
And no Gazette to publiſh their diſgrace.
O. Wild. Too mild a ſentence! Muſt the good and great
Patriots be wrong'd, that bookſellers may eat?
M. Gr. Your patience, Sir; yet hear another word,
Turn to that hall where Juſtice wields her ſword:
Think in what narrow limits you would draw,
By this proſcription, all the ſons of law:
For 'tis the fixt determin'd rule of courts,
(Vyner will tell you, nay, ev'n Coke's Reports)
All pleaders may, when difficulties riſe,
To gain one truth expend an hundred lies.
O. Wild. To curb this practice, I am ſomewhat
A lawyer has no credit but on oath. [loth;
M. Gr. Then to the ſofter ſex ſome favour
Leave no poſſeſſion of our modeſt No! [ſhow:
O. Wild. Oh, freely, Ma'am, we'll that allowance give,
So that two Noes be held affirmative:
Provided ever that your piſh and fie,
On all occaſions, ſhould be deem'd a lye.
M. Gr. Hard terms!
On this rejoinder then I reſt my cauſe:
Should all pay homage to truth's ſacred laws,
Let us examine what would be the caſe;
Why, many a great man would be out of place.
O. Wild. 'Twould many a virtuous character reſtore.
M. Gr. But take a character from many more.
O. Wild. Strong are your reaſons, yet, ere I
I mean to take the voices of the pit. [ſubmit,
Is it your pleaſures that we make a rule,
That ev'ry lyar be proclaim'd a fool,
Fit ſubjects for our author's ridicule?

---

§ 64. *Prologue to the Earl of Eſſex; 1761.*
MURPHY.

WHENE'ER the brave, the gen'rous, and the juſt,
Whene'er the patriot ſinks to ſilent duſt,
The tragic muſe attends the mournful hearſe,
And pays her tribute of immortal verſe.
Inſpir'd by noble deeds, ſhe ſeeks the plain,
In honour's cauſe, where mighty chiefs are ſlain;
And bathes with tears the ſod that wraps the dead,
And bids the turf lie lightly on his head.
Nor thus content, ſhe opens death's cold womb,
And burſts the cearments of the awful tomb,
To caſt him up again—to bid him live,
And to the ſcene his form and preſence give.
Thus once-fam'd Eſſex at her voice appears,
Emerging from the ſacred duſt of years.
Nor deem it much, that we re-trace, to-night,
A tale to which you've liſten'd with delight.
How oft, of yore, to learned Athen's eyes
Did new Electra's and new Phædra's riſe!
In France how many Theban monarchs groan
For Laius' blood, and inceſt not their own!
When there new Iphigenia's raiſe the ſigh,
Freſh drops of pity guſh from ev'ry eye.
On the ſame theme tho' rival wits appear,
The heart ſtill finds the ſympathetic tear.
If their ſoft pity pour her plenteous ſtore,
For fabled kings, and empires now no more;
Much more ſhould you from freedom's glorious plan,
Who ſtill inherit all the rights of man; [glow,
Much more ſhould you with kindred ſorrows
For your own chiefs, your own domeſtic woe;
Much more a Britiſh ſtory ſhould impart
The warmeſt feelings to each Britiſh heart.

---

§ 65. *Prologue to the School for Lovers; 1762. Written and ſpoken by Mr.* GARRICK.

SUCCESS makes people vain—The maxim's true—
We all confeſs it, and not over new.
The verieſt clown, who ſtumps along the ſtreets,
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets,
Some twelve-months hence, bedaub'd with livery lace,
Shall thruſt his ſaucy flambeau in your face.
Not ſo our bard—tho' twice your kind applauſe
Has, on this fickle ſpot, eſpous'd his cauſe;
He owns, with gratitude, the obliging debt;
Has twice been favour'd, and is modeſt yet.
Your giant wits, like thoſe of old, may climb
Olympus high, and ſtep o'er ſpace and time;
May ſtride, with ſeven-leagu'd boots, from ſhore to ſhore,
And, nobly, by tranſgreſſing, charm ye more.
Alas! our author dares not laugh at ſchools—
Plain ſenſe confines his humbler muſe to rules:
He ſhifts no ſcene—But here I ſtopt him ſhort—
"Not change your ſcenes!" ſaid I—I'm "ſorry for't:
"My conſtant friends above, around, below,
"Have Engliſh taſtes, and love both change [the ſlat,
"and ſhow:
"Without ſuch aid ev'n Shakeſpeare would
"Our crowded pantomimes are proofs of that.
"What eager tranſport ſtarts from ev'ry eye
"When pullies rattle, and our genii fly!

When

"When tin cascades, like falling waters, "gleam,
"Or through the canvas bursts the real stream!
"While thirsty Islington laments, in vain,
"Half her new-river roll'd to Drury-lane,
"Lord, Sir! said I, "for gallery, boxes, "pit,
"I'll back my Harlequin against your wit."
Yet still the author, anxious for his play,
Shook his wise head---What will the critics "say?"
"As usual, Sir---abuse you all they can!"
"And what the ladies?"---He's a charming "man!
"A charming piece!---one scarce knows what "it means;
"But that's no matter---when there's such sweet scenes!
Still he persists---and let him---*entre nous*---
I know your tastes, and will indulge 'em too.
Change you shall have; so set your hearts at ease:
Write as *he* will, we'll act it---as *you* please.

§ 66. *Prologue upon Prologues to the Deuce is in Him; spoken by Mr. King.* GARRICK.

And, egad, it will do for any other play as well as this. Bayes.

AN old trite proverb let me quote——
As is your cloth, so cut your coat.
To suit our author, and his farce,
Short let me be, for wit is scarce;
Nor would I shew it, had I any;
The reasons why are strong and many.
Should I have wit, the piece have none,
A flash in pen with empty gun,
The piece is sure to be undone.
A tavern with a gaudy sign,
Whose bush is better than the wine,
May cheat you once---Will that device,
Neat as imported, cheat you twice?
'Tis wrong to raise your expectations;
Poets, be dull in dedications!
Dulness in these to wit prefer——
But there, indeed, you seldom err.
In prologues, prefaces, be flat!
A silver button spoils your hat.
A thread-bare coat might jokes escape,—
Did not the blockheads lace the cape.
A case in point to this before ye;
Allow me, pray, to tell a story.
To turn the penny, once a wit
Upon a curious fancy hit:
Hung out a board, on which he boasted,
Dinner for three-pence, boil'd and roasted!
The hungry read, and in they trip,
With eager eye, and smacking lip——
"Here! bring this boil'd and roasted, pray---"
Enter potatoes, dress'd each way.
All star'd and rose, the house forsook,
And damn'd the dinner—kick'd the cook.
My landlord found, poor Patrick Kelly!
There was no joking with the belly.
These facts laid down, then thus I reason,
Wit in a prologue's out of season.
Yet still will you for jokes sit watching,
Like Cock-lane folks for Fanny's scratching.
And here my simile's so fit,
For prologues are but ghosts of wit;
Which mean to shew their art and skill,
And scratch you to their author's will.
In short, for reasons great and small,
'Tis better to have none at all.
Prologues and ghosts!---a paltry trade---
So let 'em both at once be laid!
Say but the word---give your commands,
We'll tie our prologue-monger's hands:
Confine these culprits! [*holding up his hands*] bind 'em tight:
Nor girls can scratch, nor fools can write.

§ 67. *Epilogue to Elvira;* 1763. IBID.

LADIES and gentlemen---'tis so ill-bred---
We have no epilogue, because I'm dead;
For he, our bard, with frenzy-rolling eye,
Swears you shan't laugh, when he has made you cry.
At which I gave his sleeve a gentle pull,
Suppose they should not cry, and should be dull:
In such a case, 'twould surely do no harm;
A little lively nonsense, taken warm,
On critic stomachs, delicate and queasy,
'Twill even make a heavy meal sit easy.
The town hates epilogues---it is not true,
I answer'd that for *you*---and *you*---and *you*---
[*To Pit, Boxes, and 1st Gall.*
They call for epilogues and hornpipes too.
[*To the Upper Gall.*
Madam, the critics say---to you they're civil,
Here, if they have them not, they'll play the devil.
Out of this house, Sir, and to you alone,
They'll smile, cry, Bravo! charming!---Here they groan:
A single critic will not frown, look big,
Harmless and pliant as a single twig,
But crouded here they change, and 'tis not odd;
For twigs, when bundled up, become a rod.
Critics to bards, like beauties to each other,
When *tête-à-tête* their enmity they smother.
"Kiss me, my dear---how do you?---charming "creature!
"What shape! what bloom! what spirit in each feature!
"You flatter me--'pon honour, no--You do--
"My friend---my---Dear sincerely yours---"adieu!"
But when at routs the dear friends change their tone;
I speak of foreign ladies, not our own.
Will you permit, good sirs, these gloomy folk
To give all tragedy without one joke?
They gravely tell us, Tragedy's design'd
To purge the passions, purify the mind:
To which I say, to strike those blockheads dumb,
With physic always give a sugar-plum.
I love these sugar-plums in prose or rhymes;
No one is merrier than myself sometimes;
Yet I, poor I, with tears and constant moan,
Am melted down almost to skin and bone:
This night, in sighs and sobs I drew my breath;
Love, marriage, treason, prison, poison, death.

We

Were scarce sufficient to complete my fate;
Two children were thrown in to make up
 weight.
With all these sufferings, is it not provoking
To be denied at last a little joking?
If they will make new laws, for mirth's sake
 break 'em,
Roar out for epilogues, and let me speak 'em.

---

§ 68. *Mr. Foote's Address to the Public, after a Prosecution against him for a Libel*; 1764.
Foote.

HUSH! let me search before I speak aloud---
Is no informer skulking in the crowd?
With art laconic, noting all that's said,
Malice at heart, indictments at his head;
Prepar'd to levy all the legal war,
And rouse the clamorous legions of the bar?—
Is there none such?—Not one?—then, *entre nous*,
I will a tale unfold, tho' strange, yet true;
The application must be made by you.
 At Athens once, fair queen of arms and arts,
There dwelt a citizen of moderate parts*;
Precise his manner, and demure his looks,
His mind unletter'd, tho' he dealt in books;
Amorous, tho' old; tho' dull, lov'd repartee;
And penn'd a paragraph most daintily:
He aim'd at purity in all he said,
And never once omitted *eth* or *ed*;
In *hath* or *doth* was rarely known to fail,
Himself the hero of each little tale.
With wits and lords this man was much de-
 lighted,
And once (it has been said) was near being
 knighted.
 One Aristophanes (a wicked wit,
Who never heeded grace in what he writ)
Had mark'd the manners of this Grecian sage,
And, thinking him a subject for the stage,
Had, from the lumber cull'd, with curious care,
His voice, his looks, his gesture, gait, and air,
His affectation, consequence, and mien,
And boldly launch'd him on the comic scene.
Loud peals of plaudits through the circle ran,
All felt the satire, for all knew the man.
 Then Peter---*Petros* was his classic name,
Fearing the loss of dignity and fame,
To a grave lawyer in a hurry flies,
Opens his purse, and begs his best advice.
The fee secur'd, the lawyer strokes his band,
"The case you put I fully understand;
"The thing is plain from *Cocus*'s reports,
"For rules of poetry a'n't rules of courts:
"A libel this---I'll make the mummer know
 "it."---
A Grecian constable took up the poet,
Restrain'd the sallies of his laughing muse,
Call'd harmless humour scandalous abuse:
The bard appeal'd from this severe decree,
Th' indulgent public set the pris'ner free:
Greece was to him what Dublin is to me.

* George Faulkner, bookseller.

§ 69. *Prologue spoken by Mr. Love, on the opening the new Theatre on Richmond-Green.* 1765.
Garrick.

THE ship now launch'd, with necessaries
 stor'd, [on board,
Rigg'd, mann'd, well-built, and a rich freight
All ready, tight and trim, from head to poop,
And, by commission, made a royal sloop;
May Heav'n, from tempests, rocks, and pri-
 vateers, [three cheers!
Preserve thee Richmond!——Give her, boys,
[*Three huzzas behind.*
Queen Mab, our Shakespeare says, and I be-
 lieve him,
In sleep haunts each vain mortal, to deceive him:
As in her hazel-nut she lightly trips,
By turns, o'er eyes, ears, fingers, nose and lips,
Each quicken'd sense such sweet enchantment
 seizes, [pleases.
We hear, see, smell, taste, touch---whate'er she
Look round this house, and various proofs
 you'll see, [me.
Strong glaring proofs that Mab has been with
She caught me napping, knew where I was vain,
And tickled every fibre of my brain:
Deep in my musing (deep as I was able)
Methought I saw her driving tow'rds my table;
She whisk'd her chariot o'er my books and
 shelves,
And at my standish stopp'd her tiny elves.
"What are you scribbling there?---Quick, let
 "me see——— [me!"
"Poh!---leave this nonsense, and along with
I, grinning, bow'd---"Bright star of Lilliput!
"Shall I not croud you in your hazel-nut?
She smil'd; and, shewing me a large-siz'd
 hamper, [scamper."
"Get into this, my friend, and then we'll
I for this frolic wanting quick digestion,
Sent to my tongue, post-haste, another question;
But, crack! she went, before that I could ask it;
She in her stage---I, Falstaff in the basket:
She wav'd her wand, then burst in fits of laugh-
 ter,
To see me rolling, bounding, tumbling after:
And I laugh'd too---Could you of laughing
To see a minnow towing of a whale? [fail,
At last we rested on a hill hard by,
With a sweet vale, to feast the glutton eye---
"I'll shew you more," she said, "to charm
 "and move us,"
And to the gardens, quick as thought, she
 drove us: [they are,
Then, pointing to the shade---"There, there
"Of this most happy isle, the happiest pair!"
Oh! may those virtuous raptures never cease,
Nor public cares disturb their private peace!
She sigh'd--and like the lightning, was she seen
To drive her chariot o'er the fav'rite green;
Straight to this spot---where she infus'd such
 things, [kings.
Might turn the heads of twenty play-house

But fear dispersing all my golden dream,
And I just entering on this fairy-scheme;
With wild surprise, I cast my eyes about,
Delusion ends---and now I wake to doubt.
Oh, may this dream be realiz'd by you!
Your smiles or frowns can make this false or true.

§ 70. *Prologue to Much ado about Nothing, acted by command of their Majesties, 1765. Written and spoken by Mr.* Garrick; *being his first appearance after his return from Italy.*

WITH doubt, joy, apprehension, almost dumb,
To face this awful court, once more I come:
Lest Benedick should suffer by my fear,
Before he enters, I myself am here.
I'm told (what flattery to my heart) that you
Have wish'd to see me; nay, have press'd it too:
Alas! 'twill prove another *Much ado.*
I, like a boy who long has truant play'd,
No lessons got, no exercises made,
On bloody Monday takes his fearful stand,
And often eyes the birchen-scepter'd hand.
'Tis twice twelve years since first the stage I trode,
Enjoy'd your smiles, and felt the critic's rod;
A very nine-pin I, my stage-life through,
Knock'd down by wits, set up again by you.
In four-and-twenty years the spirits cool;
Is it not long enough to play the fool?
To prove it is, permit me to repeat
What late I heard, in passing thro' the street:
A youth of parts, with ladies by his side,
Thus cock'd his glass, and thro' it shot my pride:
"'Tis he, by Jove! grown quite a clumsy "fellow;
"He's fit for nothing but a Punchinello!"
"Oh, yes, for comic scenes, Sir John---no "further:
"He's much too fat---for battles, rapes, and murther!"
Worn in the service, you my faults will spare,
And make allowance for the wear and tear.
The Chelsea pensioner, who, rich in scars,
Fights o'er, in prattle, all his former wars;
Tho' past the service, may the young ones teach,
To march---present---to fire---and mount the breach.
Should the drum beat to arms, at first he'll grieve
For wooden leg, lost eye, and armless sleeve:
Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and swells his chest:
"'Tis for my king, and, zounds! I'll do my best."

§ 71. *Prologue to the Clandestine Marriage;* 1766. Garrick.

POETS and painters, who from nature draw
Their best and richest stores, have made this law;
That each should neighbourly assist his brother,
And steal with decency from one another.
To-night, your matchless Hogarth gives the thought,
Which from the canvas to the stage is brought;
And who so fit to warm the poet's mind,
As he who pictur'd morals and mankind?
But not the same their characters and scenes;
Both labour for one end, by different means;
Each, as it suits him, takes a separate road,
Their one great object, marriage à-la-mode;
Where titles deign with cits to have and hold,
And change rich blood for more substantial gold!
And honour'd trade from int'rest turns aside,
To hazard happiness for titled pride.
The painter dead, yet still he charms the eye;
While England lives, his fame can never die:
But he who struts his hour upon the stage,
Can scarce extend his fame for half an age;
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save;
The art and artist share one common grave.
Oh, let me drop one tributary tear
On poor Jack Falstaff's grave, and Juliet's bier*.
You to their worth must testimony give;
'Tis in your hearts alone their fame can live;
Still as the scenes of life will shift away,
The strong impressions of their art decay.
Your children cannot feel what you have known;
They'll boast of Quins and Cibbers of their own.
The greatest glory of our happy few,
Is to be felt, and be approv'd, by you.

§ 72. *Prologue to the Taylors;* 1767. Ibid.

THIS night we add some heroes to our store,
Who never were as heroes seen before;
No blust'ring Romans, Trojans, Greeks, shall rage,
No knights, arm'd *cap-à-pié,* shall crown our stage;
Nor shall our Henries, Edwards, take the field,
Opposing sword to sword, and shield to shield:
With other instruments our troop appears;
Needles to thimbles shall, and shears to shears;
With parchment gorgets, and in buckram arm'd,
Cold-blooded taylors are to heroes warm'd,
And, slip shod, stride to war.---No lions' glare,
No eye-balls, flashing fire, shall make you stare;
Each outside shall belye the stuff within:
A Roman spirit in each taylor's skin——
A taylor-legg'd Pompey, Cassius, shall you see,
And the ninth part of Brutus strut in me!
What though no swords we draw, no daggers shake,
Yet can our warriors a quietus make
With a bare bodkin.---Now be dumb, ye railers,
And never, but in honour, call out *taylors!*
But these are heroes tragic, you will cry;
Oh, very tragic! and I'll tell you why——
Should female artists with the male combine,
And mantua-makers with the taylors join:
Should all, too proud to work, their trades give o'er,
Nor to be sooth'd again by six-pence more,

* Mr. Quin and Mrs. Cibber both died a little before.

What

What horrors would ensue!---First you, ye
beaux,
At once lose all existence with your cloaths!
And you, ye fair, where would be your defence?
This is no golden age of innocence!
Such drunken bacchanals the Graces meet,
And no police to guard the naked street:
Beauty is weak, and passion bold and strong—
Oh, then—but modesty restrains my tongue.
May this night's bard a skilful taylor be,
And like a well-made coat his tragedy.
Tho' close, yet easy; decent, but not dull;
Short, but not scanty; without buckram, full.

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§ 73. *Epilogue to the English Merchant*; 1767.
GARRICK.

Enter Lady Alton [*Mrs. Abington*] *in a passion*;
Spatter [*Mr. King*] *following*.

L. Alton. I'LL hear no more, thou wretch!
Spatter. Attend to reason!
L. Alton. A woman of my rank, 'tis petty
treason!
Hear reason, blockhead! reason! what is that?
Bid me wear pattens and a high-crown'd hat!
Won't you begone? What, won't you? What's
your view? [you—
Spatter. Humbly to serve the tuneful Nine in
L. Alton. I renounce such things; [strings:
Not Phœbus now, but vengeance, sweeps the
My mind is discord all!---I scorn, detest
All human kind:---you more than all the rest.
Spatter. I humbly thank you Ma'am---but
weigh the matter.
L. Alton. I won't hear reason! and I hate
Myself, and every thing. [you, Spatter!
Spatter. That I deny;
You love a little mischief, so do I;
And mischief I have for you.
L. Alton. How, where, when?
Will you stab Falbridge?
Spatter. Yes, Ma'am---with my pen.
L. Alton. Let loose, my Spatter, till to death
you've stung 'em,
That green-ey'd monster, jealousy, among 'em.
Spatter. To dash at all, the spirit of my
trade is,
Men, women, children, parsons, lords, and la-
There will be danger. [dies.
L. Alton. And there shall be pay---
Take my purse, Spatter! [*Gives it him.*
Spatter. In an honest way.
[*Smiles, and takes it.*
L. Alton. Should my lord beat you——
Spatter. Let them laugh that win:
For all my bruises, here's gold-beater's skin!
[*Chinking the purse.*
L. Alton. Nay, should he kill you!
Spatter. Ma'am?
L. Alton. My kindness meant
To pay your merit with a monument!
Spatter. Your kindness, lady, takes away my
breath: [death.
We'll stop, with your good leave, on this side
L. Alton. Attack Amelia, both in verse and
Your wit can make a nettle of a rose. [prose,
Spatter. A stinging-nettle for his lordship's
breast:
And to my stars and dashes leave the rest.
I'll make them miserable, never fear;
Pout in a month, and part in half a year.
I know my genius, and can trust my plan;
I'll break a woman's heart with any man.
L. Alton. Thanks, thanks, dear Spatter! be
severe and bold! [of gold,
Spatter. No qualms of conscience with a purse
Tho' pill'ries threaten, and tho' crab-sticks
fall,
Yours are my heart, soul, pen, ears, bones, and
all. [*Exit Spatter.*
Lady Alton alone.
Thus to the winds at once my cares I scatter—
O, 'tis a charming rascal, this same Spatter!
His precious mischief makes the storm subside;
My anger, thank my stars! all rose from pride:
Pride should belong to us alone of fashion;
And let the mob take love, that vulgar pas-
sion——
Love, pity, tenderness, are only made
For poets, Abigails, and folks in trade.
Some cits about their feelings make a fuss,
And some are better bred---who live with us.---
How low Lord Falbridge is!--He takes a wife,
To love, and cherish, and be fix'd for life!
Thinks marriage is a comfortable state,
No pleasure like a *virtuous tête-à-tête!*
Do our lords justice, for I would not wrong 'em,
There are not many such poor souls among 'em.
Our turtles from the town would fly with speed,
And I'll foretel the vulgar life they'll lead.
With love and ease grown fat, they face all
weather, [gether,
And, farmers both, trudge arm in arm to-
Now view their stock, now in their nursery
prattle,
For ever with their children or their cattle.
Like the dull mill-horse in one round they keep;
They work, talk, fondle, dine, and fall asleep;
"Their custom always in the afternoon—"
He bright as Sol, and she the chaste full moon!
Wak'd with her coffee, Madam first begins,
She rubs her eyes, his lordship rubs his shins;
She sips and smirks;---"Next week's our wed-
"ding day, [more gay!" [yawns.
"Married seven years!——and every hour
"True, Emmy," cries my lord, "the blessing
"lies, [pathize!"
"Our hearts in every thing [*yawns*] so sym-
The day thus spent, my lord for music calls;
He thrums the bass, to which my lady squalls;
The children join, which so delight these
ninnies,
The brats seem all Guaduccis, Lovatinis.
—What means this qualm?—Why, sure, while
I'm despising,
That vulgar passion, Envy, is not rising!
O no!---Contempt is struggling to burst out—
I'll give it vent at Lady Scalp'em's *rout.*
[*Exit hastily.*

§ 74.

§ 74. *Epilogue to Zenobia*; 1768. *Spoken by Mrs. Abington.* Garrick.

[*She peeps through the curtain.*

HOW do ye all, good folks?---In tears, for certain,
I'll only take a peep behind the curtain.
You're all so full of tragedy and sadness,
For me to come among you, would be madness!
This is no time for giggling---when you've leisure,
Call out for me, and I'll attend your pleasure;
As soldiers hurry at the beat of drum,
Beat but your hands, that instant I will come.

[*She enters upon their clapping.*

This is so good! to call me out so soon—
The Comic Muse by me intreats a boon;
She call'd for Pritchard, her first maid of honour,
And begg'd of her to take the task upon her;
But she, I'm sure you'll all be sorry for't,
Resigns her place, and soon retires from court:
To bear this loss we courtiers make a shift,
When good folks leave us, worse may have a lift.
The Comic Muse, whose every smile is grace,
And her stage sister, with her tragic face,
Have had a quarrel—each has writ a case;
And on their friends assembled now I wait,
To give you of their difference a true state.
Melpomene complains, when she appears,
For five good acts, in all her pomp of tears,
To raise your souls, and with your raptures wing 'em,
Nay, wet your handkerchiefs, that you may wring 'em.
Some flippant hussey, like myself, comes in;
Crack goes her fan, and with a giggling grin,
"Hey! Presto! pass!"—all topsy-turvy let,
For "ho, ho, ho!" is chang'd to "he, he, he!"
We own'd the fault, but 'tis a fault in vogue;
'Tis theirs who call and bawl for—Epilogue!
O! shame upon you—for the time to come,
Know better, and go miserable home.
What says our comic goddess?—With reproaches,
She vows her sister Tragedy encroaches;
And, spite of all her virtue and ambition,
Is known to have an amorous disposition:
For in False Delicacy—wond'rous sly,
Join'd with a certain Irishman—O fie! [cry.
She made you, when you ought to laugh, to
Her sister's smiles with tears she try'd to smother,
Rais'd such a tragi-comic kind of pother,
You laugh'd with one eye, while you cry'd with t'other.
What can be done?——Sad work behind the scenes!
There comic females scold with tragic queens;
Each party different ways the foe assails,
These shake the daggers, those prepare their nails.
'Tis you alone must calm these dire mishaps,
Or we shall still continue pulling caps.
What is your will?---I read it in your faces,
That all hereafter take their proper places,
Shake hands, and kiss, and friends, and burn their cases.

---

§ 75. *Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Pritchard, on her quitting the Stage*; 1768. Ibid.

THE curtain dropt---my mimic life is past,
That scene of sleep* and terror was my last.
Could I in such a scene my exit make,
When ev'ry real feeling is awake?
Which beating here, superior to all art,
Bursts in full tides from a most grateful heart.
I now appear myself, distress'd, dismay'd,
More than in all the characters I've play'd;
In acted passion, tears may seem to flow,
"But I have that within that passeth shew."
Before I go, and this lov'd spot forsake,
What gratitude can give, my wishes, take:
Upon your hearts may no affliction prey,
Which cannot by the stage be chas'd away;
And may the stage to please each virtuous mind,
Grow every day more moral, more refin'd,
Refin'd from grossness, not by foreign skill:
Weed out the poison, but be English still!
To all my brethren whom I leave behind,
Still may your bounty, as to me, be kind;
To me for many years your favours flow'd,
Humbly receiv'd---on small desert bestow'd;
For which I feel---what cannot be express'd---
Words are too weak---my tears must speak the rest.

---

§ 76. *Prologue to the Good-natured Man*; 1768. Johnson.

PREST by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of human kind,
With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,
And social sorrow loses half its pain;
Our anxious bard without complaint may share
This bustling season's epidemic care;
Like Cæsar's pilot dignify'd by fate,
Tost in one common storm with all the great;
Distrest alike the statesman and the wit,
When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
The busy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wishes just the same;
Disabled both to combat, or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Uncheck'd on both, loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended Burgess hoards his angry tale,
For that blest year when all that vote may rail;
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.
"This day the powder'd curls and golden "coat," ["vote;
Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobler's
"This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
"Lies at my feet; I hiss him, and he dies."
The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe,
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.

* The last scene of Lady Macbeth.

Yet

Yet judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were sold,
He feels no want of ill-persuading gold;
But confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts without fear to merit, and to you.

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§ 77. *Prologue to False Delicacy*; 1768. *Spoken by Mr. King.* GARRICK.

I'M vex'd---quite vex'd---and you'll be vex'd ---that's worse------ [curse.
To deal with stubborn scribblers---there's the
Write moral plays---the blockhead!---why, good people,
You'll soon expect this house to wear a steeple!
For our fine piece, to let you into facts,
Is quite a sermon---only preach'd in acts.
You'll scarce believe me, till the proof appears;
But even I, Tom Fool, must shed some tears:
Do, ladies, look upon me---nay, no simpering;
Think you this face was ever made for whimp'ring?
Can I a cambric handkerchief display,
Thump my unfeeling breast, and roar away?
Why, this is comical, perhaps you'll say.
Resolving this strange awkward bard to pump,
I asked him what he meant?---He, somewhat plump,
New purs'd his belly, and his lips thus biting,
"I must keep up the dignity of writing!"
"You may, but if you do, Sir, I must tell ye,
"You'll not keep up that dignity of belly."
Still he preach'd on---"Bards of a former age
"Held up abandon'd pictures on the stage;
"Spread out their wit, with fascinating art,
"And catch'd the fancy, to corrupt the heart:
"But, happy change! in these more moral days
"You cannot sport with virtue, ev'n in plays;
"On virtue's side his pen the poet draws,
"And boldly asks a hearing for his cause."
Thus did he prance and swell---The man may prate,
And feed these whimsies in his addle pate,
That you'll protect his Muse, because she's good:
A virgin, and so chaste!---Oh lud! Oh lud!
No Muse the critic beadle's lash escapes,
Though virtuous; if a dowdy and a trapes:
If his come forth a decent likely lass,
You'll speak her fair, and grant the proper pass:
Or should his brain be turn'd with wild pretences, [senses;
In three hours time you'll bring him to his
And well you may, when in your pow'r you get him; [him:
In that short space, you blister, bleed, and sweat
Among the Turks, indeed, he'd run no danger;
They sacred hold a madman and a stranger.

---

§ 78. *Scrub's Trip to the Jubilee*; 1769. *Spoken by Mr. Weston.*

FROM Stratford arriv'd---piping hot------ gentle folks, [jokes,
From the rarest of shows, and most wonderful
Your simple acquaintance, Scrub, comes to declare, [fair;
'Twas fuller, by far, than our Litchfield great
Such crowds of fine ladies, serenading and sin- ing,
Such firing of loud patereroes, and ringing---
To tell it in London, must seem all a fable;
And yet I will tell it---as well as I'm able.
First, something in lingo of schools call'd an od
All critics, they told me, allow'd very good:
One said---you may take it for truth, I assure
'Twas made by the little great man of Drury,
By my brother *Martin* (for whose sake d'ye hea
This night I'd a mind for a touch at Shak- speare*:
But, honestly speaking, I take more delight i
A bit of good fun, than drums, trumpets, a fighting. [fine tra
The procession, 'twas said, would have bee
But could not move forward---Oh, la!---for t rain;
Such tragical comical folks, and so fine------
What pity it was that the sun did not shine!
Since ladies and baronets, aldermen, squires,
All went to this Jubilee, full of desires,
In crowds, as they go for to see a new play;
And when it was done---why they all ca away!
Don't let me forget---a main part of the sho
Was long-tail'd fine comets, by fam'd Angel
Some turtle I got, which they call *pasha-pee*;
But honest roast beef 's the best turtle for me.
I hate all ragouts, and, like a bold Briton,
Prefer good plumb-pudding to aught I ere bit
I drank too (and now I a poet may be)
From a charming fine cup of the mulberry-t
To bed I must go---for which, like a ninny,
I paid, like my betters, no less than a guine
For rolling---not sleeping---in linen so damp
As struck my great toe, ever since, with cramp.
Thus fleec'd---in my pocket I felt a great smarting, [parting.
Yet griev'd not when I and the splinters wer
'Twas worth ten times more to hear swee brother *Martin*.
He spoke, till poor Scrub was just fit, with one
To laugh, while the other was ready to cry.
Which makes me now tell you, without brag, [w
He's a second to none but the Warwick
The Jubilee over, I came to this place,
To tell you my story, and sue for your gra
You never refus'd it---yet never before, [m
With granting such kindness, bound grat
I love, but to own, with a diligent spirit,
Your favours have ever out-run my slight m

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§ 79. *Prologue to Doctor Last in his Char* 1769. *Spoken by Mr. Foote.* GARRI

YOUR servant, kind masters, from botto top, [h
Be assur'd, while I breathe, or can stand---I a
Be you pleased to smile, or be pleased to g ble, [hu
Be whatever you please, I am still your

* This alludes to Mr. Weston's design of playing Richard.

As to laugh is a right only given to man,"
To keep up that right is my pride and my plan.
Fair ladies, don't frown; I meant woman too:
What's common to man, muſt be common to you.
You all have a right your ſweet muſcles to curl,
From the old ſmirking prude to the titt'ring young girl;
And ever, with pleaſure, my brains I could ſpin,
To make you all giggle, and you, ye gods, grin.
In this preſent ſummer, as well as the paſt,
To your favour again we preſent Dr. Laſt,
Who, by wonderful feats, in the papers recounted, [ed.
From trudging on foot to his chariot is mount-
Amongſt the old Britons when war was begun,
Charioteers would ſlay ten, while the foot could ſlay one. [ſent,
So when doctors on wheels with diſpatches are
Mortality bills riſe a thouſand per cent.
But think not to phyſic that quackery's confin'd:
All the world is a ſtage, and the quacks are mankind: [we but ſearch,
There's trade, law, and ſtate quacks; nay, would
We ſhould find—Heaven bleſs us!—ſome quacks in the church! [race
The ſtiff-band and ſtiff-bob of the Methodiſt
Give the balſam of life and the tincture of grace; [good is done 'em,
And their poor wretched patients think much
Tho' bliſters and cauſtics are ever put on 'em.
As for laws and the ſtate, if quackery's a curſe,
Which will make the good bad, and the bad will make worſe,
We ſhould point out the quack from the regular brother; [t'other!
They are wiſer than I who can tell one from
Can the ſtage, with its bills, puffs, and patients, ſtand trial?
Shall we find out no quacks in the Theatre Royal?
Some dramatical drugs, that are puff'd on the town,
Cauſe many wry faces, and ſcarce will go down.
Nay, an audience ſometimes will in quack'ry delight, [night.
And ſweat down an author ſome pounds in one
To return to our quack—ſhould he, help'd by the weather,
Raiſe laughter and kind perſpiration together;
Should his noſtrums of hip and of vapours but cure ye,
His chariot he well can deſerve, I aſſure ye:
'Tis eaſy to ſet up a chariot in town,
And eaſier ſtill is that chariot laid down.
Repetitions by me, both as doctor and lover,
That you'll not ſtop his wheels, or his chariot tip over. [would be,
Fix him well, I beſeech you; the worſt on't
Should you overturn him, you may overſet me.

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§ 80. *Epilogue to the Dueliſt; 1773. Spoken by Miſs Barſanti.*

NO, men of valour! you diſlike our play;
Nothing againſt it do the ladies ſay.
To own they're pleas'd the critic's ever loth,
Mutter, "A Dueliſt, with ſcarce an oath!
"'Tis like his hat, that was without a feather,
"Duels and Dammes always go together."
Old ſinners loving the licentious joke,
May think there wants too here and there, a ſtroke; [tween,
Round oaths and double meanings ſtrew'd be-
With them the virtues of the comic ſcene.
And yet the town in general is ſo nice,
It holds theſe virtues as a kind of vice: [fore 'em,
From the teeth outward chaſte, their hands be-
Like reps, ev'n demi-reps, are all decorum.
Tho' groſs their thoughts, ſo delicate their hearing, [ing.
They think the very ſtage ſhould fine for ſwear-
Our author, therefore, ſcrupled to employ
Your vulgar Damme, Sir! and Damme, boy!
Nay, when by chance a naughty joke came pat in,
He wrapt it up, you know, in lawyers Latin.
So much refin'd the ſcene ſince former days,
When Congreve, Vanburgh, Wicherly, wrote [plays,
"The ſtage ſo looſely did Aſtrea tread,
"She fairly put all characters to-bed."
Tho' now no bard would venture to depoſit
A macaroni in a lady's cloſet;
Leſt the frail fair-one he be thought to ruin,
"While moon and ſtars alone" ſee what they're doing.
In the old plays, gallants take no denial,
But put the ſtruggling actreſs to the trial;
Bleſs me! I ſhudder even now to think,
How near myſelf may come to danger's brink!
In modern plays more ſafe the female ſtation,
Secure as our ſad ſolemn ſituation!
No rakiſh forward ſpark dares now be rude,
The Comic Muſe herſelf grown quite a prude!
No wonder, then, if in ſo pure an age,
No Congreves write for ſo demure a ſtage!

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§ 81. *Prologue to the School for Rakes; 1774. Spoken by Mr. King.* GARRICK.

THE ſcribbling gentry, ever frank and free,
To ſweep the ſtage with prologues fix on me.
A female repreſentative I come,
And with a prologue, which I call a broom,
To ſweep the critic cobwebs from the room.
Critics, like ſpiders, into corners creep,
And at new plays their bloody revels keep:
With ſome ſmall venom cloſe in ambuſh lie,
Ready to ſeize the poor dramatic fly: [prey,
The weak and heedleſs ſoon become their
But the ſtrong blue-bottle will force its way,
Clean well its wings, and hum another day.
Unknown to Nature's laws, we've here one evil;
For flies, turn'd ſpiders, play the very devil!
Fearing ſome danger, I will lay before ye
A ſhort, true, recent, tragic-comic ſtory.
As late I ſaunter'd in the Park for air,
As free from thought as any coxcomb there,
Two ſparks came up; one whiſper'd in my ear,
He was a critic; then aſk'd me, with a ſneer—
Thus ſtanding, ſtaring—with a ſwaggering ſwing,
"You've writ a farce?"—"Yes, Sir, a "fooliſh thing." [acting, King,
"Damn'd fooliſh—You'd better mind your

"'Tis

"'Tis ten to one—I speak it for your sake,
"That this same farce will prove—your Wit's
"last Stake."
"I scribble for amusement, boast no pow'rs."
"Right, for your own amusement—not for
"ours."
Thus he went on; and with his pleasant talking,
I lost the appetite I got with walking.
He laugh'd—I bow'd—but, ere I could retreat,
His lisping friend did thus the dose repeat:
"Pray, Sir---this School for Rakes---the wo-
"man's play—— [turday;
"When do you give it us?"---"Next Sa-
"I hope you'll both be kind to her, at least."
"A scribbling woman is a dreadful beast!---
"Then they're so ugly, all these female wits---
"I'll damn her play---to throw her into fits.
"Had I my will, those flattern sluttish dames---
"They all should see the bottom of the
"Thames."
If you are here, good Sirs, to breed a riot,
[*Looking about the house.*
Don't shew your spite; for if you are not quiet,
'Tis ten to one---I speak it for *your* sake,
This School for Rakes will prove *your* Wits
last Stake. [nic will,
As you [*To the pit*] save me from their tyran-
You will not let them use a woman ill.
Protect her and her brat---The truly brave
Women and children will for ever save.

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§ 82. *Prologue to the Jubilee; 1769. Spoken by Mr. King, in the Character of a Waiter.* Garrick.

FROM London, your honours, to Stratford
I'm come: [Tom;
I'm a waiter, your honours; you know bustling
Who, proud of your orders, and bowing before
Till supper is ready, I'll tell you a story. [ye,
'Twixt Hounslow and Colnbrooke, two
houses of fame, [by name:
Well known on that road, the Two Magpyes
The one of long standing, the other a new one;
This boasts it's the old one, and that it's the true
one.
Sure we, the old Magpye, as well as the younger,
May boast that our liquor is clearer and stronger.
Of bragging and puffing you make but a jest;
You taste of us both, and will stick to the best.
A race we have had, for your pastime and
laughter; [after.
Young Mag started first, with old Mag hopping
'Tis said the old house hath possess'd a receipt,
To make a choice mixture of sour, strong, and
sweet,
A Jubilee punch, which, right skilfully made,
Insur'd the old Magpye a good running trade:
But think you we mean to monopolize---No,
no,
We are like brother Ashley, pro publico bono.
Each Magpye, your honours, will peck at his
brother, [each other
And their natures were always to crib from
Young landlords and old ones are taught by
their calling, [ing:
To laugh at engrossing---but practise forestall-
Our landlords are game-cocks, and fair play
but grant 'em,
I'll warrant you pastime from each little bantam.
Let's return to the punch---I hope from my soul,
That now the old Magpye may fell you a bowl;
We have all sorts and sizes a quick trade to drive,
As one shilling, two shilling, three shilling, five;
In this town of Stratford we'll have each ingre-
dient,
Beside a kind welcome from me, your obedient.
I'll now squeeze my fruit, put sugar and rum in,
And be back in a moment [*Bell rings*] A com-
ing, a coming, a coming!

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§ 83. *Prologue to the Christmas Tale; 1774.* Ibid.

Music plays, and enter several persons with different kinds of dishes.

Enter Mr. Palmer in the character of Christmas.

GO on---prepare my bounty for my friends,
And see that Mirth, with all her crew, at-
tends.

To the Audience.

Behold a personage well known to fame,
Once lov'd and honour'd——Christmas is my
My officers of state my taste display; [name!
Cooks, scullions, pastry-cooks prepare my way;
Holly and ivy round me honours spread,
And my retinue shew---I'm not ill fed;
Minc'd pies, by way of belt, my breast divide,
And a large carving-knife adorns my side;
'Tis no fop's weapon, 'twill be often drawn;
This turban for my head---is collar'd brawn.
Tho' old, and white my locks, my cheeks are
cherry; [merry;
Warm'd by good fires, good cheer, I'm always
With carrol, fiddle, dance, and pleasant tale,
Jest, gibe, prank, gambol, mummery, and ale,
I English hearts rejoic'd in days of yore;
For new strange modes, imported by the score,
You will not sure turn Christmas out of door!
Suppose yourselves well seated by a fire,
(Stick close, you seem more warm than ye
desire)
Old Father Christmas, now is all his glory,
Begs with kind hearts you'll listen to his story;
Clear well your thoughts from politics and
spleen,
Hear my tale out, for all that's to be seen.
Take care, my children, that you will behave---
You, Sir, in blue red cap, not quite so grave;
That critic there in black---so stern and dry,
Before you frown, pray let the tale begin——
You in the crimson capuchin, I fear you;
Why, Madam, at this time, so cross appear you?
Excuse me, pray---I did not see your husband
near you.
Don't think, fair ladies, I expect that you
Should hear my tale---you've something else to
Nor will our beaux old English fare excuse,
No foreign taste could e'er digest plumb-porridge;
I have no sauce to quicken lifeless sinners;
My food is meant for honest hearty grinners.

For you, your ſpirit, with good ſtomachs bring;
Oh, make the neighbouring roof with rapture ring!
Open your mouths, pray, ſwallow every thing!"
Critics, beware how you our pranks deſpiſe;
Hear well my tale, or you ſha'n't touch my pies;
The proverb change---be merry, but not wiſe.

§ 84. *Prologue to the Maid of the Oaks*; 1774. *Spoken by Mr. King, in the Character of Fame.* GARRICK.

UNLIKE to ancient Fame, all eyes, tongues, ears——
See modern Fame, arm'd cap-a-pie, appears,
In ledgers, chronicles, gazettes, and gazetteers!
My ſoaring wings are fine election ſpeeches,
And puffs of candidates ſupply my breeches.
My cap is ſatire, criticiſm, wit——
Is there a head that wants it in the pit?——
[*Offering it.*
No flowing robe and trumpet me adorn;
I wear a jacket, and I wind a horn.
Pipe, ſong, and paſtoral, for five months paſt,
Puff'd well by me, have been the general taſte.
Now Marybone ſhines forth to gaping crowds;
Now Highgate glitters from her hill of clouds;
St. George's Fields, with taſte and faſhion ſtruck,
Diſplay Arcadia at the Dog and Duck——
And Drury Miſſes here, "in tawdry pride,
"Are there Paſtoras by the fountain ſide."
To frowſy bowers they reel through midnight damps,
With Fauns half drunk, and Dryads breaking lamps.
Both far and near did this new whimſy run;
One night it friſk'd, forſooth, at Iſlington.
And now, as for the public bound to cater,
Our manager muſt have his *fête champêtre*.
How is the weather?—Pretty clear and bright.
[*Looking about.*
A ſtorm's the Devil on champêtre night!
Leſt it ſhould fall to ſpoil the author's ſcenes,
I'll catch this gleam, to tell you what he means:
He means a ſhow as brilliant as Cox's,
Laugh *for* the pit, and, may be, *at* the boxes;
Song, chorus, frolic, dance, and rural play,
The merry-making of a wedding-day.
Whoſe is the piece?—'Tis all ſurmiſe, ſuggeſtion—
Is't his, or hers, or yours, Sir? That's the queſtion.
The parent, baſhful, whimſical, or poor,
Left it a puling infant at the door;
'Twas laid on flow'rs, and wrapp'd in fancied cloaks,
And on the breaſt was written---*Maid o' th' Oaks.*
The actors crowded round—the girls careſs'd it——
Lord! the ſweet pretty babe!—they praiſ'd and bleſs'd it;
The maſter peep'd, ſmil'd, took it in, and dreſs'd it.
Whate'er its birth, protect it from the curſe
Of being ſmother'd by a pariſh nurſe:
As you're kind, rear it—if you're curious, praiſe it——
And ten to one but vanity betrays it.

§ 85. *Occaſional Prologue upon Mr. Lacy's firſt Appearance in the Character of Alexander.* IBID.

IN Macedon when Alexander reign'd,
And victory after victory was gain'd,
The Greek Gazettes (for they had papers there)
Publiſh'd a thouſand fibs——as they do here.
From them one Curtius wrote of Philip's ſon,
How he did things—which never could be done!
Unlike his copy, who will ſoon appear,
His mighty ſoul ne'er knew the ſmalleſt fear;
Tho' laurel-crown'd, our pale young monarch comes
Trembling amidſt his triumphs, ſhouts, and drums;
Would give up all his vict'ries, falſe or true,
To gain one greater conqueſt—that of you.
"Lord!" cries a buxom widow, loud and ſtrong,
"He's quite a boy! To play that part is wrong."
"Madam, he's ſix feet high, and cannot be
"too young."
"He looks ſo modeſt, hardly ſpeaks a word:
"Can he with proper ſpirit draw his ſword?
"A face ſo ſmooth, where neither rage nor pride is,
"Fits not the hero."—*Fronti nulla fides*—
In Engliſh thus: Truſt not to looks, they'll cheat us;
Bounc'd not Sir Swagger lately, as he'd beat us?
And was not he, with all his frowns and airs,
By one, who ſeem'd all meekneſs, kick'd down ſtairs?
Miſs B—, all delicacy, nerve, and fear,
Elop'd laſt week with a horſe grenadier!
And our advent'rer, though ſo mild and civil,
If you once rouze him, plays the very devil!
"Indeed!" cries Madam, "Sir, I'm much your debtor;
"I ſhould be glad to know the young man better."
Twice our young hero, who for glory tow'rs,
In fields leſs dang'rous tried his unknown pow'rs:
Like a young ſwimmer, whom his fears command,
In ſhallow ſtreams firſt ventur'd from the land;
Till, bolder grown, the rougher wave he ſtems,
Plunges from giddy heights into the Thames.
E'en now he ſtarts to hear the torrent roar,
While his pale fates ſtand frighted on the ſhore!
Soon will he leap the precipice—Your nod
Sinks him, or lifts him to a demi-god.

§ 86. *Prologue, ſpoken by Mr. Yates, at opening a new Theatre, built for him by the Inhabitants of Birmingham.* FOOTE.

FROM fiddling, fretting, Monſieur and Signor,
And all the dangers of the Italian ſhore;
From ſqueaking monarchs, and chromatic queens,
And Metaſtaſio's mix'd and mangled ſcenes,
Where Faſhion, and not Feeling, bears the ſway,
Whilſt Senſe and Nature coyly keep away,
I come—All hail the conſecrated earth*,
Whoſe bounteous boſom gave my Shakeſpeare birth!

* Shakeſpeare was born in Warwickſhire.

Gave that great master of the scenic art,
To feed the fancy, and correct the heart;
To check th' unruly passions' wild career,
And draw from Pity's eye the tender tear;
Of Folly's sons t' explore the ample train,
The sot, the fop, the vicious, and the vain;
Hypocrisy to drag from her disguise,
And Affectation hunt through all her lies:
Such was your bard. Who then can doom the
The worthless fav'rite of an idle age; [stage
Or judge, that pleasure, with instruction join'd,
Can foil the manners, or corrupt the mind?
Far other thoughts your generous breast inspire,
Touch'd with a spark of true Promethean fire:
Sure that the Arts with Commerce came to earth,
That the same parents gave those sisters birth,
Cold creeping Prejudice you dar'd despise,
And bade this Temple to the Muses rise.
Oh, that my tongue could utter all I feel!
Or that my powers were equal to my zeal!
Plac'd by your favour, not by right divine,
Th' unworthy high-priest of the Sacred Nine,
No tainted incense should pollute their shrine,
Nor aught be offer'd to the public view
But what was worthy them—and worthy you.

§ 87. *Prologue to Bon Ton*; 1775. Colman.

FASHION in ev'ry thing bears sovereign sway,
And words and periwigs have both their day:
Each have their purlieus too, are modish each,
In stated districts, wigs as well as speech. [tie,
The Tyburn scratch, thick club, and Temple
The parson's feather-top, frizz'd broad and
high!
The coachman's cauliflow'r, built tiers on tiers!
Differ not more from bags and brigadiers,
Than great St. George's or St. James's styles
From the broad dialect of Broad St. Giles.
What is Bon Ton?"—"Oh, damme!" cries a
buck, [luck:
Half drunk—"Ask me, my dear, and you're in
"Bon Ton's to swear, break windows, beat the
"watch, [a catch.
"Pick up a wench, drink healths, and roar
"Keep it up! keep it up! damme, take your
"swing! [thing!"
"Bon Ton is life, my boy; Bon Ton's *the*
"Ah! I loves life, and all the joys it yields,"
Says Madam Fussock, warm from Spitalfields.
"Bon Ton's the space 'twixt Saturday and
"Monday,
"And riding in a one-horse chair o' Sunday!
"'Tis drinking tea, on summer afternoons,
"At Bagnigge-Wells, with china and gilt
"spoons! [pattens,
"'Tis laying by our stuffs, red cloaks, and
"To dance *cowtillions* all in silks and sattins!"
"Vulgar!"—cries Miss—"Observe, in higher
"life, [wife:
"The feather'd spinster, and thrice-feather'd
"The club's Bon Ton. Bon Ton's a constant
"trade
"Of rout, *festino*, ball, and masquerade! ["new;
"'Tis plays and puppet-shews—'tis something
"'Tis losing thousands every night at *lu*,
"Nature it thwarts, and contradicts all reason;
"'Tis stiff French stays, and fruit—when out
"of season!
"A rose, when half-a-guinea is the price;
"A set of bays, scarce bigger than six mice:
"To visit friends you never wish to see;
"Marriage 'twixt those who never can agree;
"Old dowagers, dress'd, painted, patch'd, and
"curl'd— [world!"
"This is Bon Ton, and this we call *the*
"True," says my lord, "and thou, my only son,
"Whate'er your faults, ne'er sin against Bon
"Ton!
"Who toils for learning at a public school,
"And digs for Greek and Latin, is a fool.
"French, French, my boy's the thing! *jasez!*
"prate, chatter!
"Trim be the mode, whipt-syllabub the matter!
"Walk like a Frenchman; for, on English
"pegs,
"Moves native aukwardness with two left legs.
"Of courtly friendship form a treacherous
"league, [intrigue;
"Seduce men's daughters, with their wives
"In sightly semicircles round your nails,
"Keep your teeth clean—and grin, if small-
"talk fails:
"But never laugh, whatever jest prevails!
"Nothing but nonsense e'er gave laughter birth,
"That vulgar way the vulgar shew their mirth.
"Laughter's a rude convulsion, sense that
"jostles,
"Disturbs the cockles, and distorts the muscles.
"Hearts may be black, but all should wear
"clean faces:
"The graces, boy! The graces, graces, graces!"
Such is Bon Ton! and walk this city
through,
In building, scribbling, fighting, and *virtù*,
And various other shapes, 'twill rise to view.
To-night our Bayes, with bold, but careless
tints,
Hits off a sketch or two like Darly's prints.
Should connoisseurs allow his rough draughts
strike 'em,
'Twill be Bon Ton to see them, and to like 'em.

§ 88. *Prologue to the Rivals*; 1775. Sheridan.

Enter Serjeant at Law, and Attorney following and giving a Paper.

Serj. WHAT'S here—a vile cramp hand! I
cannot see
Without my spectacles. *Att.* He means his fee.
Nay, Mr. Serjeant, good Sir, try again. [*Gives
money.*] ['tis pretty plain.
Serj. The scrawl improves, [*more*]—O come,
Hey! how's this?—Dibble!—sure it cannot be!
A poet's brief! a poet and a fee! [know,
Att. Yea, Sir!—tho' *you*, without reward, I
Would gladly plead the muses cause.—*Serj.*
So—so!
Att. And if the fee offends, your wrath should
fall
On me.—*Serj.* Dear Dibble, no offence at all.
Att.

Att. Some ſons of Phœbus in the Courts we meet,
Serj. And fifty ſons of Phœbus in the Fleet!
Att. Nor pleads he worſe, who with a decent ſprig
Of bays---adorns his legal waſte of wig.
Serj. Full-bottom'd heroes, thus, on ſigns, un-
A leaf of laurel---in a grove of curl! [furl
Yet tell your client, that, in adverſe days,
This wig is warmer than a buſh of bays. [ply,
Att. Do you then, Sir, my client's place ſup-
Profuſe of robes, and prodigal of tye——
Do you, with all thoſe bluſhing pow'rs of face,
And wonted baſhful heſitating grace,
Riſe in the court, and flouriſh on the caſe. [*Exit.*
Serj. For practice then ſuppoſe---this brief will ſhew it——
Me, Serjeant Woodward---counſel for the poet.
Us'd to the ground---I know 'tis hard to deal
With this dread *Court*, from whence there's *no appeal*;
No *tricking* here, to blunt the edge of *law*,
Or, damn'd in *equity*, eſcape by *flaw*:
But *judgment* giv'n---your *ſentence* muſt remain;
No *writ of error* lies---to *Drury-lane!*
Yet when ſo kind you ſeem, 'tis paſt diſpute
We gain ſome favour, if not *coſts of ſuit.*
No ſpleen is here! I ſee no hoarded fury;
I think I never fac'd a milder jury! [portation,
Sad elſe our plight!---where frowns are tranſ-
A hiſs the gallows---and a groan damnation!
But ſuch the public candour, without fear
My client waves all *right of challenge* here.
No newſman from *our* ſeſſion is diſmiſs'd,
Nor wit nor critic *we* ſcratch off the liſt;
His faults can never hurt another's eaſe,
His crime at worſt---a *bad attempt* to pleaſe:
Thus, all reſpecting, he appeals to all,
And by the general voice will *ſtand* or *fall.*

§ 89. *Epilogue to the ſame*; 1775.
SHERIDAN.

LADIES, for *You*---I heard our poet ſay
He'd try to coax ſome *moral* from his play:
'One moral's plain,' cried I, 'without more fuſs;
'Man's ſocial happineſs all reſts on us——
'Thro' all the drama---whether damn'd or not,
'*Love* gilds the *ſcene*, and *women* guide the *plot*.
'From ev'ry rank---obedience is our due——
'D'ye doubt?---The world's great ſtage ſhall 'prove it true.'
The cit, well ſkill'd to ſhun domeſtic ſtrife,
Will ſup abroad; but firſt--he'll aſk his *wife*.
John Trot, his friend, for once will do the ſame,
But then---he'll juſt *ſtep home to tell his dame.*
The *ſurly ſquire*--at noon reſolves to rule,
And half the day--Zounds! Madam is a fool!
Convinc'd at night--the vanquiſh'd victor ſays,
Ah, Kate! *you women have ſuch coaxing ways!*
The *jolly toper* chides each tardy blade——
Till reeling Bacchus calls on love for aid;
Then with each toaſt, he ſees fair bumpers ſwim,
And kiſſes Chloe on the ſparkling brim!

Nay, I have heard that ſtateſmen, great and wiſe,
Will *ſometimes* counſel with a lady's eyes; [wiſe,
The ſervile ſuitors watch her various face,
She ſmiles preferment---or ſhe frowns diſgrace,
Curtſies a penſion here---there, nods a place.
Nor with leſs awe, the ſcenes of humbler life,
Is *view'd* the *miſtreſs*, or is *heard* the *wife*.
The pooreſt peaſant of the pooreſt ſoil,
The child of poverty, and heir to toil——
Early from radiant love's impartial light
Steals one ſmall ſpark, to cheer his world of night: [woes,
Dear ſpark! that oft thro' winter's chilling
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows!
The wand'ring *tar*, who not for *years* has preſs'd
The widow'd partner of his *day* of reſt---
On the cold deck, far from her arms remov'd,
Still hums the ditty which his Suſan lov'd:
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The boatſwain whiſtles in a ſofter tone.
The *ſoldier*, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
Pants for the *triumph* of his Nancy's ſmile;
But ere the battle, ſhould he liſt' her cries,
The lover trembles---and the hero dies!
That heart, by war and honour ſteel'd to fear,
Droops on a ſigh, and ſickens at a tear!
But ye more cautious---ye nice-judging few,
Who give to beauty only beauty's due,
Tho' friends to Love---*ye* view with deep regret
Our conqueſts marr'd, and triumphs incomplete,
'Till poliſh'd wit more laſting charms diſcloſe,
And judgment fix the darts which beauty throws.
In female breaſts did ſenſe and merit rule,
The lover's mind would aſk no other ſchool;
Sham'd into ſenſe---the ſcholars of our eyes,
Our beaux from *gallantry* would ſoon be wiſe;
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love!

§ 90. *Epilogue to Edward and Eleonora*; 1775.
IBID.

YE wedded critics*, who have mark'd our tale,
How ſay you? does our plot in *nature* fail?
May we not boaſt, that many a *modern* wife
Would loſe her own to ſave a *huſband*'s life?
Would gladly die——O monſtrous and ill-bred,
There's not a huſband here but ſhakes his head!
But you, my gall'ry friends†——Come, what ſay you? [too!
Your wives are with you---ſhake their noddles
Above there---hey lads‡! You'll not treat us ſo--- [*No!*
You ſide with *us?*---They grin and grumble,
Yet hold---tho' theſe plain folks traduce their doxies,
Sure we have *Eleonoras* in the *boxes!*
Inhuman beaux!---why that ill-natur'd ſneer?
What, then, you think there's no ſuch ideot here?
There are, no doubt, tho' rare to find I know,
Who could loſe huſbands, yet ſurvive the blow;

* To the Pit. † Firſt Gallery. ‡ Upper Gallery.

Two years a wife—view Lesbia, sobbing, crying,
Her chair is waiting—but my lord is dying;
Preparing for the worst, she tells her maid
To countermand her points and new brocade;
For, O! if I should lose the *best of men*,
Heav'n knows when I shall see the *Club* again.
"So, Lappet, should he die while I am out,
"You'll send for me at Lady Basto's rout;
"The doctor said he might hold out till three,
"But I han't spirits for the *coterie!*"
Now change the scene—place madam in the fever,
My lord for comfort at the *Sçavoir Vivre*;
His valet enters—shakes his meagre head—
"Chapeau, what news?"—"Ah! Sir, me "lady dead."
"The deuce!—'tis sudden, faith—but four days sick!——
"Well, seven's the main—(poor Kate)--Eleven's a nick."
But hence reflections on a senseless train,
Who, lost to real joy, should feel no pain;
'Mongst Britain's daughters still can Hymen's light
Reveal the love which charm'd your hearts to-night;
Shew beauteous martyrs—who would each prefer,
To die for *him*, who long has liv'd for *her*;
Domestic heroines—who with fondest care
Outsmile a husband's griefs—or claim a share;
Search where the rankling evils most abound,
And heal with cherub-lip the poison'd wound.
Nay such bright virtues in a *royal* mind
Were not alone to *Edward*'s days confin'd;
Still, still they beam around Britannia's throne,
And grace an *Eleonora* of our own.

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§ 91. *Prologue to Braganza.* MURPHY.

WHILE in these days of sentiment and grace,
Poor comedy in tears resigns her place,
And smit with novels, full of maxims crude,
She that was frolic once, now turns a prude;
To her great end the tragic muse aspires,
At Athens born, and faithful to her sires.
The comic sister, in hysteric fit,
You'd swear, has lost all memory of wit;
Folly, for her, may now exult on high;
Feather'd by ridicule, no arrows fly;
But if you are distress'd, she's sure to cry.
She that could jig, and nick-name all heaven's creatures,
With sorrows not her own deforms her features;
With stale reflections keeps a constant pother;
Greece gave her one face, and she makes another---
So very pious, and so full of woe,
You well may bid her "To a nunnery go."
Not so Melpomene; to nature true,
She holds her own great principle in view.
She, from the first, when men her pow'r confess'd,
When grief and terror seiz'd the tortur'd breast,
She made, to strike her moral to the mind,
The stage, the great tribunal of mankind,
Hither the worthies of each clime she draws,
Who founded states, or rescu'd dying laws;
Who, in base times, a life of glory led,
And for their country who have toil'd or bled.
Hither they come---again they breathe, they live---
And virtue's meed thro' ev'ry age receive.
Hither the murd'rer comes, with ghastly mien!
And the fiend Conscience haunts him o'er the scene.
None are exempted; all must re-appear,
And even kings attend for judgment here;
Here find the day, when they their pow'r abuse,
Is a scene furnish'd to the tragic muse.
Such is her art; weaken'd, perhaps, at length,
And while she aims at beauty, losing strength.
Oh! when, resuming all her native rage,
Shall her true energy alarm the stage?
This night a bard——(our hopes may rise too high---
'Tis yours to judge---'tis yours the cause to try)
This night a bard, as yet unknown to fame,
Once more, we hope, will rouze a genuine flame.
His no French play;---tame, polish'd, dull by rule:
Vigorous he comes, and warm from Shakespeare's school.
Inspir'd by him, he shews, in glaring light,
A nation struggling with tyrannic might;
Oppression rushing on with giant strides;
A deep conspiracy, which virtue guides;
Heroes, for freedom who dare strike the blow,
A tablature of honour, guilt and woe.
If on his canvas nature's colours shine,
You'll praise the hand that trac'd the just design.

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§ 92. *Epilogue by Mr. Garrick, on quitting the Stage, June 1776.* GARRICK.

A Veteran see! whose last act on the stage
Entreats your smiles for sickness and for age;
Their cause I plead——plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow-feeling makes one wond'rous kind:
Might we but hope your zeal would not be less,
When I am gone, to patronize distress;
That hope obtain'd, the wish'd-for end secures,
To soothe their cares, who oft have lighten'd yours.
Shall the great heroes of celestial line,
Who drank full bowls of Greek and Roman wine,
Cæsar and Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector,
Nay, Jove himself, who here has quaff'd his nectar;
Shall they who govern'd fortune, cringe and court her,
Thirst in their age, and call in vain for porter?
Like Belisarius, tax the pitying street,
With *date obolum* to all they meet?
Shan't I, who oft have drench'd my hands in gore;
Stabb'd many, poison'd some, beheaded more;
Who numbers slew in battle on this plain;
Shan't I, the slayer, try to feed the slain?
Brother to all, with equal love I view
The men who slew me, and the men I slew:
I must,

I must, I will this happy project seize,
That those, too old to die, may live with ease.
Suppose the babes I smother'd in the Tower,
By chance, or sickness, lose their acting pow'r,
Shall they, once princes, worse than all be serv'd!
In childhood murder'd, and, when murder'd, [starv'd?
Matrons half ravish'd, for your recreation,
In age, should never want some consolation:
Can I, young Hamlet once, to nature lost,
Behold, O horrible! my father's ghost,
With grisly beard, pale cheek—stalk up and down,
And he, the Royal Dane, want half a crown?
Forbid it, ladies; gentlemen, forbid it;
Give joy to age, and let 'em say—You did it:
To you, ye gods *! I make my last appeal;
You have a right to judge, as well as feel;
Will your high wisdoms to our scheme incline,
That kings, queens, heroes, gods, and ghosts may dine?
Olympus shakes!—that omen all secures;
May every joy you give be ten-fold yours!

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§ 93. *Prologue to the Capuchin*; 1776. *Spoken by Mr. Foote.* Colman.

CRITICS, whene'er I write, in ev'ry scene
Discover meanings that I never mean;
Whatever character I bring to view,
I am the father of the child, 'tis true,
But every babe his christening owes to you.
" The comic poet's eye, with humorous air,
" Glancing from Watling-street to Grosvenor-[square,
" He bodies forth a light ideal train,
" And turns to shape the phantoms of his brain:
" Meanwhile your fancy takes more partial " aim,
" And gives to airy nothing place and name."
A limner once, in want of work, went down,
To try his fortune in a country town:
The waggon, loaded with his goods, convey'd
To the same spot his whole dead stock in trade,
Originals and copies—ready made.
To the new painter all the country came,
Lord, lady, doctor, lawyer, 'squire and dame,
The humble curate, and the curate's wife,
All ask a likeness—taken from the life.
Behold the canvas on the easel stand!
A pallet grac'd his thumb, and brushes fill'd his [hand!
But, ah! the painter's skill they little knew,
Nor by what curious rules of art he drew.
The waggon-load unpack'd, his ancient store
Furnish'd for each a face drawn long before,
God, dame, or hero, of the days of yore.
The Cæsars, with a little alteration,
Were turn'd into the mayor and corporation:
To represent the rector and the dean,
He added wigs and bands to Prince Eugene:
The ladies, blooming all, deriv'd their faces
From Charles the Second's beauties, and the Graces,
Thus done, and circled in a splendid frame,
His works adorn'd each room, and spread his [fame.
The countrymen of taste admire and stare,
" My lady's leer! Sir John's majestic air!
" Miss Dimple's languish too!—extremely " like!
" And in the style and manner of Vandyke!
" Oh, this new limner's pictures always " strike!
" Old, young; fat, lean; dark, fair; or big, or " little,
" The very man or woman, to a tittle!"
Foote and this limner in some points agree,
And thus, good Sirs, you often deal by me.
When, by the royal licence and protection,
I shew my small academy's collection,
The connoisseur takes out his glass to pry
Into each picture with a curious eye;
Turns topsy-turvy my whole composition,
And makes mere portraits all my exhibition.
But still the copy's so exact, you say;
Alas, the same thing happens every day!
How many a modish well-dress'd fop you meet,
Exactly suits his shape in Monmouth-street!
In Yorkshire warehouses and Cranbourn-alley,
'Tis wonderful how shoes and feet will tally!
As honest Crispin understands his trade,
On the true human scale his lasts are made,
The measure of each sex and age to hit,
And every shoe, as if bespoke, will fit.
My warehouse thus, for Nature's walks, supplies
Shoes for all ranks, and lasts of every size.
Sit still, and try them, Sirs; I long to please ye—
How well they fit! I hope you find them easy:
If the shoe pinches, swear you cannot bear it;
But if well-made—I wish you health to wear it!

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§ 94. *Prologue to the Contract*; 1776. *Written and intended to have been spoken by Mr. Foote.*

THE Contract is it call'd?—I cannot say
I much admire the title of his play:
Contracts, they tell me, have been fraught with evil,
Since Faustus sign'd his contract with—the [Devil.
Yet, spite of Satan, all men wish to make 'em,
Tho' nineteen out of twenty love to break 'em.
Butchers and meal-men, brewers, agents, factors,
Pimps, poets, place-men, managers, and [actors,
Bawds, bankrupts, booksellers, are all contractors;
All lye, and swear, and cheat, t' increase their store,
Then die, and go—where Faustus went before.
While thus o'er all we see th' infection spread,
No wonder it should taint the marriage-bed:
Each wife forgets, each husband breaks his vow;
For what are contracts? what is wedlock, now?
Garrick, who long was marry'd—to the town,
At length, a fashionable husband grown,

* To the Upper Gallery.

Forsakes

Forſakes his ſpouſe, baſe man! for, truth to tell,
She lov'd her own dear Davy wond'rous well;
Though now he ſlights her, breaks from her by
force,
And nought will ſerve him but a full divorce.
But be the fault in women or in men,
Thanks to our laws! they all may—wed again:
Her faithleſs fav'rite gone, the lady's free
To chuſe another, and may ſmile---on me;
To the Lame Lover may reſign her charms,
But, tho' a cripple, take me to her arms.
I'll promiſe to be conſtant, kind, polite,
And pay my duty---every other night:
My dear lov'd rib I never will abandon,
And ſtand by her, whilſt I've *one* leg to ſtand on!
I'll make a ſolemn *contract*, play or pay,
And hope we ſhall not part this many a day.
Our brother ſcribbler too, I greatly fear,
Has made a fooliſh kind of contract here;
He promiſes, and ten to one you're bit,
To furniſh fable, ſentiment, and wit:
I've ſeen his piece; the man appeal'd to me,
And I, as Chanc'lor, iſſued my decree;
'T has paſs'd the ſeals, they're going to rehearſe
it--- [verſe it.
But you're the Houſe of Peers---and may re-

---

§ 95. *Prologue to the Spleen, or Iſlington Spa; ſpoken by Mr. King; 1776.* Garrick.

THOUGH prologues now as blackberries are
plenty, [ty;
And, like them, mawkiſh too---nineteen in twen-
Yet you will have them when their date is o'er,
And prologue! prologue! ſtill your honours
roar;
Till ſome ſuch diſmal phiz as mine comes
on---
Ladies and gentlemen, indeed there's none;
The prologue, author, ſpeaker---all are dead
and gone.
Theſe reaſons have ſome weight, and ſtop the rout;
You clap---I ſmile---and thus go cringing out:
While living, call me; for your pleaſure uſe me:
Should I tip off---I hope you'll then excuſe me.
So much for Prologues---and now enter Farce:
Shall I a ſcene I lately heard, rehearſe?
The place, the park; the *dramatis perſonæ*,
Two female wits, with each a macaroni:
"Pr'ythee, Lord Flimſey, what's this thing at
"Drury--- [Ma'am, I'll aſſure you."
"This Spleen?"——"'Tis low, damn'd low,
"*C'eſt vrai, my Lor?*---We now feel no ſuch
"evil,
"Never are haunted with a vapouriſh devil.
"In pleaſure's round we whirl it from the brain:
"You rattle it away with---Seven's the main!
"In upper life we have no ſpleen or gall;
"And as for other life---it is no life at all."
What can I ſay in our poor bard's behalf?
He hopes that lower life may make you laugh.
May not a trader, who ſhall buſineſs drop,
Quitting at once his old-accuſtom'd ſhop,
In fancy through a courſe of pleaſure run,
Retiring to his ſeat at Iſlington;
And, of falſe dreams of happineſs brim-full,
Be at his villa miſerably dull?
Would not he Iſlington's fine air forego,
Could he again be choak'd in Butcher-row?
In ſhewing cloth renew his former pleaſure,
Surpaſs'd by none---but that of clipping mea-
ſure.
The maſter of this ſhop*, too, ſeeks repoſe,
Sells off his ſtock in trade, his verſe and proſe,
His daggers, buſkins, thunder, lightning,
and old cloaths.
Will he in rural ſhades find eaſe and quiet?
Oh no! he'll ſigh for Drury, and ſeek peace in
riot.
Nature of yore prevail'd thro' human kind;
To low and middle life ſhe's now confin'd:
'Twas there the choiceſt dramatiſts have ſought
her, [caught her.
'Twas there Moliere, there Jonſon, Shakeſpeare
Then let our gleaning bard with ſafety come,
To pick up ſtraws dropt from their harveſt-home.

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§ 96. *Prologue introduced in the Prelude of New Brooms; ſpoken by Mr. King, at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, 1776.* Ibid.

SCRIBBLERS are ſportſmen; and, as ſportſ-
men are, [fair;
Some hit, ſome miſs, ſome poach, and ſome beat
This wounds a ſtraggling bird; that often tries,
But never kills, he ſhoots and ſhuts both eyes;
Like our train'd-bands, the mark he never hits;
He ſcorns to ſee the murder he commits:
Some will whole covies take, nineteen in twen-
ty; [plenty;
And then you ſmack your lips---for game is
In ſhort, by you their merits muſt be tried;
And woe to them who are not qualified!
Another ſimile we mean to broach---
A new one too!---the ſtage is a ſtage-coach---
A ſtage-coach!---why?---I'll tell you, if you
aſk it--- [baſket‡.
† Here ſome take places, and ſome mount the
Our cattle too, that draw the ſtage along,
Are of all ſorts and ſizes---weak and ſtrong;
Brown, grey, black, bay, briſk, tame, blind,
lame, fat, lean, old and young!
If, as we're jogging on, we ſometimes ſtop,
Some ſcold within, and ſome aſleep will drop,
While ſailors and their doxies ſing and roar
o' top.
The coachman manager will ſometimes pleaſe
ye--- [ye,
But ſhould he ſtuff the coach too full, and ſqueeze
You then begin to ſwear---"Zounds! ſhut the
door; [more,
"We're cramm'd already---here's no room for
"You're ſo damn'd fat! A little farther, Sir---
"Your elbow's in my ſtomach---I can't ſtir!"
Hoit! hoit! the coachman then drives on apace,
And, ſmack! with other ſtages runs a race:

* Alluding to Mr. Garrick's retiring from the Stage. † Boxes. ‡ Gallery.

Thro' thick and thin we daſh, now up, now down,
Now raiſe a duſt, now rattling thro' the town;
Now firſt, now laſt, now jolted, crack! we fall---
Laugh'd, pelted, hooted at, and damn'd by all.
Your late old coachman, tho' oft ſplaſh'd by dirt,
And out in many a ſtorm, retires unhurt;
Enjoys your kind reward for all his pains,
And now to other hands reſigns the reins.
But the new partners of the old machine,
Hoping you'll find it ſnug, and tight, and clean,
Vow that with much civility they'll treat you,
Will drive you well, and pleaſantly will ſeat you,
The road is not all turnpike---and, what worſe is,
They can't inſure your watches, or your purſes;
But they'll inſure you, that their beſt endeavour
Shall not be wanting to obtain your favour:
Which gain'd—Gee up! the old ſtage will run for ever.

§ 97. *Epilogue to the Runaway*; 1776.

GARRICK.

POST haſte from Italy arrives my lover!
Shall I to you, good friends, my fears diſcover?
Should foreign modes his virtues mar and mangle,
And *cara ſpoſa* prove—Sir Dingle Dangle;
No ſooner join'd, than ſeparate we go;
Abroad—we never ſhall each other know,
At home---I mope above---he'll pick his teeth below.
In ſweet domeſtic chat we ne'er ſhall mingle,
And, wedded tho' I am, ſhall ſtill live ſingle.
However modiſh, I deteſt this plan;
For me no maukiſh creature, weak and wan;
He muſt be Engliſh---and an Engliſh *man*.
To nature and his country, falſe and blind,
Should Belville dare to twiſt his form and mind,
I will diſcard him---and, to Britain true,
A Briton chuſe---and may be one of you—
Nay, don't be frighten'd; I am but in jeſt:
Freemen, in love or war, ſhould ne'er be preſs'd.
If you would know my utmoſt expectation,
'Tis one unſpoil'd by travell'd education;
With knowledge, taſte, much kindneſs, and ſome whim,
Good ſenſe to govern me—and let me govern him.
Great love of me muſt keep his heart from roving;
Then I'll forgive him, if he proves too loving.
If in theſe times I ſhould be bleſs'd by fate
With ſuch a phœnix, ſuch a matchleſs mate,
I will, by kindneſs, and ſome ſmall diſcerning,
Take care that Hymen's torch continues burning:
At weddings, now-a-days, the torch, thrown down,
Juſt makes a ſmoke, then ſtinks throughout the town!
No married Puritan; I'll follow pleaſure,
And ev'n the faſhion---but in mod'rate meaſure;
I will of opera extaſies partake,
Tho' I take ſnuff to keep myſelf awake;

No rampant plumes ſhall o'er my temples play,
Foretelling that my brains will fly away;
Nor from my head ſhall ſtrange vagaries ſpring,
To ſhew the ſoil can teem with every thing;
No fruits, roots, greens, ſhall fill the ample ſpace,
A kitchen-garden to adorn my face!
No rocks ſhall there be ſeen, no windmill, fountain,
Nor curls, like guns ſet round to guard the mountain!
Oh, learn, ye fair, if this ſame madneſs ſpreads,
Not to hold up, but to keep down your heads!
Be not miſled by ſtrange fantaſtic Art,
But in your dreſs let Nature take ſome part;
Her ſkill alone a laſting pow'r inſures,
And beſt can ornament ſuch charms as yours.

§ 98. *Epilogue to Semiramis*; 1776.

SHERIDAN.

DISHEVELL'D ſtill, like Aſia's bleeding queen,
Shall I with jeſts deride the tragic ſcene?
No, beauteous mourners!—from whoſe downcaſt eyes
The Muſe has drawn her nobleſt ſacrifice!
Whoſe gentle boſoms, *Pity's altars*---bear
The cryſtal incenſe of each falling tear!---
---There lives the poet's praiſe!---no critic art
Can match the comment of a feeling heart!
When gen'ral plaudits ſpeak the fable o'er---
Which mute attention had approv'd before,
Tho' ruder ſpirits love th' accuſtom'd jeſt
Which chaſes ſorrow from th' vulgar breaſt,
Still hearts refin'd their ſadden'd tints retain---
---The ſigh is pleaſure! and the jeſt is pain!—
---Scarce have they ſmiles to honour grace or wit,
---Tho' Roſcius ſpoke the verſe himſelf had writ!
Thus thro' the time when vernal fruits receive
The grateful ſhow'rs that hang on April's eve;
Tho' ev'ry coarſer ſtem of foreſt birth
Throws with the morning-beam its dews to earth,
---Ne'er does the gentle *roſe* revive ſo ſoon---
But, bath'd in Nature's tears, it droops till noon.
O could the Muſe one ſimple moral teach,
From ſcenes like theſe, which all who heard might reach!
---Thou child of ſympathy---whoe'er thou art,
Who with Aſſyria's queen haſt wept thy part---
Go ſearch, where keener woes demand relief,
Go---while thy heart yet beats with fancy'd grief:
Thy lip ſtill conſcious of the recent ſigh,
The graceful tear ſtill ling'ring in the eye---
Go---and on real miſery beſtow
The bleſt effuſion of fictitious woe!---
So ſhall our Muſe, ſupreme of all the Nine,
Deſerve indeed the title of---*divine*!---
Virtue ſhall own her favour'd from above,
And *Pity* greet her---with a ſiſter's love!

§ 99.

§ 99. *Prologue, spoken by Mr. Palmer, on the opening of the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-Market; May 15, 1777.* COLMAN.

PRIDE, by a thousand arts, vain honours claims,
And gives to empty nothings pompous names.
Theatric dealers thus would fain seem great,
And every playhouse grows a mighty state.
To fancied heights how'e'er mock-monarchs soar,
A manager's a trader—nothing more——
You (whom they court) their customers—and then,
We players—poor devils!—are their journeymen.
While two great warehouses, for winter use,
Eight months huge bales of merchandize produce,
Out with the swallow comes our Summer Bayes,
To shew his taffata and lutestring plays;
A choice assortment of slight goods prepares,
The smallest haberdasher of small wares.
In Laputa, we're told, a grave projector——
A mighty schemer, like our new director——
Once form'd a plan—and 'twas a deep one, Sirs!—
To draw the sun-beams out of cucumbers.
So whilst less vent'rous managers retire,
Our salamander thinks to live in fire.
A playhouse Quidnunc—and no Quidnunc's wiser——
Reading our play-bills in the Advertiser,
Cries, "Hey! what's here? In th' Hay-market "a play,
"To sweat the public in the midst of May?
"Give me fresh air!" then goes, and pouts alone,
In country-lodgings——by the two-mile stone:
There sits, and chews the cud of his disgust,
Broil'd in the sun, and blinded by the dust.
"Dearee," says Mrs. Inkle, "let us go
"To the Hay-market, to-night, and see the "show.
"Psha, woman!" cries old Inkle, "you're a fool:
"We'll walk to Hornsey, and enjoy the cool."
So said, to finish the domestic strife,
Forth waddle the fat spouse, and fatter wife;
And as they tug up Highgate-hill together,
He cries—"Delightful walking!—charming "weather!"
Now, with the napkin underneath the chin,
Unbutton'd cits their turtle-feasts begin,
And plunge, full knuckle-deep, thro' thick and thin:
Throw down fish, flesh, fowl, pastry, custard, jelly,
And make a salmagundy of their belly.
"More China-pepper! punch, another rum-"mer!
"So cool and pleasant—eating in the summer!"
To ancient geographers 'twas not known
Mortals could live beneath the torrid zone:
But we, tho' toiling underneath the line,
Must make our hay now while the weather's fine.
Your good old hay-maker, long here employ'd,
The sunshine of your smiles who still enjoy'd;
The fields which long he mow'd will not forsake,
Nor quite forego the scythe, the fork, and rake,
But take the field, ev'n in the hottest day,
And kindly help us to get in our hay.

---

§ 100. *Prologue to the Spanish Barber; 1777.* IBID.

ONCE more from Ludgate-hill behold Paul Prig!
The same spruce air, you see, same coat, same wig!
A mercer smart and dapper all allow,
As ever at shop-door shot off a bow.
This summer—for I love a little prance—
This summer, gentle folks, I've been to France,
To mark the fashions---and to learn to dance.
I, and dear Mrs. Prig, the first of Graces!
At Calais, in the diligence took places;
Travell'd through Boulogne, Amiens, and Chantilly,
All in a line—as straight as Piccadilly!
To Paris come, their dresses made me stare—
Their fav'rite colour is the French Queen's hair!
They're all so fine, so shabby, and so gay,
They look like chimney-sweepers on May-day!
Silks of all colours in the rainbow there!
A Joseph's coat appears the common wear.
Of some I brought home patterns; one, to-night,
We mean to shew—'tis true, it is but slight;
But then, for summer-wear, you know, that's right.
A *little weaver*, whom I long have known,
Has work'd it up, and begs to have it shewn—
But, pray observe, my friends, 'tis not his own.
I brought it over——nay, if it miscarries,
He'll cry, "'tis none of mine—it came from "Paris."
But would you like it, he'll soon let you know,
'Twas spun and manufactur'd in Soho.
—'T had a great run abroad, which always yields
Work for our Grub-street, and our Spital-fields.
France charms our ladies, naked bards and beaux,
Who smuggle thence their learning and their cloaths;
Buckles like gridirons, and wigs on springs;
Têtes built like towers, and rumps like ostrich wings.
If this piece please, each summer I'll go over,
And fetch new patterns by the straits of Dover.

---

§ 101. *Prologue to the School for Scandal; 1777.* GARRICK.

A School for Scandal!—Tell me, I beseech you,
Needs there a school this modish art to teach you?
No need of lessons now—the knowing think—
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.

Caus'd

Caus'd by a dearth of scandal, should the vapours
Distress our fair-ones, let them read the papers;
Their pow'rful mixtures such disorders hit,
Crave what they will, there's *quantum sufficit.*
"Lord!" cries my Lady Wormwood (who loves tattle,
And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle)
Just ris'n at noon, all night at cards when threshing,
Strong tea and scandal--bless me, how refreshing!
"Give me the papers, Lisp---how bold and "free! (*sips*)
"Last night Lord L. (*sips*) was caught with "Lady D. [*latile!* (*sips*)
"For aching heads, what charming *sal vo*-
"If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,
"We hope she'll draw, or we'll undraw the "curtain.—
"Fine satire, poz! in public all abuse it!
"But, by ourselves, (*sips*) our praise we can't "refuse it.
"Now, Lisp, read you—there, at that dash "and star—" [ware,
"Yes, Ma'am---A certain Lord had best be-
"Who lives not twenty miles from Grosve-"nor-square;
"For should he Lady W. find willing—
"Wormwood is bitter."—"Oh! that's me—"the villain!
"Throw it behind the fire, and never more
"Let that vile paper come within my door."
Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart;
To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.
Is our young bard so young, to think that he
Can stop the full spring-tide of calumny?
Knows he the world so little, and its trade?—
Alas! the devil's sooner rais'd than laid.
So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging;
Cut Scandal's head off—still the tongue is [wagging.
Proud of your smiles, once lavishly bestow'd,
Again our young Don Quixote takes the road;
To shew his gratitude, he draws his pen,
And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in its den;
From his fell gripe the frighted fair to save—
Tho' he should fall, th' attempt must please the brave.
For your applause, all perils he would through,
He'll fight—that's write—a cavaliero true,
Till ev'ry drop of blood--that's ink--is spilt for you.

---

§ 102. *Epilogue to the same; 1777. Spoken by Mrs. Abington, in the Character of Lady Teazel.* COLMAN.

I, Who was late so volatile and gay,
Like a trade-wind must now blow all one way,
Bend all my cares, my studies, and my vows,
To one old rusty weather-cock—my spouse:
So wills our virtuous bard!—the pye-ball'd Bayes
Of crying epilogues and laughing plays.
Old batchelors, who marry smart young wives,
Learn from our play to regulate your lives!
Each brings his dear to town—all faults upon her—
London will prove the very source of honour;
Plung'd fairly in, like a cold bath, it serves,
When principles relax—to brace the nerves.
Such is my case—and yet I must deplore
That the gay dream of dissipation's o'er;
And say, ye fair, was ever lively wife
Born with a genius for the highest life,
Like me, untimely blasted in her bloom,
Like me, condemn'd to such a dismal doom?
Save money--when I just knew how to *waste* it!
Leave London—just as I began to taste it!
Must I then watch the early-crowing cock?
The melancholy ticking of a clock?
In the lone rustic hall for ever pounded,
With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats surrounded?
With humble curates can I now retire,
(While good Sir Peter boozes with the 'squire)
And at back-gammon mortify my soul,
That pants for lu, or flutters at a vole?
Seven's the main!—dear sound!—that must expire,
Lost at hot-cockles round a Christmas fire!
The transient hour of fashion too soon spent,
"Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!
"Farewell the *plumed* head--the cushion'd *tête*,
"That takes the cushion from his proper seat!
"The spirit-stirring drum!---card-drums I "mean--- ["queen!
"Spadille, odd trick, pam, basto, king and
"And you, ye knockers, that with brazen "throat
"The welcome visitor's approach denote,
"Farewell!---all *quality* of high renown,
"Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious "town,
"Farewell!---your revels I partake no more,
"And Lady Teazel's occupation's o'er."
---All this I told our Bard---he smil'd, and said 'twas clear
I ought to play deep tragedy next year:
Mean while he drew wise morals from his play,
And in these solemn periods stalk'd away.
"Blest were the fair, like you her faults who "stopt, [dropt!
"And clos'd her follies when the curtain
"No more in vice or error to engage,
"Or play the fool at large on life's great "stage!"

---

§ 103. *Prologue to a Word to the Wise, performed for the Benefit of Mr. Kelly's Family; 1777.* JOHNSON.

THIS night presents a play which public rage,
Or right or wrong, once hooted from the stage*.

* Upon the first representation of this play, 1770, it was damned, from the violence of party.

From

From zeal or malice, now no more we dread,
For English vengeance *wars not with the dead!*
A generous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid, where all must lie.
To wit reviving from its author's dust,
Be kind, ye judges, or at least be just.
For no renew'd hostilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.
Let one great payment every claim appease,
And him who cannot hurt, allow to please;
To please by scenes unconscious of offence,
By harmless merriment, or useful sense.
Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays,
Approve it only—'Tis too late to praise.
If want of skill, or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiss—the poet cannot hear.
By all like him must praise and blame be found,
At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.
Yet then shall calm reflection bless the night,
When liberal pity dignified delight;
When pleasure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

---

§ 104. *Prologue to Sir Thomas Overbury*; 1777. SHERIDAN.

TOO long the Muse—attach'd to regal show,
Denies the scene to tales of humbler woe;
Such as were wont—while yet they charm'd the ear,
To steal the plaudit of a silent tear,
When Otway gave domestic grief its part,
And Rowe's familiar sorrows touch'd the heart.
A scepter'd traitor, lash'd by vengeful fate,
A bleeding hero, or a falling state,
Are themes (tho' nobly worth the classic song)
Which feebly claim your sighs, nor claim them long;
Too great for pity, they inspire respect,
Their deeds astonish, rather than affect;
Proving how rare the heart, that woe can move,
Which reason tells us we can never prove.
Other the scene, where sadly stands confest
The private pang that rends the sufferer's breast,
When sorrow sits upon a parent's brow,
When fortune mocks the youthful lover's vow—
All feel the tale—for who so mean but knows
What fathers' sorrows are!—what lovers' woes!
On kindred ground our Bard his fabric built,
And plac'd a mirror there for private guilt;
Where---fatal union---will appear combin'd
An angel's form---and an abandon'd mind!
Honour attempting passion to reprove,
And friendship struggling with unhallow'd love!
Yet view not, critics, with severe regard,
The orphan-offspring of an orphan bard,
Doom'd, while he wrote, unpitied, to sustain
More real mis'ries than his pen could feign!
---Ill-fated Savage! at whose birth was giv'n
No parent but the Muse, no friend but Heav'n!
Whose youth no brother knew, with social care
To sooth his suff'rings, or demand to share.
No wedded partner of his mortal woe,
To win his smile at all that fate could do;
While at his death, nor friend's nor moth[er's tear]
Fell on the track of his deserted bier!
So pleads the tale*, that gives to fu[ture] times
The son's misfortunes, and the parent's grie[f];
There shall his fame (if own'd to-night) s[ur]vive;
Fix'd by the hand that bids our language live.

---

§ 105. *Prologue to Bonduca*; 1778. GARRIC[K].

TO *modern* Britons let the old appear
This night to rouse 'em for this anxi[ous] year:
To raise that spirit, which of yore, when rais['d]
Made even Romans tremble while they prais['d]
To rouse that spirit, which thro' every age
Has wak'd the lyre, and warm'd th' historia[n's] page:
That dauntless spirit, which on Cressy's plain
Rush'd from the heart, thro' ev'ry British vein
Nerv'd ev'ry arm the numerous host to dare,
Whilst Edward's valour shone the guiding star,
Whose beams dispers'd the darkness of despair.
Whate'er the craft, or number of his foes,
Ever from danger Britain's glory rose:
To the mind's eye let the fifth Harry rise,
And in that vision, boasting France despise;
Then turn to later deeds your sires hav[e] wrought,
When Anna rul'd, and mighty Marlb'roug[h] fought.
Shall Chatham die, and be forgot†?---O no
Warm from its source let grateful sorrow flow;
His matchless ardor fir'd each fear-struck mind
His genius soar'd, when Britons droop'd an[d] pin'd;
Whilst each State Atlas sunk beneath the load,
His heart, unshook, with patriot virtue glow'd;
Like Hercules, he freed 'em from the weight,
And on *his* shoulders fix'd the tottering state;
His strength the monsters of the land defy'd,
To raise his country's glory was his pride,
And for his service, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
O for her powers, those feelings to impart,
Which rous'd to action every drooping heart!
Now, while the angry trumpet sounds alarms,
And all the nation cries, "To arms, to arms!"
Then would his native strength each Briton know,
And scorn the threats of an invading foe:
Hatching, and feeding every civil broil,
France looks with envy on our happy soil;
When mischief's on the wing, she cries for war,
Insults distress, and braves her conqueror.
But Shakespeare sung—and well this land he knew,
O hear his voice! that nought shall make us rue,
"If England to itself do rest but true.

* Life of Richard Savage, by Dr. Samuel Johnson. † Lord Chatham died 11th May 1778.

§ 106.

§ 106. *Prologue to the Princeſs of Parma*; 1778.
CUMBERLAND.

ERE dark November, with his dripping wings,
Shuts out the chearful face of men and things,
You all can tell how ſoon the dreary ſcene
Affects your wives and daughters with the ſpleen.
Madam begins—"My dear, theſe odious rains
"Will bring on all my old rheumatic pains;
"In fifty places it came in laſt night——
"This vile old crazy manſion's ſuch a fright!"
What's to be done—"In very truth, my love,
"I think 'twere better for us to remove."
This ſaid, if as it chance that gentle ſpouſe
Bears but a ſecond int'reſt in the houſe,
The bill is paſt—no ſooner ſaid than done—
Up ſprings the hen-bird, and the covey's gone:
Then hey for London! there the game begins;
Bouquets, and diamond ſtars, and golden pins,
A thouſand freakiſh wants, a thouſand ſighs,
A thouſand poutings, and ten thouſand lies;
Trim, and new-rigg'd, and launch'd for pleaſure's gale,
Out madam comes, her goſlings at her tail;
Away they ſcamper, to preſent their faces,
At Johnſon's citadel, for ſide-box places.
He to their joint and ſupplicating moan
Preſents a face of braſs, a heart of ſtone;
Or, monarch-like, while their addreſs is ſtating,
Sends them a "*veto*" by his lord in waiting.
Returning thence, the diſappointed fleet
Anchors in Taviſtock's fantaſtic ſtreet;
There under Folly's colours gaily rides,
Where humour points, or veering paſſion guides.
In vain the ſteward racks, and tenants rave,
Money ſhe wants, and money ſhe will have.
Meanwhile terrific hangs the unpaid bill,
Long as from Portman-ſquare to Ludgate-hill:
The ſquire, exhauſted, in deſponding plight,
Creeps to his chambers to avoid the light,
Or at the *Mount* with ſome old *ſnarler* chimes,
In damning wives, and railing at the times.
Such is the ſcene!---If then we fetch you down
Amuſements which endear the ſmoky town,
And through the peaſant's poor but uſeful hands
We circulate the produce of your lands;
In this voluptuous diſſipated age,
Sure there's ſome merit in our rural ſtage*.
Happy the call, nor wholly vain the play,
Which weds you to your acres but a day.

§ 107. *Epilogue to Percy*; 1778. GARRICK.

I Muſt, will ſpeak---I hope my dreſs and air
Announce the man of faſhion, not the player:
Tho' gentlemen are now forbid the ſcenes,
Yet have I ruſh'd thro' heroes, kings, and queens;
Reſolv'd, in pity to this poliſh'd age,
To drive theſe ballad heroes from the ſtage——
"To drive the deer with hound and horn,
"Earl Percy took his way;
"The child may rue that is unborn,
"The hunting of that day."
A pretty baſis truly for a maudlin play!
What! ſhall a ſcribbling, ſenſeleſs woman dare
To offer to your taſtes ſuch taſteleſs fare?
Is Douglas, or is Percy, fir'd with paſſion,
Ready, for love or glory, death to daſh on,
Fit company for modern ſtill life men of faſhion?
Such madneſs will our hearts but ſlightly graze;
We've no ſuch frantic nobles now-a-days.
Could we believe old ſtories, thoſe ſtrange fellows
Marry'd for love, could of their wives be jealous---
Nay, conſtant to 'em too---and, what is worſe,
The vulgar ſouls thought cuckoldom a curſe!
Moſt wedded pairs had then one purſe, one mind,
One bed too---ſo prepoſterouſly join'd!
From ſuch barbarity (thank Heaven!) we're refin'd.
Old ſongs their happineſs at home record,
From home they ſep'rate carriages abhorr'd--
One horſe ſerv'd both--my lady rode behind my lord.
'Twas death alone could ſnap their bonds aſunder:
Now, tack'd ſo ſlightly, not to ſnap's the wonder.
Nay, death itſelf could not their hearts divide,
They mix'd their love with monumental pride;
For, cut in ſtone, they ſtill lay ſide by ſide.
But why theſe Gothic anceſtors produce?
Why ſcour their ruſty armours? What's the uſe?
'Twould not your nicer optics much regale,
To ſee us beaux bend under coats of mail:
Should we our limbs with iron doublets bruiſe,
Good Heaven! how much court-plaiſter we ſhould uſe!
We wear no armour now---but on our ſhoes.
Let not with barbariſm true taſte be blended;
Old vulgar virtues cannot be defended;
Let the dead reſt---we living can't be mended.

§ 108. *Epilogue to Fatal Falſhood*; 1779.
SHERIDAN.

UNHAND me, gentlemen, by Heaven, I ſay;
I'll make a ghoſt of him who bars my way.
[*behind the ſcenes*.
Forth let me come---a poetaſter true,
As lean as envy, and as baneful too.
On the dull audience let me vent my rage,
Or drive theſe female ſcribblers from the ſtage;
For ſenſe or hiſtory, we've none but theſe,
The law of liberty and wit they ſeize;
In tragic---comic---paſtoral---they dare too pleaſe.
Each puny bard muſt ſurely burſt with ſpite,
To find that women with ſuch fame can write:
But, oh, your partial favour is the cauſe,
Who feed their follies with ſuch full applauſe;
Yet ſtill our tribe ſhall ſeek to blaſt their fame,
And ridicule each fair pretender's aim;
Where the dull duties of domeſtic life
Wage with the Muſe's toils eternal ſtrife.

* This prologue was ſpoken at the private theatre of Mr. Hanbury, of Kelmarſh, in Northamptonſhire.

What

What motley cares Corilla's mind perplex,
While maids and metaphors conſpire to vex!
In ſtudious diſhabille behold her ſit,
A letter'd goſſip, and a houſewife wit;
At once invoking, though for different views,
Her gods, her cook, her millener, and muſe;
Round her ſtrew'd room a frippery chaos lies,
A chequer'd wreck of notable and wiſe;
Bills, books, caps, couplets, combs, a vary'd maſs,
Oppreſs the toilet, and obſcure the glaſs;
Unfiniſhed here an epigram is laid,
And there, a mantua-maker's bill unpaid:
Here, new-born plays foretaſte the town's applauſe;
There, dormant patterns pine for future gauze:
A moral eſſay now is all her care;
A ſatire next, and then a bill of fare:
A ſcene ſhe now projects, and now a diſh;
Here's act the firſt—and here—Remove with fiſh.
Now while this eye in a fine phrenzy rolls,
That, ſoberly caſts up a bill for coals;
Black pins and daggers in one leaf ſhe ſticks,
And tears and thread, and bowls and thimbles mix.

Sappho, 'tis true, long vers'd in epic ſong,
For years eſteem'd all houſehold ſtudies wrong;
When, dire miſhap! though neither ſhame nor ſin,
Sappho herſelf, and not her Muſe, lies in.
The virgin Nine in terror fly the bower,
And matron Juno claims deſpotic power:
Soon Gothic hags the claſſic pile o'erturn,
A caudle-cup ſupplants the ſacred urn;
Nor books nor implements eſcape their rage,
They ſpike the ink-ſtand, and they rend the page:
Poems and plays one barbarous fate partake;
Ovid and Plautus ſuffer at the ſtake;
And Ariſtotle's only ſav'd—to wrap plumb-cake.

Yet ſhall a woman tempt the tragic ſcene?
And dare—but hold—I muſt repreſs my ſpleen:
I ſee your hearts are pledg'd to her applauſe,
While Shakeſpeare's ſpirit ſeems to aid her cauſe;
Well pleas'd to aid—ſince o'er his ſacred bier
A female hand did ample trophies rear,
And gave the gentleſt laurel that is worſhipp'd there.

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§ 109. *Prologue to the Fathers*; 1779. Garrick.

WHEN from the world departs a ſon of fame,
His deeds or works embalm his precious name;
Yet, not content, the public call for art,
To reſcue from the tomb his mortal part;
Demand the painter's and the ſculptor's hand,
To ſpread his mimic form throughout the land;
A form, perhaps, which living was neglected,
And, when it could not feel reſpect, reſpected.
This night, no buſt or picture claims your praiſe;
Our claim's ſuperior—we his ſpirit raiſe;
From Time's dark ſtore-houſe bring a long-loſt play,
And drag it from oblivion into day.

But who the author? Need I name the wit,
Whom Nature prompted as his Genius writ?
Truth ſmil'd on Fancy for each well-wrought ſtory,
Where characters live, act, and ſtand before ye.
Suppoſe theſe characters, various as they are,
The knave, the fool, the worthy, wiſe, and fair,
For and againſt the author pleading at your bar.
Firſt pleads Tom Jones—grateful his heart and warm;
"Brave, gen'rous Britons! ſhield this play from harm;
"My beſt friend wrote it; ſhould it not ſucceed,
"Tho' with my Sophy bleſt—my heart will "bleed."
Then from his face he wipes the manly tear.
"Courage, my maſter!" Partridge cries, "don't fear:
"Should Envy's ſerpents hiſs, or Malice frown,
"Tho' I'm a coward, zounds! I'll knock 'em "down."
Next, ſweet Sophia comes—ſhe cannot ſpeak—
Her wiſhes for the play o'erſpread her cheek;
In ev'ry look her ſentiments you read,
And more than eloquence her bluſhes plead.
Now Bliſil bows—with ſmiles his falſe heart gilding—
"He was my foe—I beg you'll damn this Fielding*;"
"Right!" Thwackum roars, "no mercy, "Sirs, I pray;
"Scourge the dead author, thro' his orphan play."
"What words!" cries Parſon Adams, "Fie, "fie! diſown 'em?
"Good Lord!—*de mortuis nil niſi bonum*:
"If ſuch are Chriſtian teachers, who'll revere "'em?
"If thus they preach, the devil alone ſhould hear 'em."
Now Sliplop enters—"Tho' this *ſcrive'ning* "vagrant
"*Sleated* my virtue, which was ever *fragrant*,
"Yet, like black *Thello*, I'd bear ſcorns and "whips,
"Slip into poverty to th' very hips,
"T' *exalt* this play—may it *decreaſe* in favour,
"And be its fame *immortaliz'd* for ever!"
'Squire Weſtern, reeling with October mellow,
"Tally-o, boys!—Yoicks!—Crites, huntſ'e "fellow! breeding!
"Damn 'em! theſe wits are *varmint* not worth
"What good e'er came of writing and of read-"ing?"
Next comes, brim full of ſpite and politics,
His ſiſter Weſtern—and thus deeply ſpeaks:
"Wits are arm'd powers; like France attack "the foe;
"Negociate till they ſleep—then ſtrike the blow."
Allworthy laſt pleads to your nobleſt paſſions;
"Ye gen'rous leaders of the taſte and faſhions,
"Departed Genius left his orphan play
"To your kind care—what the dead wills obey.
"Oh then reſpect the father's fond bequeſt,
"And make his widow ſmile, his ſpirit reſt."

* The late Henry Fielding, Eſq. author of the play.

§ 110

§ 110. *Prologue to the Miniature Picture*; 1780. SHERIDAN.

CHILL'D by rude gales, while yet reluctant May
Withholds the beauties of the vernal day;
As some fond maid, whom matron frowns reprove,
Suspends the smile her heart devotes to love;
The season's pleasures too delay their hour,
And winter revels with protracted pow'r:
Then blame not, critics, if, thus late, we bring
A winter's drama; but reproach—the spring.
What prudent cit dares yet the season trust,
Bask in his whisky, and enjoy the dust?
Hous'd in Cheapside, scarce yet the gayer spark
Atchieves the Sunday triumph of the Park;
Scarce yet you see him dreading to be late,
Scour the New-Road, and dash thro' Grosvenor-gate.
Anxious—and fearful too—his steed to show,
The hack'd Bucephalus of Rotten-Row:
Careless he seems, yet vigilantly sly,
Wooes the stray glance of ladies passing by,
While his off-heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.
Scarce rural Kensington due honour gains,
The vulgar verdure of her walk remains,
Where white rob'd misses amble two by two,
Nodding to booted beaux—"How do, how do?"
With gen'rous questions, that no answer wait,
"How vastly full!" A'n't you come vastly late?
"Is n't it quite charming? When do you leave "town?
"A'n't you quite tir'd? Pray, can we set you "down?
These suburb pleasures of a London May,
Imperfect yet, we hail the cold delay;
But if this plea's denied, in our excuse
Another still remains, you can't refuse;
It is a lady writes—and, hark—a noble Muse!
But see a critic starting from his bench——
"A noble author?" Yes, Sir, but the play's not French;
Yet if it were, no blame on us could fall;
For we, you know, must follow fashion's call:
And true it is, things lately were in train
To woo the Gallic Muse at Drury-Lane;
Not to import a troop of foreign elves,
But treat you with French Actors—in ourselves:
A friend we had, who vow'd he'd make us speak
Pure flippant French—by contract—in a week;
Told us 'twas time to study what was good,
Polish, and leave off being understood:
That crowded audiences we thus might bring
To Monsieur Parsons, and Chevalier King:
Or should the vulgars grumble now and then,
The prompter might translate—for country gentlemen.
Strait all subscrib'd—kings, gods, mutes, singers, actors;
A Flanders figure-dancer our contractor.
But here I grieve to own, tho' 't be to you,
He acted—e'en as most contractors do,
Sold what he never dealt in, and, th' amount
Being first discharg'd, submitted his account;
And what th' event? Their industry was such,
Dodd spoke good Flemish, Bannister bad Dutch;
Then the rogue told us, with insulting ease,
So it was foreign, it was sure to please:
Beaux, wits applaud, as fashion should command,
And misses laugh—to seem to understand——
So from each clime our soil may something gain;
Manhood from Rome, and sprightliness from Spain;
Some Russian Roscius next delight the age,
And a Dutch Heinel skate along th[illegible]
Exotic fopperies, hail! whose flatt'rin[illegible]ile
Supplants the sterner virtues of our isle:
Thus while with Chinese firs and Indian pines,
Our nurs'ries swarm, the British oak declines:
Yet vain our Muses fear—no foreign laws
We dread, while native beauty pleads our cause:
While you to judge, whose smiles are honours higher
Than verse should gain, but where those eyes inspire.
But if the men presume your pow'r to awe,
Retort their churlish senatorial law:
This is your house—and move—the gentlemen withdraw:
Then they may vote, with envy never ceasing,
Your influence has increas'd and is increasing:
But there, I trust, the resolution's finish'd;
Sure none will say—it ought to be diminish'd.

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§ 111. *Epilogue to the same*; 1780. JEKYLL.

THE men, like tyrants of the Turkish kind,
Have long our sex's energy confin'd;
In full-dress black, and bows, and solemn stalk,
Have long monopoliz'd the Prologue's walk:
But still the flippant Epilogue was our's;
It ask'd, for gay support, the female pow'rs;
It ask'd a flirting air, coquet and free,
And so, to murder it, they fix *on me*.
Much they mistake my talents—I was born
To tell, in sobs and sighs, some tale forlorn;
To wet my handkerchief with Juliet's woes,
Or turn to Shore's despair my tragic nose.
Yes, gentlemen, in education's spite,
You still shall find that we can read and write;
Like you, can swell a debt or a debate,
Can quit the card-table to steer the state,
And bid our Belle Assemblée's rhet'ric flow,
To drown your dull declaimers at Soho!
Methinks, e'en now, I hear my sex's tongues,
The shrill, smart melody of female lungs!
The storm of question, the division calm,
With, "Hear her! hear her! Mrs. Speaker, "Ma'am!
"Oh order! order!" Kates and Susans rise,
And Marg'ret moves, and Tabitha replies.
Look to the camp—Coxheath and Warley Common,
Supplied, at least, for ev'ry tent a woman;
The cartridge-paper wrapt the billet-doux,
The rear and piquet form'd the rendezvous;
The drum's stern rattle shook the nuptial bed,
The knapsack pillow'd *Lady Sturgeon's* head;

Love

Love was the watch-word, till the morning fife
Rous'd the tame Major, and his warlike wife.
Look to the stage—to night's example draws
A female Dramatist to grace the cause——
So fade the triumphs of presumptuous man!
And would you, ladies, but complete my plan,
Here should ye sign some patriot petition,
To mend our constitutional condition.
The men invade our rights, the mimic elves
Lisp and nick-name God's creatures, like ourselves;
Rouge more than we do, simper, flounce, and fret,
And th[illegible] *coquet—good gods, how they coquet!*
They [illegible] coy, and, monstrous to relate,
Their [illegible]e coyness in a *tête-à-tête*.
Yes, ladies, yes, *I could a tale unfold*,
Wou'd harrow up your—cushions, were it told;
Part *your combined curls, and freeze*—pomatum,
At griefs and grievances as I could state 'em.
But *such eternal blazon must not* speak;
Besides, the House adjourns some day next week.
This fair *committee* shall detail the rest,
Then let the monsters, if they dare, *protest*.

§ 112. *Prologue to Fatal Curiosity*; 1782.

COLMAN.

LONG since, beneath this humble roof, this play,
Wrought by true English genius, saw the day.
Forth from this humble roof it scarce has stray'd;
In prouder theatres 'twas never play'd.
There you have gap'd and doz'd o'er many a piece,
Patch'd up from France, or stol'n from Rome [or Greece,
Or made of shreds from Shakespeare's golden fleece.
There scholars, simple nature cast aside,
Have trick'd their heroes out in classic pride;
No scenes where genuine passion runs to waste,
But all hedg'd in by shrubs of modern taste!
Each tragedy laid out, like garden grounds,
One circling gravel marks its narrow bounds.
Lillo's plantations were of *forest* growth——
Shakespeare's the same—great Nature's hand in [both!
Give me a tale the passions to controul,
"Whose slightest word may harrow up the "soul!"
A magic potion, of charm'd drugs commixt,
Where pleasure courts, and honour comes betwixt!
Such are the scenes that we this night renew;
Scenes that your fathers were well pleas'd to view.
Once we half-paus'd—and while cold fears pre- [vail,
Strive with faint strokes to soften down the tale;
But soon attir'd in all its native woes,
The shade of *Lillo* to our fancy rose:
Check thy weak hand, it said—or seem'd to say—
Nor of its manly vigour rob my play!
From British annals I the story drew,
And British hearts shall *feel*, and *bear* it too.
Pity shall move their souls, in spite of rules;
And terror takes no lesson from the schools.
Speak to their *bosoms*, to their *feelings* trust,
You'll find their sentence *generous* and *just*.

§ 113. *Prologue to the Birth-Day, Aug. 12, 1783.*

IBID.

WHEN Fate on some tremendous act seems bent,
And Nature labours with the dread event,
Portents and prodigies convulse the earth,
That heaves and struggles with the fatal birth.
In happier hours are lavish *blessings* given,
And pour'd in floods to mark the hand of Heaven.
In a long series of bright glories drest,
Britons must hail *this day* supremely blest.
First on this day, in liberty's great cause,
A Brunswick came to guard our rights and laws:
On this great day, our glorious annals tell,
By British arms the pride of Cuba fell;
For then, the Moro's gallant chief o'erthrown,
Th' Havannah saw his fate, and felt her own:
The self-same day, the same auspicious morn,
Our elder hope, our *Prince*, our George was born.
Upon his natal hour what triumphs wait!
What captive treasures crowd the palace-gate!
What double joys the Royal Parent claim,
Of homefelt happiness, and public fame!
Long, very long, great George, protect the land,
Thy race, like arrows in a giant's hand!
For still, though blights may nip some infant rose,
And kill the budding beauty ere it blows,
Indulgent Heav'n prolongs th' illustrious line,
Branching like th' olive, clust'ring like the vine.
Long, very long, thy course of glory run,
A bright example to thy Royal Son! [throne,
Forming that Son to grace, like thee, the
And make his Father's virtues all his own!

§ 114. *Prologue to the Election of the Managers*; 1784.

IBID.

"CURST be the verse, how well so e'er it flow,
"That tends to make one worthy man my "foe;
"Gives virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
"Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steals a tear."
Thus sung sweet Pope, the vigorous child of Satire; [ture:
Our Bayes less genius boasts, not less good na-
No poison'd shaft he darts with partial aim,—
Folly and vice are fair and general game:
No tale he echoes, on no scandal dwells,
Nor plants on one fool's head the cap and bells;
He paints the living manners of the time,
But lays at no man's door reproach or crime.
Yet some with critic nose, and eye too keen,
Scent double meanings out, and blast each scene;
While squint suspicion holds her treacherous lamp,
Fear moulds base coin, and malice gives the stamp.
Falsehood's vile gloss converts the very Bible
To *scandalum magnatum*, and a libel.

Tho

Thus once when sick Sir Gripus, as we're
In grievous usury grown rich and old, [told.
Bought a good book that, on a Christian plan,
Inculcates The Whole Duty of a Man.
To every sin a sinner's name he tack'd,
And thro' the parish all the vices track'd:
And thus, the comment and the text enlarging,
Crowds all his friends and neighbours in the margin.
Pride was my lord; and drunkenness the 'squire;
My lady, vanity and loose desire!
Hardness of heart, no misery regarding,
Was overseer—luxury, church-warden:
All, all be damn'd; and carrying the farce on,
Made fraud the lawyer—gluttony the parson.
'Tis said, when winds the troubled deep deform,
Pour copious streams of oil, 'twill lay the storm:
Thus here, let mirth and frank good-humour's balm
Make censure mild, scorn kind, and anger calm!
Some wholesome bitters if the bard produces,
'Tis only wormwood to correct the juices.
In this day's contest, where, in colours new,
Three play-house candidates are brought to view,
Our little Bayes encounters some disgrace:
Should you reject him too, I mourn his case—
He can be chosen for no other place.

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§ 115. *Prologue to Two to One*; 1784. Colman.

To-night, as heralds tell, a virgin muse,
An untrain'd youth, a new advent'rer, sues;
Green in his one-and-twenty, scarce of age,
Takes his first flight, half fledg'd, upon the stage.
Within this little round the parent bird
Hath warbled oft; oft patiently you heard;
And as he strove to raise his eager throat,
Your kind applause made music of his note.
But now, with beating heart, and anxious eye,
He sees his vent'rous youngling strive to fly:
Like Dædalus, a father's fears he brings,
A father's hopes, and fain would plume his wings.
How vain, alas, his hopes! his fears how vain!
'Tis you must hear, and hearing judge the [strain.
Your equal justice sinks or lifts his name;
Your frown's a sentence, your applause is fame.
If humour warms his scenes with genial fire,
They'll ev'n redeem the errors of his sire;
Nor shall *his* lead—dead! to the bottom drop,
By youth's enliv'ning cork buoy'd up at top.
If characters are mark'd with ease and truth,
Pleas'd with his spirit, you'll forgive his youth.
Should sire and son be both with dulness curst,
"And Dunce the second follow Dunce the first,"
The shallow stripling's vain attempt you'll [mock,
And damn him for *a Chip of the old Block*.

§ 116. *Prologue occasioned by the Death of Mr. Henderson*; 1785. Murphy.

Ere fiction try this night her magic strain,
And blend mysteriously delight with pain;
Ere yet she wake her train of hopes and fears
For Jaffier's wrongs, and Belvidera's tears,
Will you permit a true, a recent grief,
To vent its charge, and seek that kind relief?
How shall *we* feel the tale of feign'd distress,
While on the heart our own afflictions press?
When our own friend, when *Henderson* expires,
And from the tomb one parting pang requires!
In yonder Abbey shall he rest his head,
And on this spot no virtuous drop be shed?
You will indulge our grief:—those crowded rows
Shew you have hearts that feel domestic woes;
Hearts that with gen'rous emulation burn,
To raise the widow drooping o'er his urn;
And to his child, when reason's op'ning ray
Shall tell her *whom* she lost, this truth convey;
Her father's worth made each good man his friend;
Honour'd thro' life, regretted in his end!
And for his relatives, to help his store,
An audience gave, when he could give no more.
Him we all mourn; his friends still heave the sigh,
And still the tear stands trembling in the eye.
His was each mild, each amiable art,
The gentlest manners, and the feeling heart;
Fair simple truth; benevolence to all; [call;
A gen'rous warmth, that glow'd at friendship's
A judgment sure, while learning toil'd behind;
His mirth was wit; his humour, sense refin'd;
A soul above all guile, all meaner views;
The friend of science; friend of ev'ry muse!
Oft have I known him in my vernal year—
This no feign'd grief—no artificial tear!
Oft in this breast he wak'd the Muses' flame;
Fond to advise, and point my way to fame.
Who most shall praise him, all are still at strife;
Expiring virtue leaves a void in life.
A void our scene has felt:—with Shakespeare's page
Who now, like him, shall animate the stage?
Hamlet, Macbeth, and Benedick, and Lear,
Richard, and Wolsey, pleas'd each learned ear:
If feigning well be our consummate art,
How great *his* praise, who in Iago's part
Could utter thoughts so foreign to his heart?
Falstaff, who shook this house with mirthful roar,
Is now no counterfeit:—he'll rise no more!
'Twas Henderson's the drama to pervade,
Each passion touch, and give each nicer shade.
When o'er these boards the Roman Father pass'd—
But I forbear—that effort was his last.
The Muse there saw his zeal, though rack'd with pain,
While the slow fever ambush'd in each vein.
She sought the bed where pale and wan he lay,
And vainly try'd to chase disease away;

Watch'd ev'ry look, and number'd ev'ry sigh,
And gently, as he liv'd, she saw him die.
Wild with her griefs, she join'd the mournful
throng,
With sullen sound as the hearse mov'd along:
Thro' the dim vaulted aisles she led the way,
And gave to genius past his kindred clay;
Heard the last requiem o'er his relics cold,
And with her tears bedew'd the hallow'd mould.
In faithful verse, there near the lonely cell,
The fair recording epitaph may tell,
That he who now lies mould'ring into dust,
Was good, was upright, generous and just;
By *talents* form'd to grace the poet's lays;
By *virtue* form'd to dignify his days.

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§ 117. *Epilogue intended to be spoken by Mr. Shuter, in the Character of a Schoolmaster, with a rod in his hand.*

WHEN vice and folly are a nation's bane,
When poets write, and parsons preach in
vain,
When satire's sting and moral precepts fail,
Then threats and rougher methods must prevail.
Behold a schoolmaster—Ticklebreech by name,
Who comes a headstrong people to reclaim;
To lash those foibles now so common grown,
And once more place fair Virtue on her throne.
This magic rod, tho' nought but simple wood,
With wonders (strange to mention) is endued;
If to that part of man we all deride,
'Tis rightly handled, and with skill applied;
'Twill make a lawyer honest 'gainst his will,
The doctor save the patient he would kill;
The statesman too, that Atlas of the state,
Who toils, and sweats, and bends beneath the
weight
Of places, pensions, sinecures, and fees,
At the first stroke will find immediate ease;
With joy he'll cast the pond'rous load aside,
And at the helm take honour for his guide;
Relieve the indigent without a bribe,
And spurn at sycophants, that fawning tribe:
The modern Bobadil, who in taverns boasts
The feats he did when on proud Gallia's coasts,
How twenty Frenchmen at a time he slew,
"Twenty more—kill 'em; twenty more—kill
"them too!"
When in the field his looks his fears betray,
And his own shadow makes him run away;
But if the force of this same twig he feels,
His courage straight will leave his friendly heels,
Mount to his heart, his martial bosom warm,
And, like brave Prussia, the whole world alarm.
Next, to the male-coquet I mean to speak,
Whose head, and heart, and nerves alike are
weak;
Who, like that curious mask which Æsop feigns,
The fox admir'd, yet mourn'd the want of brains;
Who plies his glass, and grinning cries, "Sir
"Peter,
"There's a fine girl; Gad's curse! a charm-
"ing creature!
"What eyes, what lips! and then her shape
"and gait!
"She must be mine, 'egad, at any rate."
This wand, if once it touch the coxcomb's tail,
I do assure him, ne'er was known to fail;
He'll own its charms surpass his sals and drops,
For into men it changes fools and fops;
Makes 'em look wise, say little, and do more;
All which, I'm sure, they never did before.
In good queen Bess's happy golden reign,
The British fair their virtues did maintain;
But, shame to tell, how dreadful the reflection!
The sex is now so bad, they want correction——
But hold, methinks from yonder box I hear
My Lady Dainty thus express her fear,
"Lard! sure the filthy fellow does not mean
"To turn us up; he won't be so obscene:
"I'll go this instant, and ask Mr. Rich,
"How he dares suffer this rude Ticklebreech—"
Ladies, be calm, this needless rage suspend,
And take good counsel as from friend to friend;
If you would shun acquaintance with the birch,
Shun cards on sabbath-day, and go to church;
This vicious appetite no longer feed,
Be virtuous all, be British dames indeed.
And now, my pupils, what you've learnt this
night,
Go teach to others, and you'll then do right;
Be you to them the same indulgent tutor,
And come next year to see your friend *Ned
Shuter*.

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§ 118. *Verses to the Memory of Mr.* GARRICK, *Spoken as a Monody, by Mrs.* YATES, *at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.*

IF dying excellence deserves a tear,
If fond remembrance still is cherish'd here,
Can we persist to bid our sorrows flow
For fabled sufferers and delusive woe!
Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,
Point the quick jest—indulge the comic vein—
Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign
One kind regret—one tributary line!
His fame requires we act a tenderer part:
His memory claims the tear you gave his art!
The general voice, the meed of mournful
verse,
The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,
The throng that mourn'd as their dead favourite
pass'd,
The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last,
While Shakespeare's image, from its hallow'd
[place;
base,
Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the
Nor these, nor all the sad regrets that flow
From fond fidelity's domestic woe,
So much are Garrick's praise—so much his due,
As on this spot—one tear bestow'd by you.
Amid the arts which seek ingenuous fame,
Our toil attempts the most precarious claim!
To him, whose mimic pencil wins the prize,
Obedient fame immortal wreaths supplies:
Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,
Raphael still boasts cotemporary praise:

Each

Each dazzling light and gaudier bloom ſubdu'd,
With undiminiſh'd awe his works are view'd:
E'en Beauty's portrait wears a ſofter prime,
Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing Time.
The patient ſculptor owns an humbler part,
A ruder toil, and more mechanic art;
Content with ſlow and timorous ſtroke to trace
The lingering line, and mould the tardy grace:
But once atchiev'd, tho' barbarous wreck o'erthrow
The ſacred fane, and lay its glories low,
Yet ſhall the ſculptur'd ruin riſe to-day,
Grac'd by defect, and worſhip'd in decay.
Th'enduring record bears the artiſt's name,
Demands his honours, and aſſerts his fame.
Superior hopes the poet's boſom fire,
O proud diſtinction of the ſacred lyre!
Wide as th'inſpiring Phoebus darts his ray,
Diffuſive ſplendor gilds his votary's lay,
Whether the ſong heroic woes rehearſe,
With Epic grandeur, and the pomp of verſe;
Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile
Attempt no prize but favouring Beauty's ſmile;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The ſoft deſpair of unprevailing love;
Whate'er the theme, thro' ev'ry age and clime
Congenial paſſions meet th'according rhyme;
The pride of glory, Pity's ſigh ſincere,
Youth's earlieſt bluſh, and beauty's virgin tear.
Such is their meed—their honours thus ſecure,
Whoſe arts yield objects, and whoſe works endure.
The actor only ſhrinks from Time's award;
Feeble Tradition is his memory's guard;
By whoſe faint breath his merit muſt abide,
Unvouch'd by proof, to ſubſtance unally'd!
Even matchleſs Garrick's art, to heav'n reſign'd,
No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind.
The grace of action, the adapted mien,
Faithful as Nature to the vary'd ſcene;
Th'expreſſive glance,—whoſe ſubtle comment draws
Entranc'd attention and a mute applauſe;
Geſture that marks with force and feeling fraught,
A ſenſe in ſilence, and a will in thought;
Harmonious ſpeech, whoſe pure and liquid tone
Gives verſe a muſic, ſcarce confeſs'd its own;
As light from gems aſſumes a brighter ray,
And cloth'd with orient hues, tranſcends the day!
Paſſion's wild break, and frown that awes the ſenſe,
And ev'ry charm of gentle eloquence,
All periſhable!—like th'electric fire,
But ſtrike the frame, and, as they ſtrike, expire:
Incenſe too pure a bodied flame to bear,
Its fragrance charms the ſenſe, and blends with air.
Where then, while ſunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipſe for ever veils thoſe eyes!
Where is the bleſt memorial that enſures
Our Garrick's fame—whoſe is the truſt?—'tis yours.
And O! by ev'ry charm his heart eſſay'd
To ſooth your cares! by ev'ry grief allay'd!
By the huſh'd wonder which his accents drew!
By his laſt parting tear repaid by you!
By all thoſe thoughts, which many a diſtant night
Shall mark his mem'ry with a ſad delight!
Still in your hearts dear record bear his name,
Cheriſh the keen regret that lifts his fame;
To you it is bequeath'd, aſſert the truſt,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be juſt.
What more is due from ſanctifying time
To cheerful wit, and many a favour'd rhyme,
O'er his grac'd urn ſhall bloom a deathleſs wreath,
Whoſe bloſſom'd ſweets ſhall deck the maſk beneath.
For theſe, when ſculpture's votive toil ſhall rear
The due memorial of a loſs ſo dear!
O lovelieſt mourner, gentle muſe! be thine
The pleaſing woe to guard the laurel'd ſhrine.
As Fancy oft by Superſtition led
To roam the manſions of the ſainted dead,
Has view'd, by ſhadowy eve's unfaithful gloom
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb,—
So thou, ſweet Muſe, hang o'er his ſculptur'd bier
That patient woe that loves the lingering tear;
With thoughts that mourn nor yet deſire relief,
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief;
With looks that ſpeak—he never ſhall return!
Chilling thy tender boſom, claſp his urn;
And with ſoft ſighs diſperſe th'irrev'rend duſt
Which time may ſtrew upon his ſacred buſt.

ON THE

Power of Numbers and the Principles of Harmony

IN

POETICAL COMPOSITIONS.

Extracted from an Essay on that Subject, by JOHN MASON, M.A.

CHAP. I.

IN order to investigate the principles of harmony in poetical numbers, it is necessary that we attend to the several things that enter into the construction of English Verse; which are these following:

I. Times,
II. Syllables,
III. Feet,
IV. Measures:

And each of these, in quantity, consists of a combination of those movements, which, separately taken, are of a shorter duration. Thus, for instance, a Double Time makes the quantity of a long syllable; a combination of syllables makes a foot; a combination of feet, a measure; and the measures make the verse. Therefore, as the verse is made up of measures, measures of feet, feet of syllables, and syllables of Times; so a verse is ultimately made up of a certain determinate number of Times, according to the particular metre or species of the verse. Thus, a pure Iambic verse of six syllables, contains in it nine *Times*; *e.g.*

I lift my heart to Thee.

One of eight syllables, twelve *Times*; *e.g.*

Adore the Pow'r that spread the skies.

And one of ten syllables, fifteen *Times*; *e.g.*

Remember, man, that virtue makes thy bliss.

I shall speak of each of these parts of a verse distinctly.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

OF TIMES AND QUANTITIES.

THE ſhorteſt poetical movement is a *Time*. This is either ſingle or double.

The meaſure of a Single Time is the ſpace in which we commonly pronounce any of the liquids or conſonants preceded by a vowel; *e. g. an, of, it, in*; and is generally diſtinguiſhed by this mark [◡]

But here we muſt except the *z*, which naturally produces the ſound too much to be comprized in a Single Time; *e. g. uz*, and alſo the ſoft *s*, which hath the ſame ſound with the *z*, eſpecially when it comes between two vowels; *e. g. theſe, chuſe*; and when it denotes the plural number of nouns; as *ſins, ways, ſtrangers*; and the third perſon ſingular in verbs; as he *loves, grows, admires* *.

However, by uſe and cuſtom, and the order of the accent (which is the moſt general rule in this caſe) the *s*, even in its ſoft or liquid ſound (that is, when pronounced like the *z*, often paſſes in verſe for a ſhort Time, though it be naturally a long one; *e. g.* in the particles, *as, is*, &c.

A Double Time conſiſts of two ſhort ones; and is generally marked thus [-]. The meaſure of it is the ſpace of time in which we ordinarily pronounce any vowel immediately followed by two or more conſonants; as *aſk, end, arms*.

But here likewiſe it muſt be obſerved, that cuſtom and accent often make theſe kind of ſyllables ſhort which are naturally long, or contract a Double Time into a ſingle one; *e. g.*

◡ - ◡ - ◡ - ◡ - ◡ -

Th'infernal ſerpent; he it was whoſe guile

Here the ſyllables *in, nal, pent, whoſe*, which are naturally long, are all ſhort by accent; and the pronoun *he*, which is naturally ſhort, is here by the ſame authority long.

Indeed, ſtrictly ſpeaking, there is a difference in the Single Times, ſome being ſhorter and ſome longer; as there is alſo in the Double Times, ſome of them being in reality, and in length of pronunciation, more than two of the ſingle or ſhort ones †. But this difference is not conſiderable enough to make any great alteration in the harmony of numbers.

Nay, from this diverſity in the quantities of the Long and Short Times, there ariſes this double advantage, *viz.* that two of theſe very Short Times may be ſubſtituted for one; and one very long may be put for three ſhort ones; and that without any detriment to the meaſure. A few inſtances of which I ſhall hereafter produce.

CHAP. III.

OF SYLLABLES.

THE next thing to be conſidered in verſe is the Syllables.

Every ſyllable conſiſts of a Short or a Long Time: and, in order to deter-

* See Say's Eſſay on the Harmony, &c. of Numbers, p. 103.

† The ſame thing is obſervable in the Latin quantities as well as the Engliſh; and is remarked by Quintilian. — "Et longis longiores, et brevibus ſunt breviores ſyllabæ." Quint. l. ix. c. 4.

mine

mine the particular quantity of any syllable, the following rules may be observed:

1. Every syllable terminated by a single consonant, and on which there lies neither accent nor emphasis, is generally short.

2. Though a syllable be naturally short, yet if it be accented in the ordinary way of pronunciation, or the sense requires it to be read with an emphasis, it becomes a long quantity; *e. g.*

Ungrateful man! how can *you serve me so!*

Here the accent naturally falls upon the word *can*, and makes it long. At other times it is short: *e. g.*

How great his pow'r is none can tell.

3. A syllable ending with two or more consonants is naturally long; as *self, strength, health.* But this is often over-ruled by the accent, as may be seen above.

4. All diphthongs are naturally long: but in English numbers they are often short; especially if they come immediately before or after the accented or emphatical word. *e. g.*

Pleas'd, thou shalt hear and learn the secret power
Of Harmony.

In the first line, though the second syllable *thou* be a diphthong, yet coming immediately after the emphatical word *pleas'd*, the sound is short. Therefore,

Lastly, That which principally fixes and determines the quantities in English numbers is the accent and emphasis; and the common manner of pronunciation by these, as used by the best masters of the English language.

CHAP. IV.

THE RULE FOR DETERMINING THE QUANTITIES OF ENGLISH NUMBERS.

BY Quantity, I mean that space of time, whether long or short, in which any syllable is pronounced; which in English numbers is determined almost altogether by the accent.

If it be said, that among the antients the accent and quantity were two different things; that the accent denoted the sound of the voice, and the quantity the length of the time; be it so (though, by the way, it will be found extremely difficult to read any Greek author by this rule) yet I would fain know by what principles we are obliged or even allowed to observe any such rule in the pronunciation of English; which is a language of a very different genius, and admits of a much greater latitude in its quantities than either the Latin or the Greek: and that it is impossible any such distinction between the accent and

and quantities can be obſerved in reading Engliſh, whether poetry or proſe, any one may preſently be convinced by making the experiment.

The truth is, there is a very wide difference between the Latin and Engliſh Proſody: and it is in vain to think of introducing the rules of the former into the latter, ſince the Engliſh language is not ſo framed as to admit of it. This is very plain to thoſe who compare the proſody of the two languages; wherein they cannot avoid obſerving how eſſentially they contradict each other. For inſtance, one vowel before another in Engliſh is often long; in Latin, almoſt always ſhort. A vowel before two conſonants in Engliſh is often ſhort; in Latin always long: and diphthongs, which are always long in the Latin, are often ſhort in the Engliſh tongue.

And yet to aſſert, as ſome have done, that we have therefore no certain determinate quantities in our language, is to ſap the very foundation of all Engliſh verſe; which is made up of meaſures, as *they* are of feet, which depend on the determinate quantities of the ſyllables, whether long or ſhort. But if we have no ſuch determinate quantities, we can have no certain feet, conſequently no juſt meaſures, and therefore no verſe.

The proper accent and emphaſis then is the chief rule that determines the Engliſh quantities: and it is a rule not only more general, but more certain and unexceptionable than thoſe that are introduced into the ancient *Proſodia:* for common uſe and cuſtom (*quem penes arbitrium eſt et jus et norma loquendi*) will never fail to determine the accent; and the ſenſe of the period when underſtood, will always point out the emphaſis; and where the accent or emphaſis is thus directed to fall, that ſyllable (be its natural quantity what it will) is in that place conſidered as long; and thoſe ſyllables that have neither accent nor emphaſis are conſidered as ſhort *.

Here then we have a certain rule or ſtandard whereby to meaſure and determine Engliſh numbers, to which we find all our beſt Engliſh poets exactly conform. But if, after all, ſome will inſiſt that accent is not the quantity in Engliſh numbers, or if it be, it is no proper rule in this caſe; I would aſk where they can find another; and what they imagine then to be the foundation of our meaſures, or in what manner they will account for the harmony of the Engliſh verſe?

I have dwelt the longer upon this, becauſe it is in the caſe before us a fundamental point, and a principle upon which depends all the harmony of modern numbers, not only in Engliſh but French, and, I believe, every living language in Europe: but which, nevertheleſs, ſome men of conſiderable name, through a fond attachment to the antients, have denied; who would fain adapt the ancient proſody to modern poetry, without ſufficiently conſidering the different genius of languages, and conſequently the different laws and rules to which they are reſpectively ſubject. And to think that the conſtruction of Engliſh verſe depends on the ſame rules as were adapted to the Latin, is much about as ſenſible as to imagine that becauſe my own coat fits me very well, therefore it will fit every other perſon, of whatever ſhape or ſize he be.

* What hath cauſed our meaſures to be ſo little attended to, I ſuppoſe, is the uncertainty in the quantity of the greateſt part of our ſyllables. However, all our ſyllables are not promiſcuous. Triſſino, a famous Italian poet, and an early writer on the meaſures of their verſe, lays down this rule, "That as the ancient feet were determined by the quantity of the ſyllables only, in his "language, they are determined by the accent." This is equally true in our tongue; and, for this reaſon, that whereas the ancient accent is repreſented to be only a variation in the tone of the voice, and had no relation to the quantity of the ſyllable, ours is conſtantly attended with an emphaſis, which implies greater length in the ſyllable. *Pemberton's Obſervat. on Poetry, p.* 125.

That

That learned critic Isaac Vossius was of this sentiment; whose authority per haps hath countenanced others in the same: for contrary to the known rul that 'Modesty is one of the best marks of a true critic,' he hath (in his boo *de Poematum cantu et Viribus Rhythmi*) boldly affirmed, "That we have no rhythm "at all in our poetry: That we mind nothing but to have such a number o "syllables in a verse, of whatever nature, and in whatever order: That the "is nothing but confusion of quantities in the modern odes: That the mo "derns have no regard to the natural quantity of syllables; and have intr "duced an unnatural and barbarous variety of long and short notes, witho "any regard to the subject and sense of the verse, or the natural pronunci "tion." This is a heavy charge indeed; but part of it hath been alread confuted, and the rest will be hereafter considered. In the mean time I sha leave him to the just animadversions of Mr. Malcolm *.

CHAP. V.

OF THE SEVERAL KINDS OF FEET.

THE next thing to be considered in the construction of verse, is the Fee These are indifferently called Rhythms, Numbers, or Feet. *Rhythms*, fro the Greek word RHYTHMOS †, because of their equable fluency: *Number* because they are made up of a certain number of Times: and *Feet*, because o these the verse runs ‡. Hence is derived our English word *Rhime*: an expre sion of a very different idea, denoting the similar sounds at the end of the me trical lines; one of the lowest ornaments and greatest shackles in moder poesy.

But the word Rhime is sometimes used in the same sense as Rhythmu from whence it is derived, to signify Metrical Numbers. In this sense Milto evidently useth it in the beginning of his Paradise Lost; where he proposes t sing of

Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhime.

i. e. in prose or verse §.

Wor

* See Malcolm's Treatise of Music.

† *A* ῥύω vel ῥίω *fluere*, to flow.

‡ The antients seem to have used the word Rhythmus in a very lax and indefinite sense. (Sometimes they fixed to it the very same idea as I do here; viz. that of a foot, of whatever ki or species it be; thus Dionysius expressly, τὸ δ' αὐτὸ καλῶ πόδα καὶ ῥυθμόν. De Structura Orat. And Aristides, Ῥυθμὸς τοίνυν ἐστὶ σύστημα ἐκ χρόνων κατὰ τινὰ τάξιν συγκειμένων. Arist. de Musica. Rhythm is a system of Times put together in a certain order. But (2) At other times they d note by this word not the same order, but the same quantity of Times. For instance, the Dac and the Anapæst (- ᴗ ᴗ ᴗ ᴗ -) are the same rhythm, because they each consist of fo Times. So Quintilian, "Rhythmi, id est, numeri spatio, temporum constant." (3) Somet by the word Rhythmus they meant the measure, or a number of movements agreeably united, which the ear is to be the judge. So Cicero, "Quicquid est enim quod sub aurium mensura "aliquam cadit, etiamsi abest a versu, numerus vocatur, qui Græcè ῥυθμὸς dicitur."

§ The very learned Dr. Bentley taking the word RHIME here in the vulgar sense, suppos corruption in the text; and is for having it Prose or Song, instead of Prose or Rhime. "For, says he, "it is very odd that Milton should put rhime here as equivalent to verse, who had ju "before (in his Preface, which was written after) declared against rhime, as no ornament to goo "verse." But it is much more odd that this very thing could not convince the critic that his a the

Words may be confidered either as figns of ideas, to convey the fenfe of an uthor, or as fimple founds to adorn his ftyle. This latter, when applied to erfe, is called the mechanic part of poetry. The defign of which is only to leafe the ear with the harmonious found of words, whilft the fenfe of them ffects the heart.

Some words are obferved to be more eafily pronounced than others, and onfequently are more pleafing to the ear; for the more difficult the pronuniation of any word is, the more difagreeable its found. Now in confideration f this, attempts were made to bring thefe founds into order, and reduce them o rules. Hence arofe the laws of the Rhythmus; and rules were prefently nvented, by which the feet were limited to a certain number of fyllables; nd the quantity of every fyllable was determined.

Thefe rules are nothing elfe in fact than the obfervations and practice of the beft poets, reduced to method. Men began to make verfes, as Quintilian obferves, before there were any rules to direct them. The firft effays were made without confulting any other rule than the ear: and their reflections and obfervations on thofe verfes which ran and clofed in a pleafing manner, and on fuch as had a difagreeable movement and cadence, were the firft origin of the laws of verfification *. Hence a certain number of fyllables of fuch a duration and quantity, was called fuch a Rhythm, or Metrical Foot.

Now thefe metrical feet are of three kinds; which, from the number of fyllables they contain, are diftinguifhed into Diffyllable, Triffyllable, and Tetrafyllable Feet.

1. The moft common and fimple feet are thofe which are compofed of two fyllables: and as thefe two fyllables may be both long, or both fhort, or the firft long and the fecond fhort, or the firft fhort and the fecond long; fo this different pofition of the quantities will produce four different kinds of feet: the names and times of which are as follow:

Spondee	- -	compound. (- -)
Pyrrhic	∪ ∪	in a. (∪ ∪)
Trochee	- ∪	Monfter. (- ∪)
Iambic	∪ -	Remark. (∪ -)

I have exemplified the Pyrrhic, which contains two fhort Times, by two fhort monofyllables, becaufe every word of two fyllables hath in the pronunciation an accent upon one of them, and in Englifh metre every accented fyllable is long; and therefore no Englifh word of two fyllables can properly exemplify the Times of a Pyrrhic foot, which confifts of two fhort ones.

2. The next kind of feet are thofe of three fyllables. Of thefe there are eight in number, viz.

thor did not take the word Rhime in the modern but ancient fenfe, to fignify Numbers or Verfe, efpecially as he fets it in oppofition to Profe. An author ftands a bad chance that falls into the hands of a critic who firft miftakes and then mangles him. See Bentley's edit. of Milton, in loco.

* See Abbe du Bofs's Critical Reflections on Poetry and Painting, p. 61.

Trybrachys	˘ ˘ ˘	be it a.
Bacchic	˘ – –	becometh.
Palimbacchic	– – ˘	Almighty.
Amphibrachys	˘ – ˘	rejected.
Anapæſt	˘ ˘ –	diſappoint.
Moloſſus	– – –	underſtand.
Dactyl	– ˘ ˘	Slavery.
Cretic	– ˘ –	Advocate.

3. There are other feet of four ſyllables, called by the antients *Dipodes*, or Double Feet, becauſe they are compounded of two diſſyllable feet. And as the diſſyllable feet are four, and any two of them joined together in a different poſition make a different tetraſyllable foot, the number of theſe feet then muſt of conſequence be ſixteen; becauſe the order or poſition of the four diſſyllable feet, when any two of them are joined, may be varied juſt ſo many times, and no more: for whichever two of them you join together, or in whatever order, that conjunction will conſtitute one of theſe tetraſyllable feet: as appears from the following table.

Let the Pyrrhic ſtand firſt, and in that place all the poſſible variations it can make with the diſſyllable feet are theſe:

1.	*Proceleuſmatic.*	Double Pyrrhic	˘ ˘ ˘ ˘	let it be a.
2.	*Third Pæon.*	Pyrrhic and Trochee	˘ ˘ – ˘	alabaſter.
3.	*Fourth Pæon.*	Pyrrhic and Iambic	˘ ˘ ˘ –	mal a propos.
4.	*Ionic a minore.*	Pyrrhic and Spondee	˘ ˘ – –	malefactor.
		The Iambic firſt.		
5.	*Diambic.*	Double Iambic	˘ – ˘ –	abominate.
6.	*Second Pæon.*	Iambic and Pyrrhic	˘ – ˘ ˘	immutable.
7.	*Antipaſt.*	Iambic and Trochee	˘ – – ˘	renunciation.
8.	*Firſt Epitrite.*	Iambic and Spondee	˘ – – –	everlaſting.
		The Spondee firſt.		
9.	*Diſpondee.*	Double Spondee	– – – –	underſtanding.
10.	*Ionic a majore.*	Spondee and Pyrrhic	– – ˘ ˘	cœleſtial.

11.	*Third Epitrite.*	Spondee and Iambic	- - ◡ -	immaculate.
12.	*Fourth Epitrite.*	Spondee and Trochee	- - - ◡	unconvinced.
		The Trochee first.		
13.	*Dichoree*	Double Trochee	- ◡ - ◡	accidental.
14.	*Choriambic.*	Trochee and Iambic	- ◡ ◡ -	neverthelefs.
15.	*First Pæon.*	Trochee and Pyrrhic	- ◡ ◡ ◡	miferable.
16.	*Second Epitrite.*	Trochee and Spondee	- ◡ - -	independant.

Now, befide thefe, the antients mention other numbers, compounded of fix or eight fyllables, which they call *Profodiacs* *; of which Plutarch tells us Archilochus was fuppofed to be the author †: a ufelefs invention, and contrary to St. Auftin's rule, who fays a foot ought not to exceed four fyllables ‡.

When any Dipody or tetrafyllable Rhythm is compounded of two diffimilar feet, that they called a *Syzygy* §. Thus a *Choriambic* (- ◡ ◡ -); *Antipaft* (◡ - - ◡); *Ionic a majore* (- - ◡ ◡); *Ionic a minore* (◡ ◡ - -) were called Syzygies, becaufe they joined together two feet of contrary and oppofite movements.

As a foot of four fyllables is only two diffyllable feet joined together, fo a foot of three fyllables is compofed of one diffyllable foot, and half another of equal Times. But as there are but two diffyllable feet that are compofed of equal Times, viz. the Pyrrhic and Spondee, therefore every foot of three fyllables confifts of a diffyllable foot, and half a Pyrrhic or Spondee added to it. *e. g.*

Trybrachys	◡ ◡ ◡	is a Pyrrhic ◡ ◡	and half Pyrrhic	◡.
Dactyl	- ◡ ◡	Trochee - ◡	and half Pyrrhic	◡.
Amphybrachys	◡ - ◡	Iambic ◡ -	and half Pyrrhic	◡.
Palimbacchic	- - ◡	Spondee - -	and half Pyrrhic	◡.
Moloffus	- - -	Spondee - -	and half Spondee	-.
Anapæft	◡ ◡ -	Pyrrhic ◡ ◡	and half Spondee	-.
Bacchic	◡ - -	Iambic ◡ -	and half Spondee	-.
Cretic	- ◡ -	Trochee - ◡	and half Spondee	-.

So that, properly fpeaking, the diffyllable Rhythms are the only fimple feet, of which all the reft are compounded: for though Dionyfius reckons the eight triffyllable feet among the fimple rhythms ||, yet it is plain from hence that they are compounded; and that, in propriety of fpeech, only the four diffyllable feet are fimple numbers.

Hence, however, we may fee the juftnefs of another obfervation that he makes, viz. that every word (if it be not a monofyllable) is pronounced in number, or contains in it fome foot or other, fimple or compound ††.

* See Manwaring's Stichology, chap. 2.

† Plutarch of Mufic. See his Morals, vol. i. p. 117.

‡ Div. Aurel. Auguftin. de Mufica, l. iii. c. 5, 6.

§ Vid. Ariftid. de Mufic. l. i. p. 36.

|| Ἁπλοῦς ῥυθμὸς ἢ πούς ἐσθ' ἐλάττων ἐπὶ δυσὶν συλλαβῶν οὔτε μείζων ἢ τριῶν. Dion. Hal. de Struct. Orat. Sect. xvii. ad fin.

†† Πᾶν ὄνομα καὶ ῥῆμα καὶ ἄλλο μόριον λέξεως, ὅτι μὴ μονοσυλλαβόν ἐστιν, ἐν ῥυθμῷ τινι λέγεται. Ibid. Sect. xvii. ad Init.

To

To which we may add, that every ſentence, or any number of words taken together, contains ſome kind of meaſure, or is made up of ſome ſort of feet: and the reaſon that the ear perceives a diſagreeable harſhneſs in ſome words, and a ſweetneſs and fluency in others, is generally owing to nothing elſe than the different nature and poſition of the feet, of which thoſe words are compoſed. But of this I intend to ſpeak more particularly when I come to conſider the power of proſaic numbers.

CHAP. VI.

OF POETICAL MEASURES.

THE next thing to be conſidered in Verſe is Meaſure.

This is only a combination of ſeveral feet; and takes its name from the feet or numbers of which it is compoſed. For inſtance, If it be compoſed of Iambics, it is called Iambic Meaſure; if of Trochees, Trochaic, &c.

But oftentimes the meaſure is made up of diſſimilar feet, eſpecially Iambic verſe, which admits of Trochees and Spondees in their proper places (of which I ſhall ſpeak more particularly by and by) and which may be called Mixed Iambics: and the different air and run of the verſe is only owing to the different feet of which the meaſure is compoſed.

CHAP. VII.

OF THE CÆSURA, BOTH IN LATIN AND ENGLISH VERSE.

BUT before I proceed to conſider the different meaſures of the Engliſh verſe, there is one thing to which we muſt carefully attend, in order to diſcern the true foundation of poetic harmony, and that is the Cæſura.

The Cæſura, when applied to verſe, denotes that natural pauſe, or reſt of the voice, which, whatever place it falls upon, divides the line into two unequal parts. This I ſhall conſider with regard both to the Latin and Engliſh verſe.

I. With regard to the Latin verſe.

In Latin Hexameters the Cæſura ſometimes falls on the firſt ſyllable of the ſecond foot; and then it is called Triemimeris. *e. g.*

Os homini ſublime dedit, cælumque tueri.

Here the Cæſural pauſe falls on the ſyllable *ni* in the word *homini*.

It moſt frequently falls on the firſt ſyllable of the third foot; and then it is called Penthemimeris. *e. g.*

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris.

Here the Cæſura falls on the ſyllable *no* in the word *cano*.

Sometimes it falls on the first syllable of the fourth foot; and then it is called Hepthemimeris. *e. g.*

*Si pereo manibus homi*num, *perii∫∫e juvabit.*

Here the Cæsural rest is on the syllable *num* in the word *hominum.*

And sometimes it possesses the first syllable of the fifth foot; and then it called Enneemimeris. *e. g.*

*Ille la*tus *nive*um *mol*li *ful*tus *hyacintho.*

Which verse exemplifies all the four different places of the Cæsura.

Here it may be observed,

1. That each of these Cæsuras takes its name from the number of the half-foot on which it falls; whether it be the third, fifth, seventh, or ninth.

2. That the Penthemimeris Cæsura is the most common and beautiful. And the reason why the pause on the first part of the third foot is most natural and regular, is because it makes the most equal division of the line: and therefore we find that Virgil, who had a constant regard to the harmony of his numbers, seldom makes use of any other Cæsura.

3. The syllable on which the Cæsura rests should always be the last syllable of a word: and so we generally find it is; because it is unnatural to pause in the middle of a word, or on a monosyllable; nor will the verse in this case run so smooth; *e. g.*

Nec facundia deseret hunc, *nec lucidus ordo.*

where the Cæsura is a Hepthemimer, and falls upon the monosyllable *hunc.*

4. It rarely happens that there is more than one Cæsura in a verse. More than two there ought not to be, if we regard the harmony of numbers; though sometimes we find three, and sometimes all four, as in the instance above cited.

5. The Hepthemimer Cæsura gives the verse a rapid movement, even tho' the precedent feet be mostly Spondees; because the voice will naturally hurry on to its expected pause. *e. g.*

*Semper ego auditor tan*tum? *nunquamne reponam?*

Lastly, If there be no Cæsural pause at all in the verse, it runs extremely flat and heavy. Take an instance of this in the following line,

Aurea carmina, Juli, scribis, maxime vatum.

How much better the verse would run with its proper Cæsural pause, let every ear be judge.

*Carmina, mi Ju*li, *bona scribis, maxime Vatum.*

And here, if the reader will indulge me a short digression, I would just observe, that there is a certain false quantity sometimes found in the verses of Virgil and Ovid, where a short syllable is put for a long one. *e. g*

Tityrus hinc aberat, ipsæ te, Tityre, pinus. Ecl. i. l. 39.

Si

Si pereo manibus hominum, periisse juvabit. Æn. iii. 606.

Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori. Ovid.

These I suppose have hitherto passed for *poeticæ licentiæ*, or certain anomalies not to be imitated by others, nor excused in writers of a less established character. Upon which I would beg leave to make the few following remarks:

1. That in each of these three instances, a short syllable, instead of a long one, falls upon the Cæsural pause, called Cæsura Penthemimeris; *i. e.* on the first part of the third foot, where we should least expect to find it; because here the voice naturally rests a while, cutting the verse, as it were, into two parts. Hence these small pauses, which are essential to a good Hexameter, are called Cæsuræ.

2. This anomalous quantity, in all these instances, falls on the last syllable of a word.

3. It is immediately preceded by two Dactyls.

4. When thus situated, as it is in all the examples above produced (and many more, I doubt not, might easily be collected by those that are conversant with the Latin poets) I conceive it was not only allowed, but in some cases required in the ancient Latin poetry; for when we consider the admirable sweetness and perfection of Virgil's numbers (than whom no man ever had a more accurate ear and judgment) and how precise and delicate he was in the structure of his verse, we may justly conclude, I think, that this irregularity did not escape him as the effect of negligence, but was intended by him as a real elegance—And the same may be said of Ovid. And,

Finally, Its beauty I take to arise from the rapid run of the preceding feet, corresponding to the warmth and hurry of the thought expressed; which does not give us time to stay at the Cæsural pause, as a long syllable would, but carries us swiftly on, over the usual resting-place, almost without stopping, to the end of the line.

But this I submit to the judgment of those to whose province it more properly belongs, and who have more leisure for such kind of critical disquisitions.

But to return from this digression.

II. With regard to English verse.

The Cæsura is as necessary in English Heroics as in Latin Hexameters, and hath as many variations.

In verses of ten syllables, the Cæsura is regularly on the fourth; in those of twelve, on the sixth; but verses of eight syllables, and under, have no Cæsura.

There is this difference between the Cæsura in Latin and English verse, viz. that in the former it falls on the beginning of a foot; in the latter on the end of it.

Sometimes it falls on the end of the first foot. *e. g.*

O thou, *who with surpassing glory crown'd!*

Most commonly it is at the end of the second foot. *e. g.*

Not to admire is all the art I know.

Some-

Sometimes on the laſt part of the third foot; *e. g.*

Order is Heav'n's great law; *and this confeſs'd*—

And ſometimes at the end of the fourth foot. *e. g.*

And juſtify the ways of God *to man.*

Here then let it be obſerved,

1. That there is the ſame poſſible variation of the Cæſural place in Engliſh as there is in the Latin Heroics; but in the former it is actually varied much oftener than in the latter.

2. That the Cæſural place in Heroic verſe of ten ſyllables, is for the moſt part at the end of the ſecond foot.

3. That the Cæſural pauſe is moſt natural when it coincides with the proper ſtops or points that diſtinguiſh the ſenſe of the period. *e. g.*

Hail, univerſal Lord! *be bounteous ſtill,*
To give us only good.

4. That in Engliſh verſe there are often many Cæſural pauſes in one line. *e. g.*

Him firſt, *him* midſt, *him* laſt, *and without end.*

5. That when the Cæſura falls on the beginning or middle of a word which ends with a ſhort ſyllable, the pauſe is always to be made at the end of that word; becauſe it is unnatural to pauſe in the beginning or middle of it. Take a few inſtances of this in the ſeveral removes of the Cæſura.

O Father, what intends thine hand? ſhe cry'd.

Here, though the Cæſura falls on the beginning of the word *father*, yet the pauſe is not to be made till the laſt ſyllable of it is pronounced. Again,

Whether with reaſon *or with inſtinct bleſt.*

Where the Cæſural pauſe is to be made after the word *reaſon*, though the Cæſura falls on the firſt ſyllable of that word. Again,

Our voluntary ſervice *he requires.*

Where the Cæſural pauſe is after the word *ſervice.*

6. The ſeveral variations of the Cæſura, together with the ſtops, contribute no leſs than the diſpoſition of the feet to diverſify the verſe. Whence ariſes the vaſt variety of harmony in the Engliſh Heroics; which is more copious than that in the Latin, becauſe the former admits not only a greater diverſity of feet than the latter, but more frequent removes of the Cæſural pauſes.

7. The Cæſura falling conſtantly on the fourth ſyllable in the Engliſh Pentameters or Heroics, creates a dull uniformity in the flow of the verſe, which tires and offends the ear; and eſpecially if there be the like uniformity in the meaſure or diſpoſition of the feet. Take for an inſtance the following lines from Sir Richard Blackmore's Poem on the Creation:

Sages remark, we labour not to ſhow
The will is free, but that the man is ſo.
For what enlighten'd reas'ner can declare
What human will and underſtanding are?

Again,

Since thou didſt all the ſpacious world diſplay,
Homage to thee let all obedient pay.
Let glitt'ring ſtars that dance their deſtin'd ring
Sublime in ſky, with vocal planets ſing.

Who does not obſerve, notwithſtanding their ſmoothneſs, a dulneſs in the movement of theſe numbers; occaſioned only by the conſtant return of the ſame meaſure, and the ſame diviſion of the verſe? the numbers being almoſt all Iambic, and the Cæſura always poſſeſſing the fourth ſyllable.

CHAP. VIII.

OF THE IAMBIC MEASURE, BOTH PURE AND MIXT.

THE different meaſures uſed in Engliſh Poetry are principally three: the Iambic, Trochaic, and Anapæſtic.

I. The Iambic.

I begin with this, becauſe it is by far the moſt common and conſiderable; being appropriated to Pſalmody, and the Epic or Heroic Verſe.

But though it is called Iambic Meaſure, it is not always made up of pure Iambics, but frequently admits of all the other three diſſyllable feet; which being ſkilfully mixt with the Iambics, ſo diverſify the meaſure as to give it a variety and harmony far beyond what we find in the Latin Hexameters, which are confined to Dactyls and Spondees.

To illuſtrate this, I ſhall briefly reduce the meaſures of this mixt Iambic Verſe, in a few inſtances extracted from ſome of our beſt Engliſh poets. Let the firſt ſpecimen be the following imitation of Adrian's Dying Words, addreſſed to his Soul.

I.

Poor lit | tle, pret | ty, flut | tering thing!

Muſt we | no lon | ger live | together?

And doſt | thou prune | thy trem | bling wing,

To take | thy flight | thou know'ſt | not whither?

Thi

II.

Thy hu | morous | vein, | thy pleaſ | ing folly,

Lies all | neglec | ted, all | forgot,

And pen | ſive, wav | ering, me | lancholy,

Thou dread'ſt, | and hop'ſt | thou know'ſt | not what.

Line 1 begins with a Spondee; the other feet are all Iambics: and dwelling longer upon the firſt part of the Spondee than the laſt (as here on the word *poor*) hath in this place a peculiar elegance and propriety: for (according to what I have before obſerved) as ſome ſhort ſyllables are leſs than a Single Time, ſo ſome long ones are more than a Double Time; and, when ſet to muſic, ought to be diſtinguiſhed accordingly.

Line 2. The firſt foot is a Trochee, all the reſt Iambics; the verſe concluding with a double ſyllable.

Lines 3 and 4 are both pure Iambics.

Line 5 is alſo all Iambic. In the beginning of the ſecond foot two ſhort ſyllables are put for one; for, being very ſhort, they are no more in quantity than one Time; and therefore this contraction makes no interruption in the harmony of the numbers, but rather ſweetens it, as before obſerved, chap. vii. obſ. 4.

Line 6. The numbers in this are the ſame with thoſe in the firſt line. The firſt a Spondee; all the reſt Iambic.

Line 7 all Iambics. In the beginning of the third foot there are two ſhort Times contracted into one; as in line fifth.

Line 8 is all pure Iambic.

CHAP IX.

REMARKS ON THE VARIOUS MOVEMENTS IN THE MIXT IAMBIC VERSE.

BEFORE I proceed to reduce any other kind of Iambics, it may be proper to remark ſome of the particular beauties and elegancies in the various movements of this ſort of verſe, ariſing from a judicious combination of the numbers; to which remarks I ſhall have occaſion hereafter to refer, when I more particularly examine ſome other Iambic meaſures.

Remark 1. — To begin a line with a Trochee, and Iambic immediately following (which makes the tetraſyllable foot, called Choriambic) is beautiful, and very frequent in our beſt poets. *e. g.*

Daughter of God and man, accompliſh'd Eve. Milton.

Pleaſures the ſex, as children birds, purſue;
Still out of reach, but never out of view. Pope.

Remark

Remark 2. — A Pyrrhic may possess any place of the verse, except the last. But wherever it is, it gives a brisk movement to the measure.

Sometimes the first foot is a Pyrrhic, followed by an Iambic, which is a very quick motion. *e. g.*

That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And as I wand'ring look'd, ——

Sometimes the second foot is a Pyrrhic; and when the rest are Iambics, the movement is very sweetly accelerated. *e. g.*

A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves. Pope.

A Pyrrhic in the place of the third foot is very agreeable. *e. g.*

With thee conversing I forget all time. Milton.

Charms by accepting, by submitting sways;
Yet hath her humour most when she obeys. Pope.

The last line is an instance of the fourth place being possessed by a Pyrrhic§.

Remark 3. — When the last foot but one is a Spondee, the movement is slow; but there is a peculiar force and elegance sometimes in this disposition of it, especially when it falls on a very emphatical word, and is succeeded by an Iambic; which regularly closes the verse. *e. g.*

Whatever hypocrites austerely talk,
Night regain'd
Her old possession, and extinguish'd life:
But all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thought; and each † Milton.

§ A certain writer on this subject affirms, "That two syllables placed together in the same foot "which must both of necessity be pronounced short (that is, a Pyrrhic) will certainly destroy the "harmony of the verse." Observ. on Poetry, p. 131.

This is too precipitately affirmed; for the truth is, a Pyrrhic judiciously introduced, does greatly improve the harmony of the verse, as every good ear from the foregoing lines may judge.

† The aforesaid author in the same place observes, "That a syllable in the beginning of the "fourth foot, which is best pronounced long, renders the verse less perfect."— If he means, that it renders the Iambic measure less perfect, he is certainly right; but if he means, it always renders the Harmony of the Numbers less perfect, I think these lines prove that he is certainly wrong.

Remark

Remark 4. — To begin the line with a Spondee, ſucceeded immediately by a Pyrrhic and Iambic, is a mighty agreeable meaſure. *e. g.*

On deſperate revenge that ſhall redound—

Sole pledge of his obedience.

Beſt image of myſelf, and dearer half. Milton.

Remark 5. — An Iambic verſe ſhould regularly cloſe with an Iambic foot. But Milton frequently concludes with a Spondee; which, though it be ſomething anomalous, and may be conſidered as the ſame kind of licenced irregularity as concluding a Latin Hexameter with two Spondees; yet in ſome caſes it is not without its force and beauty. *e. g.*

Here Love his golden ſhafts employs; here lights
His conſtant lamp.

Reigns here and revels; not in the bought ſmiles ‡
Of harlots.
And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof

Show'r'd roſes, which the morn repair'd, ſleep on
Bleſt pair. Milton.

Remark 6. — The ſhort numbers come in very agreeably after the long ones. *e. g.*

Wiſe fool! with pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe,

With too much ſpirit to be e'er at eaſe,

With too much quickneſs ever to be taught,

With too much thinking to have common thought. Pope.

Remark 7. — Sometimes a line concludes not ungracefully with a Choriambic. *e. g.*

‡ Here I cannot forbear to give my reader the pleaſure of obſerving that moſt ingenious improvement which the late learned critic, Dr. Bentley, hath propoſed to make on this paſſage.
Not in the bought ſmiles of Harlots.] " Here is very bad accent; which makes the foot " ſtumble and break its *knee*. If he could have reviſed it, he would have given it thus, or ſome " other way.

" Not in purchas'd ſmiles,

or,

" Not in th'hir'd ſmiles."

Quantum eſt ſapere!

There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne.

well hast thou fought
The fight of faith.

Save he who reigns above, none can resist †. Milton.

Remark 8. — Two lines successively should not have exactly the same o der of feet, unless they have exactly the same turn of thought; and in th case it is beautiful. *e. g.*

Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaus, 'tis vain to be a belle. Pope.

But to have the same kind and disposition of numbers, and the same Cæsur division for three or four lines successively is unharmonious, and tires the e with too much uniformity and smoothness ‡.

Remark 9. — Though the most usual and natural place of the Trochee the first and third, yet it is sometimes not inelegantly found in the second an fourth.

or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made.
But yet all is not done. Man disobeying. Milton.

O, unexampled love!
Love nowhere to be found less than divine.
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey. Ibid.

Rema

† Dr. Pemberton thinks the Trochaic foot, in the fourth place of this line, destroys the me sure; and therefore would have it thus:

Save he who reigns above, can none resist. *Id.* p. 132.

But as the word *none* requires a very strong emphasis, it has a much stronger in the place whi the author hath assigned it than it has in the place where the Doctor puts it; and expresses t sense in a more lively manner. And a good author will always have a greater regard to the l of his expression than the smoothness of his numbers.

‡ And therefore I can by no means agree with the learned author before mentioned, " Th no irregular composition of feet is by any means necessary to that variety which is required in t longest work. The change which will be made by the various breaking of the feet by Cæsur dividing the verses after different fashions by the construction of the sentences, continuing of the same sentence, and even the same part of a sentence, from one verse to another, are all that c properly be made use of for that purpose." *Ibid.* — If so, all our best poets hitherto have be guilty of great impropriety. And if we confine our epic verse in a large work to the Iambic fo only, I think it is not possible, notwithstanding all the variations of the Cæsura and pauses, avo

Remark 10. — A Spondee may poſſeſs any place, becauſe, of all the feet, it comes neareſt to the Iambic; and therefore we ſometimes meet with a ſhort Iambic verſe, conſiſting of all Spondees. *e.g.*

Him ſerve with fear, his praiſe forth tell.

Remark 11. — Provided the Iambic air and movement prevail, and is eaſily diſtinguiſhed by the ear in any verſe, that may be properly called an Iambic verſe, whatever heterogeneous numbers be introduced into it. But when the Iambic air is loſt by introducing too many numbers of another kind, it is no longer Iambic.

Remark 12. — That which throws a verſe out of the Iambic air and meaſure is the admitting into it two heterogeneous feet together, without an Iambic foot between them.

Two heterogeneous feet are often admitted into one Iambic line; and if an Iambic foot be placed between them, the meaſure is very well preſerved: but when two ſuch feet are brought in, the one immediately ſucceeding the other, the Iambic meaſure is then entirely overthrown.

This will appear very plain by obſerving ſome ſuch faulty lines in Milton, who often brings in two heterogeneous feet together, and ſometimes three. *e. g.*

My vanquiſher, ſpoil'd of his vaunted ſpoils.

The ſovereign ſentence that man ſhould find grace

All who have their reward on earth; the fruits---

On him who had ſtole Jove's authentic fire.

Interpreted; which not long after he— Milton.

It is plain that theſe lines are no kind of verſe; and the reaſon why they are not, is now as plain. However, we muſt in this caſe make an exception of two Spondees placed ſucceſſively, for the reaſon before mentioned, viz. the affinity of that number with the Iambic.

CHAP. X.

A REDUCTION OF THE MIXT IAMBIC MEASURE.

I PROCEED now to the examination of ſome other Iambic Meaſures. Let us take the three following ſtanzas in Mr. Pope's Univerſal Prayer:

avoid what he calls an inſipid ſimilarity. And of this, if I miſtake not, his favourite poem, on which he hath obliged the public with a very judicious critique, is a ſufficient proof. Dryden, with all his ſweetneſs, is too often guilty of the ſame fault.

If I | am right, | O teach | my heart
Still in | the right | to ſtay;
If I | am wrong, | thy grace | impart
To find | that bet | ter way.

Save me | alike | from fool | iſh pride
And im | pious diſ | content,
At aught | thy wiſ | dom hath | deny'd,
Or aught | thy good | neſs lent.

Teach me | to feel | ano | ther's woe,
To hide | the fault | I ſee;
That mer | cy I | to o | thers ſhow
That mer | cy ſhow to me.

In theſe numbers we may obſerve,

1. That the three firſt lines in the firſt ſtanza, and the firſt lines in the other two, begin with a Choriambic, or a Trochee and Iambic immediately following: — an elegance in the Iambic meaſure which I have already taken notice of in Remark 1: and this being a quick movement, a Spondee immediately following tempers it very gracefully: as in the firſt line of the firſt ſtanza, and in this verſe:

Fancy | and pride | ſeek things | at vaſt expence.

2. In the ſecond line of the ſecond ſtanza, two ſhort ſyllables are contracted into one; of which we have had inſtances already.

3. The two laſt lines of the third ſtanza begin with a Spondee. See Remark 4.

4. Lines the firſt and laſt of the firſt ſtanza have a Spondee in the laſt place but one. See Remark 3.

5. Line the third of the third ſtanza hath a Pyrrhic in the ſecond place. See Remark 2.

6. Of theſe twelve lines there are but three that are pure Iambics, viz. the ſixth, eighth, and tenth.

CHAP. XI.

AN EXAMINATION OF MILTON'S NUMBERS.

LET us next examine the Numbers in the first sixteen lines of Milton's Paradise Lost; which contain almost all the various combinations of feet that are introduced into English Iambics; as a specimen of that liberty which the author intended to take in his measures throughout the poem.

Of man's | first dis | obe | dience, and | the fruit
Of that | forbid | den tree, | whose mor | tal taste
Brought death | into | the world | and all | our woe,
With loss | of E | den, till | one great | er man
Restore | us, and | regain | the bliss | ful seat,
Sing heav'n | ly muse; | that on | the se | cret top
Of Ho | reb or | of Si | nai didst | inspire
That Shep | herd who | first taught | the cho | sen seed,
In the | begin | ning how | the heav'ns | and earth
Rose out | of cha | os; or, | if Si | on hill
Delight | thee more | and Si | loa's brook | that flow'd
Fast by | the O | racle | of God; | I thence
Invoke | thy aid | to my | adven | trous song,
That with | no mid | dle flight | intends | to soar
Above | th'Ao | nion mount, | while it | pursues
Things un | attempt | ed yet | in prose | or rhime.

Here observe,

1. That of these sixteen lines, only one is pure Iambic, viz. the eleventh; and in that there is a contraction of two short syllables into one in the word *Siloa's*.

2. That of these sixteen lines, only two couplets have just the same measure,

ſure, viz. the tenth and twelfth (each of which conſiſts orderly of a Trochee, Iambic, Pyrrhic, and two Iambics; which creating a rapid movement, are ſucceeded, the one by a ſolemn pure Iambic, and the other by one that is nearly ſo) and lines the fifth and ſeventh, which are Iambic, with a Pyrrhic in the ſecond place. But a line of a very different movement is interpoſed, which prevents a dull uniformity. And this judicious mixture of numbers and change of meaſures is the true ſource of that pleaſure which the ear finds in the flow of Milton's verſe; who varies his feet and diverſifies his meaſures (either through art or nature) more than any one of all our Engliſh poets; and makes it what he himſelf calls

A various-meaſur'd verſe. Par. Reg.

3. In the firſt line two ſhort ſyllables are contracted into one in the word *diſobedience*; and ſince the ſyllable *ence* is not one of thoſe very ſhort ones which eaſily admit of ſuch a contraction (it being naturally long, and put for a ſhort one only as unaccented) the number is defective. But the ſame apology may be allowed Milton which is generally made for Homer, who hath alſo a falſe quantity in the very firſt line of his Iliad, viz. that the poet's mind was ſo warmed and poſſeſſed with the grandeur of his ſubject, that he was inattentive to the exactneſs of his numbers.

4. In the ſecond line the laſt foot but one is a Spondee, which is a ſlow movement. See Remark 3.

5. The third line begins with a Spondee, Pyrrhic, and Iambic, in order; which is a very agreeable meaſure. See Remark 4.

6. Line the fourth has a Pyrrhic in the third place, whoſe rapidity is very agreeably corrected by Iambics. See Remark 2.

7. The ſame may be ſaid of line fifth, where the Pyrrhic poſſeſſes the ſecond place.

8. The ſixth line concludes with a Pyrrhic and two Iambics; which is a ſweet and flowing meaſure. See Remark 2.

9. The ſeventh line hath preciſely the ſame kind and arrangement of feet as the fifth: but the intermediate line being a very different movement, renders this ſimilarity almoſt imperceptible. See Remark 8.

10. The eighth line hath a ſlow movement, the firſt and third feet being Spondees; but is very agreeably ſucceeded by two lines whoſe numbers are briſk and flowing. But though the movement in theſe two lines have an equal rapidity, yet, by varying the order of the feet, it hath no uniformity: and the rapid flow of the numbers is ſeaſonably checked in the eleventh line, by a ſeries of Iambics.

I believe, no one that hath a taſte for muſic can read theſe four lines without finding his ear pleaſed with the harmony of the numbers, though he underſtood not the ſenſe of the words.

11. In the ninth line, the four firſt feet are Pyrrhics and Iambics alternately; which is a very quick meaſure. See Remark 2.

12. Line the tenth begins with a Choriambic; which meaſure, if not too often uſed, is very beautiful at the beginning of a line. See Remark 1.

The eleventh line is pure Iambic.

The twelfth the ſame as the tenth.

The thirteenth is Iambic, with a Pyrrhic in the middle.

The fourteenth begins with a Pyrrhic and Iambic. See Remark 2.

In the fifteenth, the laſt foot but one is a Trochee, which makes the verſe conclude with a Choriambic. This is a peculiar cloſe, but not unfrequent in Milton. See Remark 7.

The ſixteenth line gracefully concludes the period with an Iambic verſe, introduced with a Choriambic.

Thus various are Milton's numbers: and it is this juſt and judicious mixture of the ſhort numbers with the long, and the quick with the ſlow, that compoſes the harmony of his verſe; in which he is very happy at the ſame time that he appears very negligent.

But this great maſter of poetic numbers was not without his faults, even in this very point in which he ſo much excelled; nay, ſo negligent is he ſometimes of his meaſure, that he hath now and then ſo diſpoſed of his numbers as quite to deſtroy the form and ſtructure of Iambic verſe. *e. g.*

˘ ˘ | - ˘ | ˘ - | - ˘ | ˘ -

In their | triple | degrees; | regions, | to which

Every ear will perceive this to be no verſe, much leſs Iambic. And if you obſerve the order of the feet, the reaſon is very obvious. The firſt is a Pyrrhic, the ſecond a Trochee, the third Iambic, the fourth a Trochee, and the laſt Iambic. Now, as the firſt three feet are a Pyrrhic, Trochee, and Iambic, in this order they make two Anapæſts; and the line concluding with a Trochee and Iambic, makes the laſt foot alſo Anapæſt: and there are wanting only two ſhort ſyllables at the end of the third foot to make the whole line purely Anapæſtic. Thus:

˘ ˘ - ˘ ˘ ˘ - ˘ ˘ - ˘ ˘ -

In their triple degrees; and the regions, to which

The rapid flow of Anapæſtics is of all things moſt contrary to the ſtately movement of Iambics: and the line being a compoſition of theſe two contrary meaſures, and neither the one nor the other, it is no verſe, but downright proſe †.

As Milton's numbers are ſo various, and the Times, of which they are compoſed, ſo unequal, it is impoſſible to meaſure or beat time to them regularly *per arſin et theſin*, as we do thoſe numbers that are pure and unmixt; that is, ſuch as compoſe the pure Iambic, Trochaic, or Anapæſtic meaſure; and, for the ſame reaſon, they cannot with propriety be ſet to any one uniform piece of muſic, becauſe the air of the muſic muſt alter with the flow of the numbers.

† Numerical feet are introduced into proſe; and the proper choice and arrangement of them is that which conſtitutes a ſmooth and flowing ſtile; and that which diſtinguiſhes the ſtructure of proſe compoſition from that of verſe, is not the introduction of contrary feet (as ſome have imagined; for that is frequent in verſe) but the introduction of contrary meaſures, ſo as to make it properly neither one meaſure nor another; as in the inſtance that has juſt been produced.

CHAP. XII.

OF TROCHAIC MEASURE.

II. THE Trochaic.

This meaſure conſiſts of all Trochees, with a ſupernumerary long ſyllable at the end of the line, without the admiſſion of any other feet. As a ſpecimen of this, take the following lines:

Bleſt with | ſenſe, with | temper | bleſt,
Wiſdom | o'er thy | lips pre | ſides,
Virtue | guards thy | gen'rous | breaſt,
Kindneſs | all thy | actions | guides.

Ev'ry | home-felt | bliſs is | mine,
Ev'ry | female | grace is | thine,
Chaſte de | portment, | artleſs | mien,
Converſe | ſweet, and | heart ſerene.

Sinks my | ſoul with | gloomy | pain?
See, ſhe | ſmiles, 'tis | joy a | gain.
Swells a | paſſion | in my | breaſt?
Hark, ſhe | ſpeaks, and | all is | reſt.

Oft as | clouds my | path o'er | ſpread,
Doubtful | where my | ſteps ſhould | tread,
She with | judgment's | ſteady | ray,
Marks and | ſmooths the | better | way.

Sometimes

Sometimes the lines of the ſtanza end with alternate rhime, and the firſt and third line with a double one. *e.g.*

If 'tis | joy to | wound a | lover,
How much | more to | give him | eaſe!
When this | paſſion | we diſ | cover,
O, how | pleaſing | 'tis to | pleaſe!

CHAP. XIII.

OF THE ANAPÆSTIC MEASURE.

THE next kind of meaſure (and the laſt I ſhall take notice of) is the Anapæſtic.

Into this no number can be regularly admitted, but the Anapæſt; a triſſyllable foot having the two firſt ſyllables ſhort, and the laſt long. *e.g.*

Young Stre | phon, a ſhep | herd that long | had been ſmit
With the charms | of fair Syl | via's beau | ty and wit,
As he ſi | lently wan | der'd to ſoothe | his ſoft | pain,
Met an | cient Palæ | mon a neigh | bouring ſwain.
Thou art pen | ſive, my friend, | ſaid the cheer | ful old hind;
That lan | guiſhing aſ | pect betrays | thy fond mind.
Such ſigh | ing in ſe | cret and haunt | ing the grove
Are ſure | indica | tions of be | ing in love.
Alas! | cry'd the youth, | my diſeaſe | thou haſt found;
But where | is the balm | that can cure | the deep wound?

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ANAPÆSTIC, OR DACTYLIC MEASURE.

On this ſpecies of verſe I would obſerve,

1. That it is ſometimes divided into ſtanzas of four lines, each containing three feet with alternate rhyme. *e. g.*

˘ - ˘ ˘ - ˘ ˘ -
True love | in a ſoul | that's ſincere,
˘ - ˘ ˘ - ˘ ˘ -
Is bet | ter than lan | guage or art.
˘ - ˘ ˘ - ˘ ˘ -
Fine ſi | miles tic | kle the ear,
˘ - ˘ ˘ - ˘ ˘ -
But na | ture muſt ſof | ten the heart.

2. The long metre of this kind of verſe is beſt adapted to catches, tales, and ſonnets, or ſubjects of wit and humour. *e. g.*

If e'er in thy ſight I found favour, Apollo,
Defend me from all the diſaſters that follow;
From the knaves and the fools, and the fops of the time,
From the drudges in proſe, and the triflers in rhime;
From dull thinking blockheads, as ſober as Turks,
And petulant bards, who repeat their own works;
From all the gay things of a dreſſing-room ſhow;
From the ſight of a belle, and the ſmell of a beau.

3. When the metre is very ſhort, conſiſting only of two feet in the line, with immediate rhyme, it is then proper to deſcribe a bold and martial ſpirit, and expreſs indignation and fury. *e. g.*

˘ ˘ - ˘ ˘ -
No, no, | 'tis decreed
˘ ˘ - ˘ ˘ -
The trai | treſs ſhall bleed;
˘ ˘ - ˘ ˘ -
No fear | ſhall alarm;
˘ ˘ - ˘ ˘ -
No pi | ty diſarm;
˘ ˘ - ˘ ˘ -
In my rage | ſhall be ſeen
˘ ˘ - ˘ ˘ -
The revenge | of a queen. *Roſamond.*

Nothing

4. Nothing is more common in this ſort of meaſure than to drop the firſt Time of the firſt foot; which makes the line begin with an Iambic inſtead of an Anapæſt.

This can ſcarce be called a defect, becauſe it does not at all offend the ear; and being in the beginning of the line, makes little or no alteration in the Time; which is eaſily ſupplied by a ſhort pauſe. Of this you have a ſpecimen in the firſt foot of each of the four firſt lines juſt now cited. To ſee the difference which ſuch an ellipſis makes, you may fill up the forementioned feet in the following manner:

No, no, no | 'tis decreed
That the trait | reſs ſhall bleed;
For no fear | ſhall alarm,
And no pi | ty diſarm.

5. Sometimes a ſhort ſyllable is wanting in the middle of the verſe; and then to preſerve the Time, the voice muſt dwell the longer on the preceding one. e. g.

Once | on a time, | as old ſto | ries rehearſe,
A fri | ar would needs | ſhew his ta | lent in Latin;
But was ſore | ly put to't | in the midſt | of a verſe,
Becauſe | he could find | no word | to come pat in.

Here you obſerve that the third foot of the laſt line is imperfect by one Time; or a ſhort ſyllable is wanting to complete it. To compenſate which the voice is obliged to reſt ſo much longer on the preceding ſyllable, *find*. It is therefore an undoubted defect in the meaſure; which might be mended thus:

Becauſe | he could find | not a word | to come pat in.

Here alſo you may further obſerve, that the firſt foot of the firſt line [*Once*] is defective by two ſhort ſyllables; which is a liberty ſeldom taken.

6. There is another kind of metre in Anapæſtic verſe that is ſometimes uſed; and that is, when each ſtanza conſiſts of ſix lines, the third and laſt containing each of them three feet, and correſponding with a double rhyme; the other four containing two feet each, with immediate rhyme. e. g.

Since con | jugal paſſion
Is come | into faſhion,

And mar | riage so blest | on the throne is,
Like Ve | nus I'll shine,
Be fond | and be fine,
And Sir Trus | ty shall be | my Adonis.

7. But after all, this measure, which I have hitherto called and reduced Anapæstic, may perhaps with equal reason be called (and with equal ease re-duced to) the Dactylic measure; by only beginning the foot at the first lo quantity, and joining the long syllable at the end of the line to the short sy-lables that begin the ensuing, to complete the Dactylic foot. *e. g.*

What | tho' I have | skill to com | plain,
And the | muses my | temples have | crown'd?
What | tho' when they | hear my soft | strain,
The | sisters sit | weeping a | round?
Ah | Colin, 'tis | all but in | vain;
Thy | pipe and thy | laurel re | sign;
Thy | fair one in | clines to a | swain,
Whose | music is | sweeter than | thine.

So much for the three different measures of which the English poetry co-fists: to one or other of which (however various be the metre) almost kinds of English verse may be reduced: and some odes designed for music, order to diversify the harmony, introduce them all.

I shall trouble the reader with no further particulars: what hath been sa I hope, will give him a distinct idea, though not a perfect knowledge of (wh hath been so little attended to) *the Power of Numbers, and the Principles of Har-mony in Poetic Compositions.*